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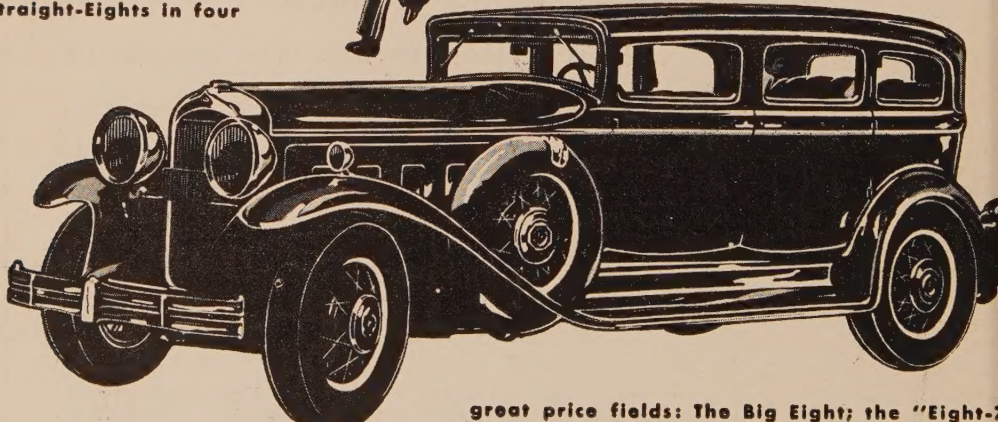

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XIX March 1930 NUMBER 75

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

HENRY JAMES'S CRITICISM.
By Morris Roberts. *The Harvard University Press*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅜; 131 pp. *Cambridge*

This is a good book. There is a lot of information in it, and its judgments are in the main sound. James wrote a tremendous amount of criticism, probably more than any other American novelist, but little of it is worth reading today. He changed his position very often. His most celebrated critical *volte-face* had to do with Sainte-Beuve, whom he first accused of "servility of mind and want of seriousness," and then hailed "as the very genius of observation, discretion and taste." In spite of such reversals, however, his general attitude was plain enough. Having derived almost all his knowledge of life from books and salons, he naturally prized most the qualities most often to be found in them: "grace, charm, purity, refinement." Art, he once said, "is most in character when it most shows itself amiable." That is why he was so fond of women authors, George Sand and George Eliot, for example, and why he couldn't stomach such people as Zola, Flaubert, Whitman, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Swinburne, Hardy, and the de Goncourts. They were all inspired by "a treacherous ideal." The works of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Balzac, because of their "charmlessness," were "a hopeless, bemuddled waste." A bibliography and index are appended.

THE SENSE OF GLORY. *Essays in Criticism.*
By Herbert Read. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 9 x 5⅜; 228 pp. *New York*

Mr. Read is a young English critic who has shown much talent. His "English Prose Style" and "Phases of English Poetry," especially the first, betrayed a wide and sure learning and were full of shrewd comment. One had hoped that his next book would be a more elaborate essay in the field of criticism than he had ever attempted before, and one had looked forward to it with pleasant anticipation. Instead, he has given us this collection of brief studies of Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Vauvenargues, Sterne, Hawthorne, Bagehot, and Henry James. They first appeared, in practically the same form as here, in the *Times Literary Supplement*. They are good reviews, they are even excellent reviews, but that is all that can be said for them. They reveal no new powers in Mr. Read. One must therefore keep on hoping. Maybe the *magnum opus* is already in the pot.

THE RENAISSANCE OF IRISH POETRY: 188
1930.
By David Morton. *Ives Washbu*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New Yo*

Dr. Morton, who is professor of English literatu
at Amherst and an authority on the sonnet, has he
written an excellent book. He considers every impo
tant lyric poet of the Irish Renaissance and quotes ge
erously from their verses, and his comments are alwa
judicious. Unfortunately, an index is lacking.

TRADITION & EXPERIMENT *in Present-day Liter
ture.*
The Oxford University Pre
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 215 pp. *New Yo*

There are ten essays here: "Tradition in the Novel
by R. H. Mottram; "Experiment in the Novel," b
J. D. Beresford; "Tradition in Poetry," by Edmu
Blunden; "Experiment in Poetry," by Edith Sitwe
"Tradition in Drama," by Ashley Dukes; "Exper
ment in Drama," by C. K. Munro; "Tradition
Biography," by Osbert Burdett; "Tradition in Cri
cism," by Rebecca West; and "Experiment in Cri
cism," by T. S. Eliot. They were all original
delivered as lectures during the Long Term, 1929,
the City Literary Institute of London. They expre
in succinct and clear form the particular points
view of the authors, and are of value to the novi
who is trying to find out what all the noise is abo
in the fields of poetry, fiction, the drama and criticis

HISTORY

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION.
By John Goldstrom. *The Macmillan Compa*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 319 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Goldstrom, an aviator of distinction himse
has here written a good and fairly complete histo
of his profession. It starts with the earliest kno
mythologies of flying humans, and brings the sto
down to the present. It is ably and, as such things g
very soberly written. He thinks that "the monopla
is best for civil transport, especially when passeng
are carried, because of the better visibility from t
cabin and because cleaner steamlining is possible. .
Proponents of the thick monowing predict th
eventually, in great passenger planes designed
carry a hundred or more persons, everything, incl
ing power plant and cargo, will be carried inside t
wing." He adds, however, that "although the mo
plane is superseding the biplane in civil aviatio

Continued on page vi

THIS IS MY BODY

BY MARGERY LATIMER

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BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR

The authentic story of the life of King George—his home life, his political and social life—by the author of *The Life of Lord Kitchener*, etc. *Illustrated*, $5.00

Poet's Pub

BY ERIC LINKLATER

An amusing account of an English poet who takes charge of a famous old inn in rural England. $2.50

Good-bye to All That

BY ROBERT GRAVES $3.00

Note: Do you commute? Here are some new and attractive little books at $.60 each. Read them on the train: "The Stars," by George Forbes, "The League of Nations," by H. W. Harris, "Early Christianity and Its Rivals," by G. H. Box, "The Inquisition," by G. G. Coulton, and "Money," by Hartley Withers.

An Examination of Christian Science

OUR NEW RELIGION

By

H. A. L. Fisher

Warden of New College, Oxford

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a social phenomenon which has attracted many authors. The present volume is a new examination by an English historical scholar of distinguished attainments. Mr. Fisher, who writes with wit and irony and decisiveness, maintains that the faith is founded upon contradictions of belief and precept, and has succeeded negatively by failing to practice what it preaches or to regard what it dislikes. The London Times Literary Supplement says of *Our New Religion:* "It must be evident that there can be no possible ground of compromise between Mr. Fisher and the declared Christian Scientist, who will not be able to regard this book, written in a spirit not of attack but of simple inquiry, save as the hardest blow his faith has yet sustained."

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-Sixth Street New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

the biplane and the sesquiplane (the lower wing half the size of the upper) continue in favor with the designers of military planes, particularly the pursuit ship." As for the autogyro or windmill plane, which "ascends and descends almost vertically and may be made to hover in the air, almost without motion in any direction, . . . its future is problematical, but it is thought likely that its first practical use will be to transfer passengers from air liners, landing on fields remote from business centers of cities, to artificial landing fields such as might be made by bridging the roofs of the New York Post-Office Building and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station." There are many illustrations, a good index, and appendices of valuable statistical and bibliographical material.

THE MAKERS OF THE UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

By William Bennett Munro. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 156 pp. *New York*

An excellent popular discussion of the Federal and State enactments, judicial decisions, and administrative rulings which have profoundly altered the implications of the original Constitution, and which are as binding as it. Dr. Munro, who is professor of American history and government at Harvard, gives especial consideration to Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson, who, "not less than Washington, Madison, Franklin, and Morris, are entitled to be known as Fathers of the Constitution in the broader sense of the term." The book originally was delivered as the Fred Morgan Kirby Lectures for 1929 at Lafayette College. There is an index.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES: 1741–1850.

By Frank Luther Mott. *D. Appleton & Company*
$10 9 x 5⅞; 848 pp. *New York*

Dr. Mott, who is director of the School of Journalism of the University of Iowa and for several years has been one of the editors of the *Midland*, has, with this excellent book, put all students of the history of American literature in his debt. Its merits are numerous. It is the most comprehensive discussion of the subject in print, it is fully documented, it is well organized, it is ably written, and it is generously illustrated. Dr. Mott divides his study into three periods. The first, which he calls "The Period of Beginnings: 1741–1794," produced no magazines of any intrinsic worth. Their contents "were largely borrowed, they were often ill written and oftener dull, and in the light of later years they were sometimes ridiculous." They were not many in number, but the were widely read by the lonely colonists, and thu were of great influence on the culture of the time The years 1794–1825, which Dr. Mott labels "Th Period of Nationalism," saw a tremendous increase i the number of magazines. There was also a marke development of class periodicals, especially religiou and political ones, and the weekly first came into it own then. Finally, "there was a loud and insisten demand for a peculiarly American literature." Th next twenty-five years were "remarkable mainly for th development of women's magazines and cheap literar weeklies. . . . [They were] distinguished by the rise o the magazinist, and by the establishment in some quar ters of higher rates of payment to contributors." Ther is a chronological list of magazines, and also an index

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WHY WE FOUGHT.

By C. Hartley Grattan. *The Vanguard Pres*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 453 pp. *New Yor*

Mr. Grattan is here concerned with "the variou factors that influenced the American attitude toward the war in Europe from June, 1914, to our entranc into it as a participant on the side of the Allies i April, 1917." He discusses the flood of Allied prop aganda in the United States in the years 1914–1917 the economic and industrial effects of the first two and a half years of the war on American business, th strange diplomacy of the time, the "patriotic" mis sions of Colonel House, the pro-Allies' activities o Walter Hines Page, and the vacillations and blunder ings of Wilson. In all this he is by no means ex haustive, but his book is heavily documented an well organized, and presents a good and generally accurate picture of the real forces that worked t bring us into the war. Mr. Grattan's general attitud agrees with that of the Fay-Barnes school of histori ans. "Through America's ignorance of the Allies true aspirations in the war," he says, "and through lack of skill on the part of the German leaders in pre senting their peace terms [in 1916], the way wa smoothed for the American entrance. The German stupidly provided the emotional issue on which th country could be persuaded to war, an issue as thi as that which had carried the English people into th war in 1914. . . . The United States failed to hold th balance level as between the Allies and the Centra Powers. She allowed her interests to become entangle with the Allies' until Wilson's whole programme be came no more than an idle dream. That it ever wa more than that, political realists may presume t doubt." There is a good bibliography, and also a index.

Continued on page viii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LAW. *With Special References to the Seventeenth & Eighteenth Centuries.*
By Richard B. Morris. *The Columbia University Press*
$4.50 9 x 6; 285 pp. *New York*

American Colonial law has been greatly neglected by nearly all legal historians. This has been due partly to the conservatism of the bench, and partly to the tremendous labor involved in exhuming the material. It was not, for example, till 1843 that "The Body of Liberties," adopted by the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1641, was first brought to light. Dr. Morris's present study is the first detailed consideration of American law before the Revolution. It is a sort of general survey, and is concerned mainly with the problems involving the alienability and distribution of real estate, the position of women in the law, and various phases of legal liability in an agrarian society. There is an extensive bibliographical essay, and also an index.

THE PAGEANT OF THE PACKETS. *A Book of American Steamboating.*
By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew. *Henry Holt & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅝; 314 pp. *New York*

Mr. Eskew plainly knows steamboats and loves them. He here writes about their history in the Western rivers with full knowledge and great tenderness. The book is full of gorgeous stuff, especially the chapters on the roustabout life and the Coonjine songs. As for the present and the future, it is true, he says, that "there are more new steamboats and barges on the river today than there have been in twenty-five years. . . . But the activity appears intense only when it is compared with the almost dead condition of steamboating in the near past—say between 1912 and 1920. When you compare the present-day status of steamboating with the great days of forty years ago, or more, a casual observer would say that steamboating is still rather dead." The railroads have eaten into the business, and thus have killed "the grand manner, the gesture, the flourish, the impressive dignity that sat so splendidly upon steamboating of other days." There are many illustrations. Stanley Walker, city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, contributes a foreword.

WHY IS HISTORY REWRITTEN?
By Lucy Maynard Salmon. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 9¾ x 6⅛; 217 pp. *New York*

Miss Salmon answers the question of the title thus: "History must always be rewritten because we can only approximate to absolute truth, never hope to attain it; . . . because each new day, to the votary of history, brings a new adventure, a new voyage of discovery, a new invention, a new creation,—a lens of greater magnifying power that will enable him to understand the complex organism of 'the infinitely small,' or to penetrate still further into the as yet impenetrable darkness of the most remote past. The new day may enable him to readjust his vision, to see the past in truer perspective, to clear away the mists that have obscured the white light of truth." To the support of this obviously sound thesis she brings a tremendous amount of information gleaned from almost every branch of learning, and thus achieves a very interesting book. There is an index.

THE ARTS

PAINTERS OF THE MODERN MIND.
By Mary-Cecil Allen. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 81 pp. *New York*

MUSIC: 1900–1930.
By Alfred J. Swan. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 86 pp. *New York*

MODERN SCULPTURE.
By Joseph Hudnut. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 90 pp. *New York*

THE MODERN THEATRE IN REVOLT.
By John Mason Brown. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 89 pp. *New York*

POTABLE GOLD: *Some Notes on Poetry & this Age.*
By Babette Deutsch. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.25 7⅝ x 5¼; 96 pp. *New York*

These excellent five books belong to the series of The New Arts, edited by Philip N. Youtz. They are all ably and soberly written, and present a fair picture of what has been going on in the five major arts in the last twenty-five years. All the authors are plainly in sympathy with the "newer trends," but they are not fanatical about them. Mr. Swan, for example, though he has many good things to say about Stravinsky, the father of most of what passes for revolt in modern music, does not hesitate to criticize him severely. He thinks that of late he has "worked incalculable damage, having really lost his sense of direction once and for all." He ends by saying that on many counts the entire output of the master must be placed "beyond the pale of art." Mr. Swan's book has an index, and Mr. Brown's has a bibliography. The others are lacking in both.

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS.
By Cuthbert Lee. *The Yale University Press*
$10 10⅜ x 7⅞; 350 pp. *New Haven*

Mr. Lee, who was formerly assistant secretary of the American Federation of Arts, here considers in

Continued on page x

THE 26 LEAD SOLDIERS WHICH CONQUER THE WORLD

IF you will take time in your busy life to weigh the full meaning of that headline, you *may* be more grateful for the thought it contains than for any advice you have ever received. It is infinite in its possibilities ▲▲▲ The 26 lead soldiers are the pieces of type of the 26 letters of the alphabet. By learning to manoeuver them wisely and well, you can extend your power, your pleasure and your life ▲▲▲ These 26 letters with a few numerals and signs are all you need if you command them with sufficient skill and perseverance. They will campaign under your leadership along any educational lines you choose. They will make you king or queen of any empire you select ▲▲▲ You can earn financial rewards and distinction in life by the use of this small army with its magic power, for with well directed education, obstacles are overcome ▲▲▲ By study you can increase your progress in business, in social or in civic life ▲▲▲▲

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Continued from page viii

brief form the life and works of Robert Feke, Joseph Badger, Matthew Pratt, John Singleton Copley, Benjamin West, Charles Willson Peale, James Peale, Ralph Earl, Gilbert Stuart, Joseph Wright, John Trumbull, Mather Brown, Robert Fulton, and Edward Greene Malbone. All the fourteen were born in this country before or during the Revolutionary War; five were of foreign parentage, and nine of native stock. The general period in which they lived was the century between 1725 and 1825. Of them all Mr. Lee says: "They thought little about art and produced portraits which as a group cannot be excelled for faithfulness, not merely of likeness, but of spirit. As a whole their work remains a picture of the origin of our race and of our nation which no country can match." There are many illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE LABOR INJUNCTION.
By Felix Frankfurter & Nathan Greene.
The Macmillan Company
$5 9½ x 6⅜; 343 pp. *New York*

This is probably the most up-to-date, thorough and judicious discussion of the labor injunction in print. Messrs. Frankfurter and Greene begin with a consideration of the early use of the injunction, especially in the Federal courts. Then they proceed to an analysis of injunction procedure and of the proofs underlying labor injunctions, after which they deal with such things as restraining clauses, judicial correctives, and the mechanics of enforcement. Finally, they consider the various forms of legislation that have been enacted with regard to substantive law, equity jurisdiction and equity procedure. They point out that "the position of labor before the law," despite all the talk of reform in the past twenty-five years, "has been altered, if at all, imperceptibly. Common law doctrines of conspiracy and restraint of trade still hold sway; activities widely cherished as indispensable assertions of trade union life continue to be outlawed. Statutes designed to contract equity jurisdiction have been construed as endorsements merely of the jurisdiction theretofore exercised. . . . The one notable change, so far as the Federal courts and a few States are concerned, is the protection of jury trial in contempt proceedings that involve accusations of crime." As for future legislation on the subject, the authors do not offer anything highly specific, but they do indicate what they believe should be the general direction of reform. They think that in all legislation to come, especially Federal, "emphasis upon procedural safeguards in the use of the injunction must . . . rank first. . . . The self-denying ordinances which far-sighted and courageous judges have imposed upon themselves must be made part of the conventional routine of legal procedure." There remains, of course, the wider question of public policy with regard to the place of labor union activities in a society wherein free competition, theoretically at least, is the rule of all. "Primarily this is the task of legislatures. Only within narrow limits is it the function of courts to apply their own notions of policy." There are nine appendices, containing much valuable record material, including the litigation history of reported Federal labor injunction cases, the summary of reported Federal labor injunction cases (1901–1927), Judge Hough's injunction against the United Mine Workers, and a list of New York cases. There are also a table of statutes and an index. Mr. Frankfurter is Byrne professor of administrative law at Harvard, and Mr. Greene is a member of the New York bar.

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC & FOREIGN POLICIES.
By Otto Hoetzsch. *The Yale University Press*
$1.50 8 x 5⅜; 116 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Hoetzsch is professor of history and international relations at the University of Berlin, and has been a member of the Reichstag for more than nine years. He belongs to the Conservative party, and sees "in monarchy the form of state most suitable for, nay, even essential to, the German Reich." The present book he first delivered as a series of lectures before the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He assures the world that whatever the future form of government in Germany will be, it "will not be the Russian system of class dictatorship and communism. Germans decline that absolutely. There is only a minority of adherents to the Russian model. Germany has been, will be, and wants to remain the bulwark of European civilization against Bolshevism." He doubts that "the German Constitution will be able to get along with so few revisions or amendments as has been the case with the Constitution of the United States." As for foreign affairs, "it is impossible to establish real and lasting peace in Europe without revision of the Treaty of Versailles. . . . The work of organizing peace will not come to a successful end, but must lead to a new war, unless the European states reach a method of peacefully revising the Paris treaties." There is an index.

AMERICA & ENGLAND.
By Nicholas Roosevelt. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 5¾ x 7¾; 254 pp. *New York*

Mr. Roosevelt, who is a member of the staff of the New York *Times*, does not share the common view

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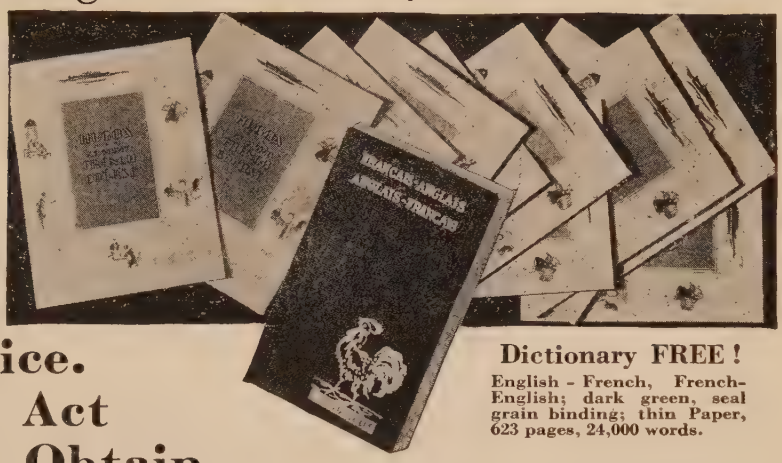

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

that the British Empire is on the down-grade. He grants that it was severely shaken by the World War and that the rise of the United States as a world power offers it uncomfortable competition today, but he believes that the skill of the English at international affairs will get them through their present difficulties, as it has got them through even worse difficulties in the past. No similar talent, he says, is visible in Americans. They do not know how to present a united front to the world. Their diplomacy is amateurish and ineffective, they have no settled and rational foreign policy, and they neglect to coördinate politics and trade. The sheer wealth of the United States, of course, gives it vast power and influence, but the power and influence of England remain greater. The author discusses in detail the current effort to bring about effective naval disarmament, and shows what impediments prevent its realization. His book is simply and clearly written, and contains a great deal of important matter in succinct form. At the end he reviews the concessions that must be made by each side if England and America are ever to come together in a workable alliance for peace.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS.
By Walter B. Pitkin. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 419 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pitkin is professor of journalism at Columbia, and chief editorial adviser of the Universal Pictures Corporation. He was formerly American editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and for a time was a member of the Columbia battery of realistic philosophers. The present book is made up, in the main, of case histories of numerous prominent personages of the past, and also of everyday men and women of today, the chief purpose being to determine why they were happy or miserable. The last chapter is entitled, "How to Live Happily." Says Dr. Pitkin: "For the first time in the career of mankind happiness is coming within the reach of millions of people. . . . We know today that happy living can be attained by at least six or seven people out of every ten, simply by the right education, the right organization of personal effort, and the right selection of one's life work and environment. . . . I do say, without qualification whatsoever, that in the more highly civilized sections of the United States . . . all the *external* conditions required for happy living are present, waiting to be used by those who can. The one remaining obstacle is psychological." The starving mill-workers in the South, the thousands of lean and hungry miners in Pennsylvania who are out of work, and the millions walking the city streets in search of employment will be glad to hear this.

THE SCIENCES

500 CRIMINAL CAREERS.
By Sheldon Glueck & Eleanor T. Glueck.
Alfred A. Knopf
$5 9⅝ x 6⅜; 365 pp. *New York*

Dr. and Mrs. Glueck here present the results of an investigation of the subsequent careers of 510 young men who left the Massachusetts Reformatory during the years from 1911 to 1922. The unparallelled thoroughness of their work is shown by the fact that they account for all save 27. In more than 90% of the cases almost complete information is presented. What was found out about these graduates of an institution maintained to reform the wayward makes melancholy reading. Of the 422 whose conduct beyond the parole period could be traced in detail, it was established that 333, or almost 80%, returned to law-breaking. These men, taken together, committed 1014 offenses, were arrested 936 times, and were returned to confinement 811 times. The common assumption that the parole system is 75% or 80% effective is thus shown to be grossly in error. "The figures," say the authors, "should refer to *failures* rather than successes." The record is presented very elaborately, and nothing of any significance is omitted. It includes a number of life-stories. The authors close with recommendations for the improvement of the reformatory system. They believe that a more humane and intelligent method of dealing with young offenders might save many who are now lost, but they admit that there remains "a considerable residue who do not respond to any known form of correctional or punitive treatment." These had better be handed over, they think, to the psychiatrists. The book is well ordered and has a good index. There is a preface by Dr. Richard C. Cabot. The title-page and binding show an attempt at so-called Modernist typography that succeeds only in grieving the judicious.

THE MAKING OF CHEMISTRY.
By Benjamin Harrow. *The John Day Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 223 pp. *New York*

Dr. Harrow, who is assistant professor of chemistry at the College of the City of New York, says in the preface that his aims in writing this book were "first, to stress leading principles only, the discoveries and hypotheses centering around the few personalities upon which the progress of the science has depended; secondly, to avoid, in so far as possible, technical expositions which embarrass and mislead the non-scientific reader, and yet to explain, within certain obvious limits, the significance of such hypotheses and discoveries." He has carried out these objectives

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Ventilations

by Hesketh Pearson

Amusing personal encounters with Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc, Ludwig, Strachey and a dozen other biographers. To expose the exposer! That is Mr. Pearson's purpose in these biographical asides. He dissects the many biographers who have tried to dissect their subjects, and weighs their frailties and merits —with irresistible facility and brilliance.

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Continued from page xii

admirably, and his book should prove of great value and interest to the layman. He writes simply and clearly, and his discussions of such things as the periodic law, the principles of organic chemistry, and the theory of electrolytic dissociation are models of popular scientific exposition. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

THE EARTH FOR SAM.
By W. Maxwell Reed. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 9¼ x 6⅝; 390 pp. *New York*

Dr. Reed was formerly professor of astronomy at Harvard. The substance of this book he originally wrote in the form of letters in answer to his young nephew, Samuel McCobb Reed, who was in the habit of showering him with the familiar questions of childhood about the earth, the stars, the mountains, etc. The present book is thus a sort of primer of anthropology, geology, botany and the related sciences for children in the teens. It is an excellent job, and the line drawings by Karl Moseley add greatly to its readability.

THE THEATRE

EUGENE O'NEILL. *The Man & His Plays.*
By Barrett H. Clark. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 214 pp. *New York*
STUDIES ON SIX PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL.
By Alan D. Mickle. *Horace Liveright*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 166 pp. *New York*

Mr. Clark's book is without doubt the best critical biography of O'Neill in print. It is full of material impossible or extremely difficult to obtain elsewhere, and is comprehensive in its treatment of the dramatist, both as a man and as an artist. Mr. Clark's critical judgments are always judicious. He has the highest respect for O'Neill's work as a whole, and thinks that even if he "were never to write another line, it must be recorded that he has once or twice walked the heights." He is especially fond of "All God's Chillun Got Wings," "Desire Under the Elms," "Strange Interlude," "The Great God Brown," and parts of "Diff'rent," "Ile," and "The Hairy Ape." The later plays, however, leave him full of doubts. "Dynamo," he thinks, "is a failure," and he finds much to criticize in "Marco Millions," which he calls "one of the less ambitious works of our playwright." He is especially irritated by O'Neill's recently acquired "Apocalyptic manner. I wish [he] would forget for a time the Books of Revelations and Jeremiah. . . . I don't think he has reached his full stature. He has written a good deal that is just as well forgotten, he has given us plays that are inept, violent and verging on the pretentious; he has unmistakably set up his standard as a prophet; he has too often striven to write jewelled passages instead of stinging dialogue; he is, in short, a maker of plays that are good, bad and indifferent. But so far he has never written a line that was deliberately insincere, nor has he once tried to capture the prizes of material success." There is a bibliography, but an index is lacking. Mr. Mickle discusses "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape," "The Great God Brown," "The Fountain," "Marco Millions," and "Strange Interlude." His book is a torrent of uncritical praise. He says of "Marco Millions": "It is a mighty satire, a satire worthy of a place beside 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Penguin Island.' Quite possibly Time will show it to be more deeply rooted and higher reaching than either of them. Certainly there is more in it."

EURIPIDES. *A Student of Human Nature.*
By William Nickerson Bates.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$5 9¼ x 6; 315 pp. *Philadelphia*

The biographical section here occupies less than twenty pages. The remainder of the book is given over to a detailed analysis of the plays. There is a comprehensive description of each of the nineteen extant dramas and of each of the fifty-five lost plays, which have been reconstructed from fragments. There are twenty-four illustrations. Dr. Bates is professor of Greek language and literature at the University of Pennsylvania.

TRAVEL

CARL AKELEY'S AFRICA.
By Mary L. Jobe Akeley. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9¼ x 6⅛; 321 pp. *New York*

Akeley married Mary L. Jobe, herself an explorer of some note, on October 18, 1924, and in January, 1926, they started upon what was to be his last expedition to Africa. He died among the Kivu volcanoes, in the Belgian Congo, on November 17 following. This last journey had two objectives. The first was to collect specimens and prepare backgrounds for the African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History; the second was to study the mountain gorilla in the Parc National Albert on a commission from the Belgian government. The first objective was carried out, but Akeley died soon after the second was undertaken, and so the work had to be continued under Mrs. Akeley's direction. Her account of the trip is based upon her diaries, and is full of interesting

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and unfamiliar stuff. She disputes a great deal that is commonly believed about gorillas, and also has something new to say about lions. Her book is lavishly illustrated. Of special interest are the photographs made in the Kivu forest, which Akeley believed to be the most beautiful part of Africa, and indeed the most beautiful spot in the world. They show a gnarled and grotesque landscape, covered with vegetation of truly amazing luxuriance. On part of the trip the explorer and his wife were accompanied by George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, and by other friends.

MEET THE GERMANS.
By Henry Albert Phillips. The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 346 pp. *Philadelphia*

Mr. Phillips spent a year wandering about Germany, from Lübeck in the north to Berchtesgaden and Mittenwald in the far south, and from Breslau and Königsberg in the east to the Dutch frontier. Obviously he found the land and its people greatly to his liking, for his account of both is full of enthusiasm. He did not confine his travels to the tourist centers, but visited many small towns, and it was in them that he found life most charming. His story of his adventures should be interesting and useful to everyone contemplating a German tour. It is not a guidebook, but it contains a great deal of information that guidebooks commonly pass over. There are thirty-four full-page illustrations.

MY MONTH IN PALESTINE.
By Max Heller. The Bloch Publishing Company
$2 7⅞ x 5⅜; 247 pp. *New York*

Dr. Heller, who until his death a short time ago was a prominent rabbi and Zionist in New Orleans, spent the month of April 15-May 15, 1927, traveling in Palestine. The present book contains his impressions of the land. They are very vague impressions and strongly colored by the author's Zionistic faith, and are thus of small value to one in search of the truth.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. 1930.
Edited by H. Davies. The Trade & Travel Publications
$1 7 x 4½; 746 pp. *London*

This, the seventh edition of a popular handbook, is even more valuable than its predecessors. Some 2000 changes have been made in it since last year. There is an excellent up-to-date map.

BIOGRAPHY

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS. *The Story of Ad venture.*
By William Bolitho. *Simon & Schust*
$4 9½ x 6⅜; 351 pp. *New Yor*

The twelve of the title are Alexander the Great Casanova, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagli ostro (and Seraphina), Charles XII of Sweden Napoleon I, Catiline, Napoleon III, Isadora Duncan and Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Bolitho has unearthe no new material about any of these personages; hi studies are what are nowadays politely known a "interpretations." What his interpretations are it i very difficult to make out. His prose is so torture and so pretentious that whole sections of it are almos unintelligible. His sentences are seldom less than si printed lines long, and his paragraphs frequently tak up whole pages. Very often one is forced to read passage four or five times before one gets any sens out of it, and even then one is not sure that one know precisely what the author is talking about. The ad miring critic who said of him that he writes "like man from Mars" was obviously right. Anothe difficulty in the book is Mr. Bolitho's phrase-making He says of "the chosen tribe that God purchase from Moses" that it "stands at the bottom of th cosmical process of munching, which is their in terpretation of history." Mahomet, he thinks, wa "even a little stupid, which is the quality of robus sanity." In the section on Lola Montez he observe that the lady's "changes accelerated their rhythm." In the chapter on Cagliostro he favors us with thi *obiter dictum*: "that most insipid of fairy-tales, th novelette." All this may be profound, but it is als nonsense. There are sixteen excellent illustrations.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS: *Man of the Renaissance.*
By Samuel Putnam. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smit
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 530 pp. *New Yor*
FRANCIS RABELAIS: *The Man & His Work.*
By Albert Jay Nock & C. R. Wilson. Harper & Brother
$5 8¾ x 5⅞; 359 pp. *New Yor*

Both of these biographies are good, though the are addressed to somewhat different audiences. Tha by Messrs. Nock and Wilson is a sort of general surve of the great Rabelais, and its main purpose apparentl is to arouse the interest of the intelligent layman i the subject, rather than to treat him "as a mere liter ary exhibit." Their account makes very pleasant read ing, and is generously illustrated. The Putnam boo is not as well written, but there is far more substanc in it. Mr. Putnam is the American translator o

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VICTOR HUGO

By Raymond Escholier

he first time the real romance of this greatest of French poets and novelists ealed. "An important biography, eminently readable"—*Walter Yust.* "Vivid, oetent . . . eloquently written."—*New York Telegram* . . . $5.00

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Continued from page xvi

Rabelais, and is probably the greatest authority on him in the United States. His book will interest both the general reader and the scholar. He is especially concerned with demolishing the legend that Rabelais was little more than a monk gone on a spree. The creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel, he says, was a man of great erudition, and humor was not his only possession. There are passages in his works when he "is deadly in earnest, others when he is deeply religious, while still more frequently, his jibe takes on a bitterness that puts it on the other side of the boundary line between the provinces of humor and of satire." There are many illustrations. Unluckily, both books lack indices.

J. RAMSAY MacDONALD.
By Mary Agnes Hamilton.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$3 7½ x 5⅛; 305 pp. *New York*

The substance of this book first appeared before the general elections of 1923 under the pen-name of Iconoclast. Since then it has been greatly revised, so that the present volume is practically a new book. Mrs. Hamilton, a Laborite and a Member of Parliament herself now, is naturally very favorable toward the Prime Minister. Her account, nevertheless, is not all praise. She admires his great courage and his amazing political sagacity, but she is not blind to his faults. Among the latter she lists the following: "his incapacity to communicate, his inaccessibility to colleagues, his imperfect power of delegation, his inaptitude for direct statement, his mysterious reserve." There is no index.

PETER THE GREAT.
By Georges Oudard. *Payson & Clarke*
$3.50 9⅜ x 6; 386 pp. *New York*

PETER THE GREAT.
By Stephen Graham. *Simon & Schuster*
$3 9⅜ x 6; 339 pp. *New York*

Both of these books leave something to be desired, but that by Mr. Graham is the better. It is more ably and soberly written, and shows a better acquaintance with the documents. The picture it presents of the seven-foot Russian giant of the Seventeenth Century, who was so cruel in his personal relations and yet did so much to Westernize his country, is an excellent one. But it would have been better if there were more in it about the political and cultural conditions of the Slavs of the time, and of their relations with the neighboring peoples. The Oudard book is a fictionized biography, and shows all the familiar defects of the species. In one place we note that Peter was at a certain time "in excellent humor," and in another that the eyes of two of his lady friends "were fill with intelligence." Mr. Graham's book has seve illustrations and an index. M. Oudard's, which translated by F. M. Atkinson, has a bibliograph but no index.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON: *American Schol*
By Joseph B. Harrison.
The University of Washington Chapbo
65 cents 7¼ x 5⅛; 32 pp.; paper *Seattle, Wa*

Mr. Parrington was born in Aurora, Ill., in 187 was educated at Harvard and the College of Empor and from 1908 till his death last year was profess of English and American literature at the Universi of Washington. The present memorial essay is by former student and admirer. Mr. Parrington app ently was a stimulating teacher and a man of mu common sense. It must be added, however, that h writings, few as they were, were rather mediocr His chapter on "The Puritan Divines" in the Ca bridge History of American Literature is a dull pie of writing, and betrays very little insight into t subject. The same is true of the first two volumes his "Main Currents in American Thought." They a full of errors of omission and of commission, a they do not show a thorough and fine understandi of all the problems involved. The second volume especially defective in this regard. What the thi volume will be—Mr. Parrington left it in fair MS. fo —it is difficult to say, but if his essay on Sinc Lewis, published in the same series as the prese essay, and the chapter on "The Development Realism" in Norman Foerster's "Reinterpretation American Literature," are any indications, one c only look forward to it with some fears. For a front piece there is a photograph of Mr. Parrington.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
By Louise Schutz Boas. *Longmans, Green & Compa*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 216 pp. *New Y*

Mrs. Boas, who showed such amazing "interpre tive" powers in her recent biography of Sir Wal Scott, here lavishes her incomparable gifts upon "imaginative" study of the celebrated lady invalid English literature. As before, she writes omniscient She knows that just before Browning came on t scene Miss Barrett had not given up all hope of lo ever coming to her: "And yet somewhere roma might exist. Perhaps sometime even for her the fa prince might come riding—but no; she was too wea too insignificant; and then she would demand t much." Then, in God's good time, Robert wrote famous first letter to her, and expressed a ferv desire to see her. She was, of course, interested, but s

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Successes!

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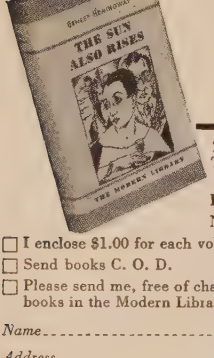

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was also troubled by doubts: "She had thought different from other people; and here he was after of common clay." At last the two met. Elizabeth "embarrassed . . . and deeply touched." Things be to move swiftly. "However refined," says Mrs. H wisely, "love cannot escape its simplest manife tions. . . . He would bring her flowers which would forget until he was gone when she would self rise to put them in water; and they would have grace to survive even when he, all unheeding, had upon them upward of two hours! It was a good o that his flowers lived with her in her room where o flowers had always died." Before long things bec more interesting. "Browning was no ascetic lover. If Elizabeth had any doubts as to the nature of affec his behavior soon dispelled them. . . . Gradually l loving words would escape him, which she trie disregard until for all her watchfulness she found self using them too. She knew she ought to say nay; she tried and failed. . . . When he first kissed hand it was doubtful which of the two was m embarrassed. They were both novices in the ar loving; they had to learn step by step this path of l they sipped their heady wine, savoring each dro Mrs. Boas should be able to do a very interes biography of Eve.

VICTOR HUGO.
By Raymond Escholier. *Payson & Cl*
$5 9¼ x 6; 315 pp. *New*

In form this is a novelized biography, but it is different from the usual rubbish of the sort. Ther not the slightest trace of the baleful Ludwig influe in it. It sticks close to the facts, and shuns all sigh and prying into inner feelings and thoughts. Escholier's guiding idea throughout is that "the istence of the only great man France can set be Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, is itself the m fabulous of novels." He is the custodian of the Vi Hugo Museum, and has incorporated into his boo great deal of hitherto unpublished material. The tr lation is by Lewis Galantière.

BORN TO BE.
By Taylor Gordon. *Covici-Fr*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅝; 236 pp. *New*

Mr. Gordon, one of America's most celebr Negro spiritual singers, started in life as a page "resort" in White Springs, Mont., of which town says, "If God ever did spend any time here on ea that must have been His hang-out, for every li thing that's natural and beautiful to live with around White Springs." Then he was a Pulli porter, a chauffeur to John Ringling the circus ma doorman and usher at movie palaces, a choir boy

Continued on page xxii

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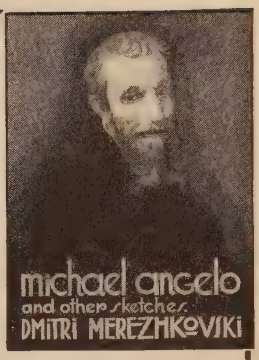

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elevator man in John Wanamaker's New York sto and a banjo player for a vaudeville circuit. Here tells in his own strange but extremely effective w what he observed of life in all these occupations. He plainly a man of great insight into human charact and his story is one of the most interesting ever p between book covers. There is a foreword by Carl V Vechten, and an introduction by Muriel Draper. T ten illustrations by Covarrubias are superb.

SIR FRANCIS BACON: *The First Modern Mind.*
By Byron Steel. *Doubleday, Doran & Compa*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 208 pp. *Garden City, L.*

This is little better than a high-school essay. betrays no original research whatever, or even quaintance with all the works by and about Bac The writing throughout, to be sure, is simple a clear, but it is also empty. Bacon was a master English prose, and by his "Novum Organum," "T Advancement of Learning," and the "Natural H tory" earned a place with the greatest philosophers all time, but no one reading this book would know Mr. Steel does mention these books, but he says most nothing about their content, and nothing wh ever about their tremendous importance in the histo of scientific methodology. There is a bibliograph but it is so brief and uncritical as to be worthle There is no index.

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS.
By Edwin Arlington Robinson. *The Macmillan Compa*
$5 8 x 5¼; 1018 pp. *New Y*

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> His spindling body, like a vine,
> Was stretched as still 'twixt earth and sky
> As anything alive might lie
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and closes with the Resurrection, and a ringing pæa of joy: "He hath not perished, He doth live!" Mi Ridge does not present a fresh interpretation of th characters of the drama, nor does she offer a dispara philosophy, but she has nevertheless achieved, in variety of meters, a work of singular beauty ar strength. Her characterization of Judas as a frustrate crazed wretch, however conventional, is one of th most awesome passages in modern poetry.

GABRIEL.
By Alexander Pushkin. *Covici-Frie*
$10 8¾ x 5⅝; 33 pp. *New Yo*

A charming edition of Pushkin's gorgeous poe about the human adventures of the Angel Gabriel, an interesting translation by Max Eastman. "M rhythm is the same as Pushkin's," says Mr. Eastma in his introduction, "and in the matter of rhyme obeyed what seems to me a valid rule for translato of long rhymed poems. I strove to find a rhyme English only where rhyme was an integral part of th wit of the original. . . . Pushkin's own rhyming this poem is irregular, and so even here my translatio is not unfaithful to an essential form. My one extren freedom was to omit a twenty line . . . dedication a young Hebrew girl of the poet's acquaintance— imagination. My reason is that . . . I found the lin clumsy and irrelevant." Rockwell Kent has made th illustrations. The edition is limited to 750 copies o Arnold unbleached cream wove (English hand-mad paper) from the text set by hand in Deepdene typ designed by Frederic W. Goudy. The typography by S. A. Jacobs, under whose care the whole was bour in Pergamus sheepskin parchment at the America Book Bindery.

POEMS.
By John Masefield. *The Macmillan Compa*
$5 8 x 5¼; 438 pp. *New Yo*

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DEAR JUDAS.
By Robinson Jeffers. *Horace Liverig*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 129 pp. *New Yo*

In the opening title poem, a "species of passio play," Mr. Jeffers represents Judas as loving Jesus; h

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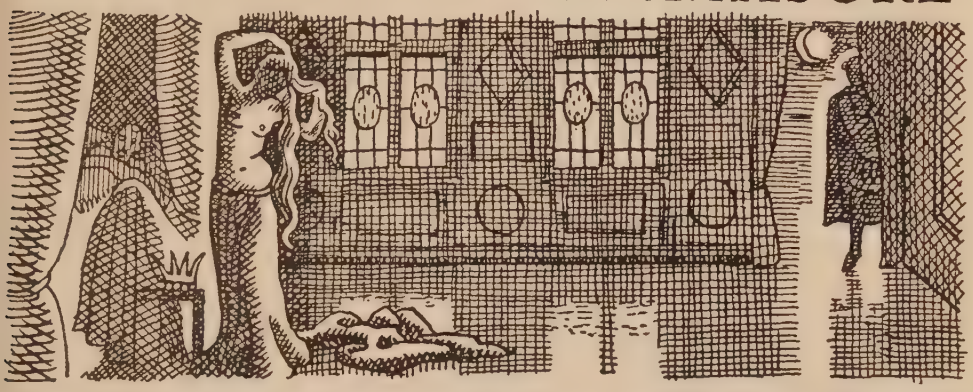

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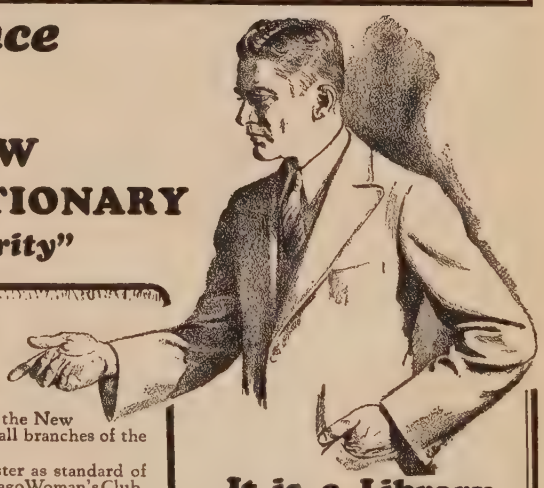

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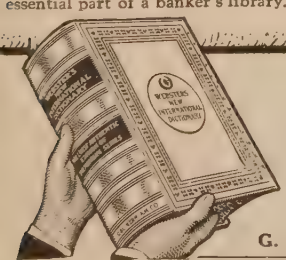

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act of betrayal, he says, was really an act of pity; revealed Him to His enemies in order that He mig be insured the martyrdom and deification He crave The narrative contains some fine passages, but it less dramatic than "The Loving Shepherdess," t second long poem in the book. Clare Walker's lov kills her father and deserts her; her father's house burned, and his flocks scattered until only a doz sheep remain. Clare is with child and the physicia say she will die at the birth. But she is determined care for the sheep that need her until her death. S wanders ever to the northward, with her pitifu diminishing flock, loving all things and giving hers in love, until, one day, "she creeps down to the riv and hides her body in a willow thicket. In the ev ning, between the rapid summits of agony before e haustion, she calls the sheep about her and perceiv that none comes." The volume concludes with h a dozen lyrical pieces of secondary interest.

PHILOSOPHY

THE QUEST FOR CERTAINTY.
By John Dewey. *Minton, Balch & Compa*
$4 9 x 6; 313 pp. *New Yo*

The substance of this book was first delivered Dr. Dewey for the Gifford Lectures of 1929 at t University of Edinburgh. In it is to be found t latest statement of his epistemological and metaphy cal positions. His attitude toward both problems is t same, in the main, as it has been in the last forty yea Ignoring big slices of philosophical history, he sa that "the common essence of all" past epistemologi "is that what is known is antecedent to the ment act of observation and inquiry, and is totally un fected by these acts. . . . They all flow . . . fr the separation (set up in the interest of the quest f absolute certainty) between theory and practi knowledge and actions." These traditional assum tions, he continues, "have been abandoned in concre scientific procedure. . . . Standards and tests of vali ity are found in the consequences of overt activity, n in what is fixed prior to it and independently of it As for the place of ideas in life, they "are designatio of operations to be performed or already performe Consequently, their value is determined by the ou come of these operations. They are sound if the oper tions they direct give us the results which a required. . . . Ideas are statements not of what is has been, but of acts to be performed. . . . Ideas worthless except as they pass into actions which re range and reconstruct in some way, be it little or lar the world in which we live." The criticisms to made of these notions, one thinks, are obvious enoug

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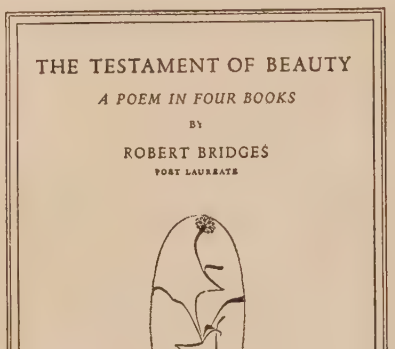

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To say, as Dr. Dewey does, that science has abandone the concept of an independently existing reality, is t betray a superficial acquaintance with its metaphysic assumptions. Kant has proven for all time that a knowledge of objects, in the very act of knowin posits a noumenon. Science, especially in its mode complicated form, would be completely helpless wit out such an assumption. The only possible way which the Kantian logic could be attacked would b to prove the uselessness, from the point of view scientific methodology, of the concept of the *Ding sich*. Dr. Dewey has not done so, and neither has an body else. Until it is so proven, it must be considere real and sound on Dewey's own premisses. There an index.

MIND & THE WORLD ORDER. *Outline of a Theory Knowledge.*
By Clarence I. Lewis. *Charles Scribner's So*
$3 8½ x 5½; 446 pp. *New Yo*

This book presupposes a rather intimate acquain ance with philosophical literature, and would b pretty heavy reading for the layman. But the initia will find a lot of interesting ideas in it couched graceful language. Dr. Lewis labels his own epist mological theory "conceptualistic pragmatism," an acknowledges his indebtedness for it to Peirce, Jam and Dewey. He is associate professor of philosophy Harvard, and one of the leading authorities on math matical logic in America.

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Continued on page xxx

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Continued in back advertising section, page x

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THE ARCHANGEL ADVENTURE

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

THE Archangel adventure began in July, 1918, and ended last Autumn, when seventy-five flag-draped coffins, each taining more or less of an American lier, were swung from a steamer hold pier at Hoboken. It cost hundreds of s, millions of dollars, and an immense unt of suffering, and its military re- s were precisely nothing. Who was re- nsible for it I don't know—probably e fool in the uniform of the British eral Staff. While it went on many a ow chuckle must have issued from a ain marble tomb under the dome of the lides at Paris.

hings were going badly with the Allies he early Summer of 1918. The Russians collapsed, the Romanoffs had been dered, and the Germans were preparing ighty offensive in the West. Thus all s of desperate efforts were being made emedy the mess in the East, and espe- y to prevent the Bolsheviki giving any direct or indirect, to the enemy. To end the Czecho-Slovakian Republic hastily recognized, the Czechs and te Russians under Kolchak, then at terinburg, were urged to lay on, and zen other White armies, from the Cau- s to Vladivostok, were supplied with and supplies, and set in motion. And the unknown genius launched his to send a force of 10,000 men from Archangel on the White Sea to the Trans-Siberian Railway—a thousand miles through the heart of a hostile country!

At Murmansk on the Arctic Ocean, perhaps 500 miles by sea from Archangel, there was already a British force under Major-General F. C. Poole, and in June it had pushed down by land as far as the Finnish border. Now plans were made to move it to Archangel, and make it the nucleus of the expedition. The United States was invited to participate and promptly accepted, but General Poole remained in command. On August 3, with the U. S. S. *Olympia* helping to cover his landing and American blue-jackets taking part in it, he occupied Archangel with 1,500 men. Simultaneously the Allied High Command announced that the objects of the expedition would be as follows:

1. To protect material lying in Russian ports and originally destined for the Czar's troops.
2. To prevent Germany from establishing submarine bases at Murmansk.
3. To keep possession of these ports for further offensives in Russia.

On August 18 Washington announced formally that American troops would take part, and that their objectives would be to guard any military stores which might subsequently be needed by loyal Russians, and to render such other aid as might be

acceptable to them in their own defense. This was amplified the next day by a pronunciamento that our troops would establish contact with the Czechs, at Ekaterinburg and with them get control of the Archangel-Vologda-Ekaterinburg Railway and the river and railway line between Archangel and Yvatka.

All very nice! But—and it is a large but—before any Allied troops had reached either Murmansk or Archangel the Bolsheviki had looted the storehouses of the mountains of supplies accumulated there. At Murmansk they had been in control until the British landing parties drove them out, and at Archangel they had held on until Poole's arrival. So before the Washington objectives had ever been published, reasons for the first two of them had ceased to exist.

Indeed, in so far as the Allies in general were concerned, *all* the objectives of the original announcement had been obtained. There was no more material to be protected, the occupation of Murmansk and Archangel prevented the establishment of German submarine bases, and sufficient troops were on the spot to ensure the holding of both ports.

Why, then, did the United States send troops to North Russia? Was it to carry out the only remaining announced objective—a junction with the Czechs? In that case one regiment of infantry, one battalion of engineers and a handful of auxiliary troops would hardly have been sufficient. The only tenable theory is that the whole thing was no more than a polite gesture—a gesture to uphold Great Britain's hands. A gesture made blindly, with the familiar American sentimentality and without the slightest investigation whatever of the moronic idea—or lack of idea—which lay behind it.

One must turn to the map to realize what the tactical problem really meant. From Archangel, it will be observed, a single-track railway runs due south to Vologda, connecting with the Petrograd-Vologda-Yvatka-Perm-Ekaterinburg-Omsk section of the Trans-Siberian. Also at Archang is the mouth of the broad Dvina river, which one may travel—from June December only—five hundred miles to K las, the terminus of another railway ru ning to Yvatka, two hundred miles furth south.

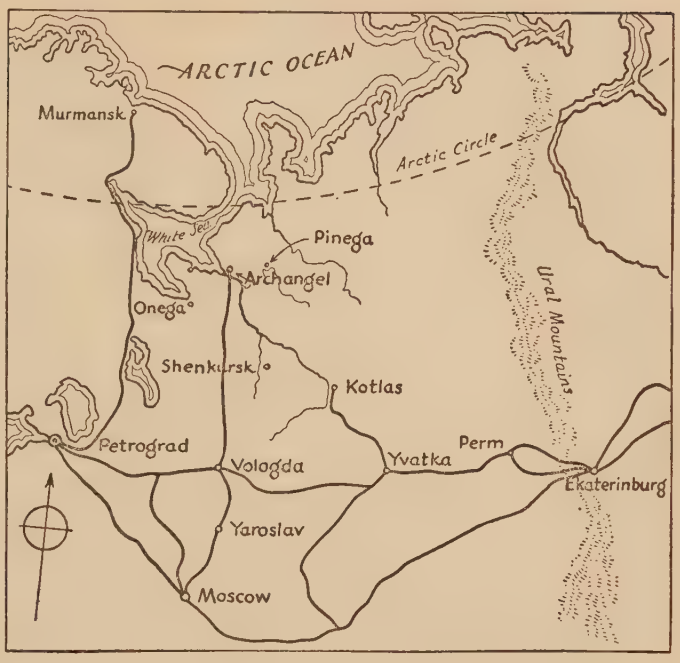
One has, then, a right triangle, with apex at Archangel, its 700-mile hypoth nuse the Dvina river-Kotlas-Yvatka lir its 400-mile side the Vologda Railway, a its 400-mile base the Petrograd-Ekateri burg line. The Czechs were at the la named town, almost 500 miles east Yvatka. Assuming that they could dri the Bolsheviki west to Yvatka, there we alternative routes for a force coming dov from Archangel to meet them—either t combination river and railway line, t 700-mile hypothenuse, or the all-rail rou along the two sides, an 800-mile drive.

If these alternative lines had been op throughout the year and lay in friend territory, neither would have present any very serious problem in logistics. B the river—in August—would be open f only three months more, and after tha for six months of appalling Winter, co munication along that route would ha to be by sleigh or pack-train, over me apologies for roads. And the base, Arc angel, would also be closed tight by t ice during the same period.

As to the country itself, there could ha been no doubt about conditions in it. A that terrain is a dreary, watery wast land, sparsely scattered with scrub pine marshy tundra in Summer, and a win swept hell in Winter. Habitations are fe roads practically *nil*. A scanty populati ekes out a starvation existence. It is country in which it would be absolute impossible to feed an army cut off fr its base. But once an army had got astri of the Trans-Siberian, it would be in bet terrain.

Add to all this that the Bolsheviki we hostile and gathering to repel the invad and one may realize that General Poo had something of a nut to crack.

II



Sketch Map of Northern Russia

1 September 4, 1918, nerica's gesture ar- ed off Archangel on ard the British trans- rts *Somali*, *Tydeus* and *goya*. It consisted of e 339th Infantry, one ttalion of the 310th gineers, the 337th Am- lance Company and the 7th Field Hospital of e 310th Sanitary Train, units of the 85th Divi- n—approximately oo officers and men, nmanded by Colonel orge E. Stewart of the gular Army. Later, en bullets and disease gan to take their toll, re were to be added replacements from same division. The h was a draft division of husky boys n Wisconsin and Michigan—grandsons, ny of them, of the men who won fame the Iron Brigade in the Civil War. They came from Aldershot, where they run afoul of British rations and British toms, such, for instance, as two meals a and a bellyful of tea—for young men h Middle Western appetites! At Alder- t they had had their American rifles en away and replaced by Russian rifles, ed in places and not too accurate. There they had been issued Lewis and Vick- machine-guns chambered for Russian nunition.

here was, although these young men not know it, a reason sound in theory they should receive this Russian erial. The question of supply would be e easier, for there were the mountains munitions theoretically waiting in th Russian storehouses. Someone had n thought to all that. But he had not, rtunately, taken into account the ibility of the Bolsheviki seizing this ammunition—which, in fact, they had done. Nor had he given any thought to the fact that the Vickers machine-guns were water-cooled and would be useless in zero weather. The unfortunate Yankee gunners, however, were to give some hard consideration to this as their work unfolded. Later, Colt guns were substituted for the Vickers—too late, alas, for some of the gunners.

All these men were equipped with the British Winter kit—the so-called Shackleton kit. Their rations were also based on the recommendations of that famous British explorer. These rations, far inferior to our own Alaska ration, had no fresh vegetable component; instead there was 1/100 of a gallon of lime-juice a man a day. Neither did they have a coffee component. Tea took its place.

Who were to be their comrades? Poole had a mixed force of British infantry—detachments of famous regiments: the Royal Scots, the King's Liverpools, the 6th Yorkshires (Green Howards), and the Durham

Light Infantry—to the approximate numbers of one American war-strength infantry regiment. But—who was responsible for this?—many of these men were in Class B-2, and unfit by reason of wounds or disease for fighting on the Western front. Unfit for the Western front—so they sent them to the Arctic Circle! Poole also had a battalion of the French 21st Colonial Infantry—men trained for service in the tropics. And they sent them to the Arctic Circle too!

But he also had the 16th Brigade of Canadian Field Artillery—two batteries, the 67th and 68th—hard-fisted fighting *éclaireurs de bois*, veterans of months of war on the Western front, brought up to the rigors of the North. He had something in that outfit, as it was to prove again and again. In addition he had two sections (two guns) of French field artillery, two sections of French machine-gunners, an armored train carrying one 77mm. and one 155mm. gun, and, on the rivers, gunboats and transports. All in all, he had in regular troops 11,500 men, of whom the available fighting force could not have been more than 10,000. He also had a very mixed force of irregulars—White Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Czechs, Esthonians and Chinese, some 4,000 in all, and totally unreliable.

III

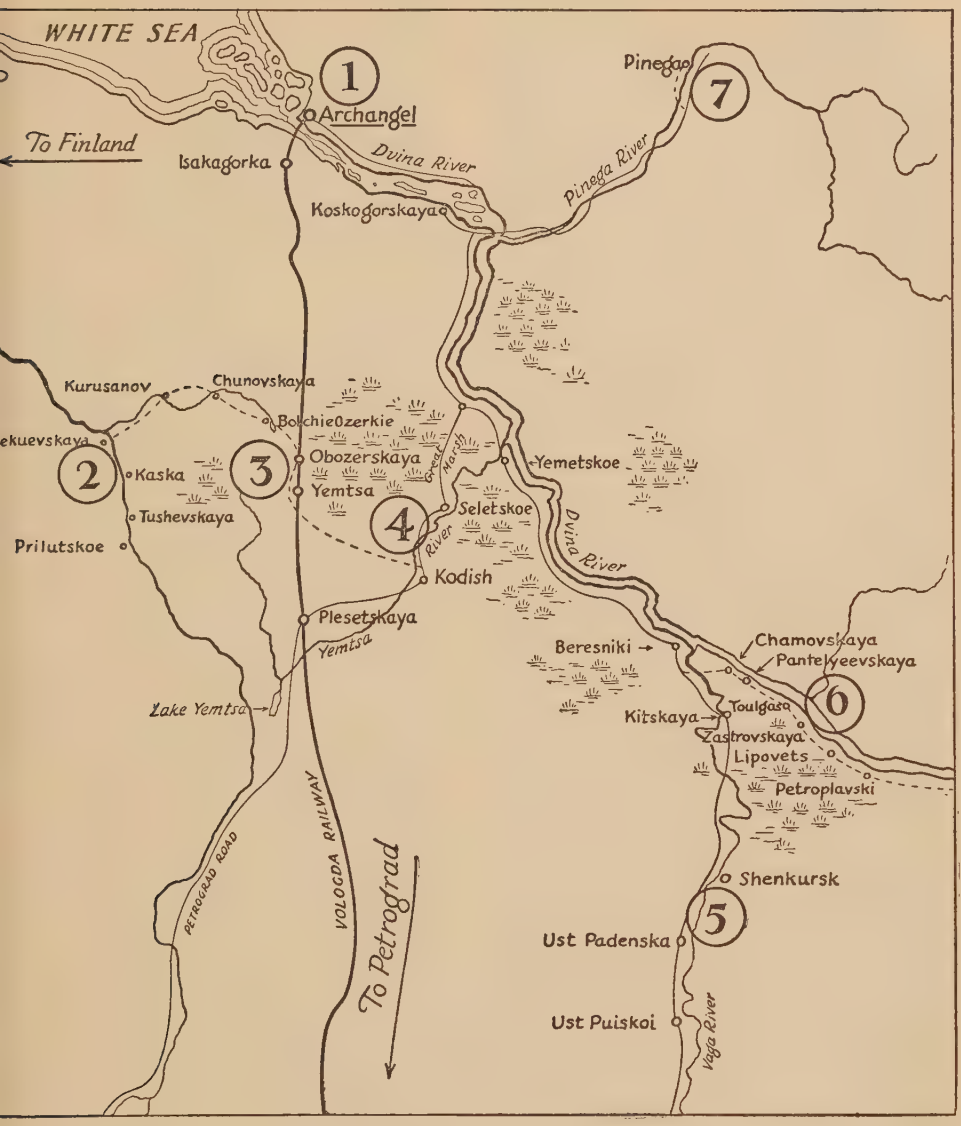
Thus the stage was set. The Yanks were debarking. What had Poole done? Surely he must have made some estimate of the situation—his mission, his available troops, those of the enemy, the terrain, the climate, the logistics. He had been there, by now, for a month. He had already sent out one detachment—his B Force, a mixed army and blue-jacket aggregation under one Colonel Hazelton—an outfit which wandered aimlessly about in the marshes, was ambushed, spanked and driven in with considerable loss. Some of our *Olympia* sailors were with it. Poole must have had some sort of staff, some sort of intelligence section whose duty it was to advise him on the enemy's strength. He must have ha sufficient evidence to convince him that h had before him an enemy ready and willin to fight, and perfectly able to take care o himself on his own terrain.

If he was to attempt to carry out h mission, for which he had a force entirel inadequate, a bold dash in full strengt along either of the two lines to the Tran Siberian Railway was plainly indicated. H had two months of open weather for i and ahead lay the possibility that, onc astride the objective line, he could live o the country. It was a one to one hundre shot—but fortune favors the brave. If, o the other hand, he was going to conten himself with the defensive, he should hav taken up positions with his force so con solidated that the enemy would be force to come to him over the inhospitable te rain, while he himself held the advantag of interior lines.

Such were the alternatives—a bold, d cisive dash with all his forces, or a delib erate occupation of defensive lines. The why in the names of all the gods of wa did he start off by dividing his force? Wa it to be an offensive? If so, then he wa violating all the basic principles of tactic Was it a defense? Then he was deliberatel begging the enemy to destroy him in detai

Why did Poole do as he did? Who ad vised him? From the British War Offi comes silence. Silent, too, are the Ame ican dead whom he frittered away.

The dream of Stewart and his men t they debarked that September morning- the dream of fighting as an America unit—soon went glimmering. The infantr was split, the engineers were split, th medicos were split; the British held th reins. Stewart, with most of his 2nd Ba talion and his Headquarters and Supp Companies, was destined to stay at Arch angel—a sort of fifth wheel to the wago the others, three-quarters of the forc went under British command to the Oneg river, to the Vologda Railway, to Kodis to the Vaga, to the Dvina and—late this—to Pinega.



The Archangel Campaign, 1918-1919

From now on the story of the A. E. F. North Russia becomes a saga of the dra. Poole sent six futile, fumbling gers poking fanlike into the maw of Bear; at the tip of each was a group of ericans. Follow which finger you will— leads to misery, to heroism, and to th.

t is hard to make head or tail of the first o months of inane muddling. Move and fight—move by boat, move by marching; fight and move again; forward, backward; up river, down river. One might almost think that the British brass-hats in Archangel occupied their time throwing pins at the map—eenie, meenie, miney, mo: watch the poor damned Yankees go!

On the Onega river H Company plunged into a fight at a place called Kaska (marked ② on the larger map), attacking in con-

junction with a detachment of loyal Cossacks and Russian volunteers. Cossacks and Russians melted away at the first Bolshevik volley—the first in flight, the second in desertion to the enemy. The commander, Captain Barton of the Royal Marines, had with him two squads of ours, and this little group cut its way back to the rest of H Company under overwhelming odds. The whole party retired. Fiasco No. 1.

Up on the railway line I and M Companies, with machine-gun and trench-mortar detachments, tried to carry out, in company with the French, a British-planned attack against the Bolshevik defenses south of Obozerskaya (marked ③ on the map). A marvelous plan in minor tactics, with a holding force and a maneuvering mass. But the master mind who evolved it failed to take his spurs off the desk long enough to find out that between his maneuvering mass and the enemy lay an impassable swamp—the Velekoe Boloto. So M Company and half of I, sunk to their waists in the soggy tundra, lay racked by Red machine-gun fire while the unfortunate trench-mortar detachment, abandoning its guns—it had no infantry support—cut its way through to the French lines. Fiasco No. 2.

Over to the east Major "Fighting Mike" Donaghue's two companies, K and L, after a march of 200 miles from the Onega river straight across the entire front almost to the Dvina—a march during which they had some stiff skirmishing, by the way—were ordered to attack Kodish (marked ④ on the map). Someone—who was it?—led them into overwhelming artillery fire at the Yemtsa river bridge, and they were checked. Fiasco No. 3. Later, "Fighting Mike's" merry men, 240 strong, stormed Kodish, driving out 2,700 of the enemy; took it and held it for a month.

On the Dvina and Vaga rivers the entire 1st Battalion, with detachments of the Royal Scots and some White Russians, went at it hammer and tongs, fighting from village to village, playing tag from river to river, while Bolshevik gunboat sprayed them with high explosives. Here too, the Russians of the Slavo-British Legion—the White Russians—melted awa in flight and desertion.

What was the condition of our men afte two months of this aimless ring-around a-rosy? On the Dvina front, on Octobe 21, according to the report of Captain J. C Hall, of the Medical Reserve Corps, ou soldiers had had no socks for weeks, thei shoes were gone, and they were smokin tea leaves, straw, hay, bread crumbs an moss. Pyorrhœa and scurvy were raging There were little or no medical supplies The British medical officers either did no have supplies or would not issue them Hall leaves us in doubt. He says only tha they were "hard to work with." He add that Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Corbly nominally commanding the 1st Battalion could do nothing to remedy matters, fo his men were scattered under British com mand all over the lot. "There ought to b an efficient hell-raiser from one end of th front to the base, with the rank of lieu tenant-colonel," comments Hall.

Sergeant Kolbe, of the Machine-Gu Company, wounded in the jaw when hi Vickers gun blew up during the fight o the railway on September 28–29, wa evacuated to the British hospital at Bakh aritza with other American wounded "Nothing was done except take our names etc.," reports Kolbe under date of Octobe 9. "They gave us a little beef broth an broke their necks to get us out of there, s they wouldn't have to feed us any dinner!"

Major C. G. Young, the senior America officer present at this same fight—the fiasc of the forgotten swamp—comments tha the officer commanding the A Force lacke initiative, that his adjutant gave inac curate data, and that reconnaissance wa poor. He also notes that the Russian rifle of his men were unsatisfactory, jamming frequently and firing high and inaccurately

Still on the railway, M Company ha its first day's rest on October 6. It ha arrived at the front on September 10. A

I Company, its men were falling asleep water up to their waists, under machine- n and shrapnel fire, such was their haustion.

The men of K Company floundered about the Kodish front for a month or more thout a change of shoes or underwear, ving been sent up without their bar- ks bags. Whose the fault was I do not ow.

A platoon of D Company, under Lieu- ant Wallace, pushed out in that same tor under a White Russian commander a small place called Tarasavo, and went thout a change of clothing for ten eks. When they got back they were aring cast-off British and Bolshevik ercoats. This from the report of Major Brooks Nichols. Something was wrong, ically wrong, with the service of supply along the line.

And now, with the beginning of No- nber, snow was falling, and the mercury nged down to 45 and 50 degrees below o. Ice was gathering in the rivers. Na- e was putting its own check on the tish staff's parcheesi game; Poole's ile, scattered offensives were stopping. all fronts the 310th Engineers were rking like madmen, putting up log ck-houses and stringing barbed wire. ere would be no further real southward ve.

On the Dvina the Allied force had ad- ced 180 miles to meet B Company at ilgas, 160 miles as the crow flies from hangel. On the Vaga were A and C npanies, at Ust Padenska (marked ⑤ the map), 190 miles from Archangel. the Yemtsa, K and L Companies were ging to Kodish, 125 miles south of the e. On the railway—the line which uld have been most easy to operate— fighting had not netted a mile; the lines e still a few miles south of Obozer- ya (marked ③ on the map), about 100 es from Archangel. On the Onega, H npany was working its way slowly ards Prilutskoe (marked ②), 110 miles th, with patrols keeping open the trail through Bolchie Ozerkie between the Onega and the Vologda Railway line. In- fluenza was taking its toll on all fronts

Up in Archangel Poole was relieved early in October. In place of him came a striking personality—Major-General Sir William Edmund Ironside, six foot four of fighting soldier man, of whom I believe it may be said that he tried honestly to re- pair the situation he found. Ironside had no problem of attack; it was now purely a matter of defense. The Bear Who Walks Like a Man was on his hind legs; where would his first slashing blows fall? That was Ironside's problem. Red intrigue, Red propaganda, kept Archangel boiling. Leon Trotsky, it was known, had come to North Russia in person to lead his VIth Army—34,700 men, 378 machine-guns and 94 guns—with the slogan "Drive the in- vader into the sea!" There had been strikes and uprisings. There were to be more.

November 11, 1918: Armistice Day. On the Western front the roar of battle died. On the Dvina, at Toulgas (marked ⑥ on the map), B Company of the 339th, with one company of Royal Scots and one sec- tion of Canadian Field Artillery, came pouring from their scanty shelter as a torrent of fire—small arms, machine-guns, high explosives—cracked down on them. On the river enemy gunboats, spouting fire, were creeping through the ice. On the land hordes of gray-coated Bolsheviki were breaking from the woods from three di- rections, charging for the squalid settle- ments.

That was fighting! Yanks and Scots, side by side, held their posts. The Canadian gunners, their one gun firing shrapnel, sprayed the charging enemy with muzzle bursts. The Russian "Hourra! Hourra!" reverberated through the village. Up to the very cannon's mouth the gray tide swept— and broke. The defenders breathed a mo- ment's respite; then another attack. And again. With nightfall the Allies were still holding on. With the dawn another at- tack. For four days the storm beat vainly

about Toulgas, each rush a bit weaker. Then B Company, leaving the Royal Scots to hold the lines, went out into the snow and drove the Reds from their own positions.

There was an incident in that nightmare fight which deserves relation. In the first rush some of the enemy, led by a black-bearded giant named Melochofski, got inside our lines. Melochofski stormed into the dressing-station, shouting that he would kill the wounded. But a quick-witted British hospital steward shoved two jugs of rum before him and the giant stopped to quaff. With him was a slim, boyish companion, who pleaded with him to spare the wounded, and then led him, when his thirst was quenched, back into the fighting.

Melochofski fell, mortally wounded. His slim companion dragged him back to the same dressing-station, tending him until he died. Then *she* turned to and nursed our own wounded. Lady Olga, they called her; good looking and refined they say she was; a member of the Battalion of Death. What became of the Lady Olga?

For a month, then, quiet in Toulgas, if horrid monotony—no diversion, no relaxation—can be termed quiet. Men huddled in their hovels through the long Winter nights, their only light made by rags floating on bacon grease in bully-beef cans. They froze on lonely vigils. Timber wolves nosed the barbed wire. Patrols were sniped at in the woods. In January came another attack, another repulse. In February the 82nd Tarasovo Regiment, clad in white smocks to render them invisible against the snow, were discovered as they sneaked through the barbed wire and were caught between two fires. The survivors, according to deserters, refused once and for all to face again the American "fiends," threatening to shoot their commissars.

Again monotony. The war was over. Men began to wonder—to complain. They threatened to go on strike. Remember, they were not professional soldiers. They had been drafted to fight Germany. I stead, they had fought here in the Arct and now that the war was over the wanted to know why. When the answ was unsatisfactory they thought the could do what they would have done civil life—lay down their tools and wal out on an unsatisfactory job. But whe they were told that this was mutiny the quietly took up arms again and carrie on—carried on until the ice went out ar the thaws came and the Bolsheviki coul no longer use the roads. Then the boa came up and took B Company back t Archangel.

IV

On the Vaga the deluge fell a little later- about the first of the year. At Ust Pade ska (marked ⑤ on the map) was half of Company, one platoon on a hillock i front, the other in the village. There we forty-seven men on this hillock. Th Bolshevik wave washed over them an only six got back. A relief party went ou on the slope and the invaders held the fire while fifteen of our wounded we picked up and brought in. Note this, fo I will have something to say about allege Red cruelty later. The rescue accomplished the attack was resumed, raging for fou days. Then, while incendiary shell set th wooden huts blazing, the defenders eva uated, falling back along the river tra to Shenkursk.

Here was A Company, with some Whi Russians, another section of those hard bitten Canuck gunners, four 2.9 in. mou tain-guns and three trench-mortars. Th survivors of Ust Padenska joined them The Bolsheviki surrounded the villag thousands strong, with one 9 in., two in., four 4.7 in. guns and a battery of ligh field pieces—77's. This artillery soon mad the place untenable.

At midnight on January 25, while th Red fire roared about them, the garriso slipped out by a secret path. On a flankin path the White Russians had been move to cover the retreat. They were to hold o

ıtil our rearguard could deploy outside ıe village, and then drop back under ›ver. Instead, after a few moments, several ıme running back to announce that the st of the detachment had deserted—some the Reds, some just running away.

The Bolsheviki, warned by the deserters, varmed over the trail. It was fight and fall ıck, turn and fight again, night and day, ırd by yard, along all that *via dolorosa*, ›m village to village, for thirty miles. ıiped at from the flanks, rushed from the ar, starved, frozen, short of ammunition, e Americans doggedly kept their faces the foe until they arrived at Kitskaya, e base for the Vaga front, where the ırrison, the other half of C Company, ok up the battle until the gaunt, ex-ıusted force could get a breathing spell. Kitskaya was defendable. There was od of sorts; there was ammunition. A d C Companies settled down. They were ere when Spring came and the Russians ithdrew their artillery lest it be bogged wn in the thaws. They stayed until lieved in June with the rest of the 1st ıttalion.

Trotsky's attack struck K and L Comnies at Kodish (near ④ on the map) on ›vember 8. Driven out, they retired to letskoe and dug in for the Winter. At e bridge over the Yemtsa, where their tposts stood, Red speechmakers came ghtly and orated in English on the ›nders of Bolshevism. "Fighting Mike's" en listened and cheered, punctuating eir remarks when the talk became boreme by taking pot shots at the unseen eakers. An amusing diversion—the only e they had.

On the Onega front we left H Company, th Polish and British detachments creep- south up the river. They reached ilutskoe (near ② on the map) on Decem- 31. Everything seemed rosy. They cele- ıted New Year's day by consolidating eir position, only to receive at 5 P.M. an ler to evacuate in two hours. Why? God ows! At any rate they obeyed orders. aving behind them all their impedimenta, the little detachment moved backward, harried by an ever-increasing enemy, until they reached Kaska, where they dug in.

The Bolshevik VIth Army, flitting by the railway line, which was apparently thought to be too strong to be rushed, had turned its attention to cutting communications between the Onega river detachment and Obozerskaya on the railway (marked ③ on the map). This communication was a trail running from the Onega river eastward to the Dvina. The enemy plan was doubtless to box the Vologda railway force by nipping around to the east, and then take in detail the Kodish and Dvina communications.

Freezing temperatures had hardened the marshy terrain between the Onega and the railway. With Plesetskaya on the rail line as their base, the Bolshevik troops moved in a general north-north-westerly direction towards Bolchie Ozerkie, squatting on the trail. They took their time.

On March 16 the usual Allied patrol left Chekuevskaya for Bolchie Ozerkie. It never came back. The next day Red troops had passed the trail west of the latter village and cut the line. The ill-fated patrol must have run into overwhelming numbers. When it did not return a detachment of thirty men of H Company, with one Lewis gun, carrying four days' rations, moved out to the east, under Lieutenant Collins. The outfit travelled in ten sleighs. They reached the village of Usolia where they found the officer commanding the Vologda force—one Colonel Lucas. Why he was there, unless he had been on a tour of inspection and had been cut off from Obozerskaya in the Bolshevik advance, I do not know.

At any rate Colonel Lucas ordered Collins to escort him back to his headquarters at Obozerskaya on the railroad. They got to within a half mile of Bolchie Ozerkie when they fell into an ambush. Heavy enemy machine-gun fire opened on them, the horses bolted, the sleighs were upset, and the detachment only escaped anni-

hilation by creeping away in the snow, the enemy fortunately firing too high. Colonel Lucas lost his dignity and froze his hand. Falling back to a small place called Chinova, Collins and his men waited there, while Colonel Lucas hurried on westward to Chekuevskaya.

A half-platoon of H Company was rushed to reinforce Collins, while Colonel Lucas thawed his hand. Three companies of the 6th Yorkshires—the Green Howards—hiking from the Murman peninsula to the Vologda Railway, came through Chekuevskaya over the trail. These Yorkshiremen, 600 strong, commanded by Major Mundy, marched to Chinova, and, combining with Collins, who now had seventy men, attacked in the direction of Bolchie Ozerkie, with Collins' men leading. He was mortally wounded and the attack was repelled.

Then the outfit was again reinforced, this time by the Poles and by most of H Company under Captain Richard W. Ballaesinger. Attacking on April 1, they could not get through. The Yorks blundered, the Poles—well, ask H Company about the Poles. An enemy counter-attack crashed through, but was held up handsomely by Lieutenant Philips' platoon of H and twelve men of B Company, the Yorks. The Polish detachment, which had Colt machine-guns, would not come into the line, according to Ballaesinger, but, unlimbering where they were, opened a long-range, useless fire over the heads of our men.

A roar of battle in the icy air; blood-stained snow; shouts; shrieks; bullets zipping through the trees. Someone raises a cry that the enemy has broken through in the rear. The Poles stampede, officers and men, in panic.

"I was forced to draw my revolver and threaten to shoot Polish officers," writes Captain Ballaesinger in his report.

There was a gradual rally of the main body while Philips and his handful of Yanks and Yorks held up the advancing foe. A sergeant and three men of the medical detachment sneaked out the wounded under fire, to the sleighs. Then came fighting retreat—back to the Onega line. There was no more communication with the railway from the west.

During all this, Bolchie Ozerkie (near @ on the map) was holding out against series of attacks. M Company was holding the village, with a detachment of th Yorks and two 3 in. guns manned by White Russian detachment. March 24 saw the first appearance of the enemy in strength. On March 31 the assault began It was Toulgas all over again. Three bat talions of the 2nd Moscow Regiment led the Red attack on the right, cut through and swung around to the rear. With the White Russian gunners' aid, M Company drove them back. Dotted about in littl block-houses the Yanks held a dogged line. Repulsed that day, the Bolshevik returned on April 1, while the fighting to the west was going on. With the 97th Saratov Regiment in front, and the Kazan Regiment in the rear, they foamed and raged about the block-houses. Post No. was the honor point. There twenty men— M's fourth platoon and six Yorks—drove back attack after attack. In the height o the fighting, eight of the enemy deserted to our lines. Next day the Bolsheviki attacked again, this time with heavy artillery support. Again they were thrown back, the second platoon of M holding the honor point this day.

All through the Winter Archangel had been in a state of turmoil. December 11 saw the mutiny of the Slavo-British Legion— put down when all the available men o the Headquarters Company, 337th, with the band, the cooks and the sanitary troops, fell on them with machine-guns. The French, the British, our own men—all were dissatisfied, all felt that the war was over, all were eager to get out of that land of ice and death back to their homes. News from home began to sift in. Soldiers read distorted things about their own doings. I Company went on strike—it was the same sort of thing as B Company's

air at Toulgas. But as soon as I Com-
ny realized that its strike was mutiny,
oo went back to work.
General Ironside had in some measure
ieved conditions. The American ration
d been improved. Coffee was added.
pplies were at hand. All well and good
those in the city, but the men out in
block-houses, cut off by miles of almost
passable roads, their needs attended to
e in a while by pack-train and sleigh
en the Bolsheviki had not cut com-
nications—these men saw little im-
vement.

V

ing was coming. With it came rumors
relief. The British and White Russians
re taking over the lines, and our de-
hments were slowly sifting back. The
was near. But before coming to that
ther subject must be taken up. It has
n said that the Bolsheviki treated the
ied wounded in a horrible manner. It
even been said that the French on the
way line killed their wounded to save
m from capture and torture. The bodies
n American officer and an enlisted man,
wounded on the Vaga, were later
ked up with the heads bashed in and
limbs severed by ax strokes. But that
s was done before death cannot be
ven.
At Ust Padenska I have told of the
valric holding of enemy fire while C
npany rescued its wounded. At Shen-
sk the enemy is said to have given care-
burial to the bodies of Lieutenant
vers of the Medical Corps and Corporal
man of A Company, killed in action
the retreat. Months after our with-
wal from Archangel men listed as
sing were being passed out of Russia
Finland by the Red Cross, and its
nts told of very considerate treatment
Moscow. Private Earl Fulcher of H
npany, wounded and captured at Bol-
chie Ozerkie, was taken to Vologda, and his wounds dressed; he was exchanged on May 4. Strange things happened in North Russia—anything was likely to happen. But it cannot be said that there was any concerted inhumanity to American prisoners by the Bolsheviki.

A word for our Allies and I am done. It was natural, under the conditions, that there should be little love lost between Americans and British. But under fire they fought like a band of brothers—Yank and Limie, back to back. So with the French. And it was a British officer who, praising the work of the American engineers on the Vologda front, mentioned one of them, Sergeant Benson, in a letter of commendation, as "a jewel without price."

It is June 26, 1919. Back home the folks have been protesting. Back home Senators and Representatives have been fulminating. The Czechs have withdrawn east of the Urals; the Red armies are gathering to invade Siberia. The dream is done. Washington, tired of this gesture that has led nowhere, has announced to Britain that our men must come back. Off Archangel, transports—British transports—are lying, and Americans are scrambling over their sides. There will be more weeks of lime-juice and tea, but what of it? We're going home! Going home singing:

> Home, boys, home, boys; home we ought to be;
> Home, boys, home, in the land beyond the sea!

But from the 102 caskets shipped to the United States from Archangel in 1919; from the seventy-five that arrived in New York the other day; from those waiting disposition in France; from the hundreds of lonely unmarked graves in the tundra—Yankee, British, French—there comes no singing.

I should hate to be the staff man who planned that dream of a Winter march through Arctic Russia.

WHITE MAGIC

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

"White cities." The phrase is almost meaningless to us, the vision it evokes nebulous and insubstantial, for such things lie outside our ken, unless, indeed, we venture far past the Pillars of Hercules into the once well-travelled roads of the Adriatic and Ionian and Ægean Seas. We live in grayness and our eyes are nourished (so to speak) on dun-colored towns; the mud-browns and gross gray-greens, faded and sullen, of mill towns; the harsh reds and clay-drabs of industrial plants; the rust of iron and the black of coal smoke.

One writes: "If you would visualize Cadiz you must write the word *white* with a white pencil on blue paper," but the vision still remains aloof and intangible. That swift-rushing line from Chesterton's "Lepanto"—"They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy"—flashes a sudden gleam of light across customary shadow; but it hardly achieves permanence, and it fades on the moment, leaving only a wistful wonder as to what these white things may be. Fall River and Johnstown, Greensborough and Grand Rapids we know, but what are "white cities," and in what fabulous land do they lift their walls and towers above blue seas and against violet hills?

Nor does the nearer Europe aid us much. Gray and red and brown achieve a certain transfiguration in England where old villages blend in with older groves of great trees and immemorial meadows. France—the old France of lords and peasants—lifts the key a little, and increasingly southward, in Spain and Italy, the possibility becomes more real, with Segovia and Cadiz and Umbrian hill towns in the sun, bu always the undertone of gray and brow asserts itself and—Spain apart—leaves onl a mitigated whiteness and a wonder as t what the absolute may be.

It is a real wonder and an abiding desir Why is the white city so evocative in i name and why is *white* in itself so far mo than a word and the denomination of tincture? It is so beyond question, an even to the walls of the New Jerusalem w attribute the living effulgence of luminou ivory and the pale radiance of mothe of-pearl. Memory or anticipation? Wh knows? But the dream and the desire ar always there, and if, by the grace of Goo eyes blurred by the gray clay and the du mud of familiar housing open suddenl on the radiant vision of apocalyptic whi in a setting of blue, violet and gold—give sea, mountains, verdure—heart and sou answer with the thrill of revelation, th caught breath of ultimate fulfillment.

It is in the far eastern Mediterranea that the white cities still linger in isol tion and merciful forgetfulness on the pa of a world alien in temper and in impuls Beyond the brave approximations of th Adriatic and the Ionian Seas, you must g to the coasts of Greece and to the islan of the Ægean and the shores of Anatoli The littoral of North Africa also, to M rocco and Algeria, to Tunis and Tripol but this alluring land I do not know. I ca tell only of some of the white things see in cruising over the seas and along th lands where once Minoan ships and Egy tian, Phœnician and Carthaginian, Gree and Roman, Byzantine and Frank an Venetian and Moslem, cut the blue wate

d contended with the wild winds in aseless and tangled traffic. The sea is changeably the same and the fanciful nd-masses; snow-crowned mountains and olet headlands, opal island-peaks and e lavender walls of strange continents. Here tall cities have risen with each sucssive culture only to fall before ruthless vastation and vanish utterly away save r heaped débris, and the racked platrms and sagging steps of temples and laces and theatres. Knossos and Mykænæ, oy and Halicarnassus, Alexandria, Antih, Athens, Nicea, Thessalonica, Mistrá, have passed and their stones have been ed over and over again after strange and en ways, only to fall at last in final andonment. Even the multitudinous cass of Franks and Venetians and Genoese d Crusaders, with their churches and laces, are fast disintegrating, and Cyprus d the Morea show only shattered ves-es of a civilization that held sway for o hundred years.

It may be a lesser culture that survives d that for its own housing has built its iite cities of the stolen marble of great nples and of rubble and plaster instead the moon-white stone of Paros and ntelicus, but the whiteness lasts and, er and again renewed by washings of ne, still offers the simulacrum of the aming marble of a civilization that uld not accept the substitute for the lity.

II

ling south from Piræus past the silver umns of Sunion on its high cliff—hail l farewell of Athens to its mariners—l threading a devious way through a y of mauve islands on a rippling plain lapis lazuli, it was the marble island of os that began to weave the white gic of white cities. The goal was not s, nor was it dreamt of. It was only the urch of an Hundred Gates, known uely for its unique archeological quali- and because of its founding by the Empress Helena. The church itself proved disappointing in a measure, for it had been largely rebuilt after an earthquake in the Eighteenth Century (earthquakes and fires and bombardments should never have been permitted by a kindly Providence later than the Sixteenth Century if the circumstances implied attempts at restoration), but as the yacht—a white city in itself—steamed slowly into the little harbor of Paroechia compensation, and more, revealed itself, for all along the sea rose a slender but faintly pyramidal town, whiter than the snow crown of Helicon, silhouetted against the Parian peak, and bubbling into little white domes on and around its old acropolis.

Landing in the midst of wind mills and wine casks, with a vine-hung trattoria in front and a snow-white and domed little chapel to the left, with the great pale dome of the hundred-gated church further away, it was the path to the town that lured, and that fulfilled the promise of the silvery apparition from the sea. White, yes, the whole town, with its narrow and climbing streets, its pavements and curbstones and house steps of white marble, but *white* means so much more than snow. Once inside the town it appeared that the little houses with their outside stairs and their flat roofs were of all possible hues, rose and mauve and pale ochre and cobalt blue mingling with the vivid white of lime-wash, and with the round white domes rising in every vista. Cleaner than clean, the blue-shadowed, narrow streets were shaded by luxuriant grape vines trained from side to side, translucent gold and emerald under the high sun. Fragments of Parian marble everywhere, spoil of the dismantled acropolis and its temples, and mingled with them medieval statues set in niches on the arched stairs to upper stories.

Strangest of all, a half-ruinous castle of the Frankish dominion, built wholly of temple marble: architraves and pilasters laid in level courses, alternating with the drums of Greek and Roman columns set end-wise in the walls in uncouth pattern-

ing. On the very crest of the acropolis a little white-domed church, a part of the walls the lower courses of the cella of the vanished temple, a diminutive Gothic-arched cloister on one side and within the intricately carved iconastas all dull gold around its painted icons.

And the arcaded fore-court of the Church of an Hundred Gates was no less white than tiny Paroechia. Spotless and gleaming, with clear blue shadows under its procession of wide arches, and in the midst flowers and tall bronze cypresses, black against the dazzling church and the sequent arcades.

A white town in the midst of golden vineyards and orchards of orange and pomegranate, with the blue sea below and the blue mountain peak rising behind. The whiteness of a life that may have forgotten Hellas and its Parian symbol of white life, but had not known the drabness and the murk of the culture of coal and iron and all that they imply. Yes, one could live there well in the white lights and the blue shadows and the golden gleams of vine leaves.

In the open sea again, now wine-dark under driving winds, though the sun is bright. Ahead a lavender silhouette grows slowly, clearer and more definite, Santorine, of old the island of Thera. As we come nearer the blue wall shows a narrow cleft, and suddenly to the left one headland blooms into a vision of ivory and white and gold under the low sun. From the very edge of the tumultuous sea the white begins, walls and terraces and domes like great pearls, mounting irregularly up the steep slope, a full thousand feet, to the very crest where it spreads out into a wide city around the silver of a crowning medieval castle. Maxfield Parrish may have made this picture, but otherwise, so fantastical is it, it has no other reality.

The yacht slips through the purple gates and the dream city is gone, all too soon. Within there is a quiet inland sea, walled by astounding cliffs eleven hundred feet high, the vast crater of a volcano once, some fifteen hundred years B.C., greater than Ætna. The towering walls are almos vertical, a cross section of volcanic de posits, striated in many layers and ever shade of tan, cocoa-brown, ochre and puce There is a huddle of white and black at th one possible landing place on the edge o the water, and zig-zagging upward th thin line of a mule path cut in the face o the cliff, ending at last on the very brim where, amazingly, there spreads a lon white city, again with its walls and te races, domes and towers, luminous, daz zling, like the icing on a giant layer cake or a heavy fall of immaculate, drifte snow. It is incredible, no less; outside a former experience.

The city itself, the snow crown of th crater cliffs, is not old enough to be goo nor new enough to be bad, but it is white white, with its terraced, flowery garden creaming over the brink and dripping little down the sides of the abyss, its nar row and climbing streets in blue shadow its arcades and belfries and dim passage from one level to another. On the crate side the fall is sheer to the blue disc of th sea with a low black hump of dead lav and scoriæ, the sluggish, intermittent crate of the still extant volcano. On the othe side the city ceases as abruptly, but her the long escarpment sweeps gently dow to the island perimeter, gold-green wit vineyards and market gardens and orchard of orange and olive and pomegranate. It all exceedingly improbable. Why has n one told of this strange thing before? A least one might have been warned, or wa it better to have this sudden revelation o a wonder unique in the world?

III

Shards of white cities along the coas of Crete and Rhodes and Cyprus, bu fragments only. Desolated by modern civ lization both through destruction an reconstruction: Candia, Lindos, Rhode Larnarca, Famagosta; then the amph theatre of Symi with its circling tiers of ne white houses and later the purple mountai

Doris and Ionia, leading on through the ıze of islands to incredible Halicarnassus. Or rather, perhaps, one should say Bouım, for the city of Mausolus no longer ists, even as scattered stones amongst the ves. It is as though it never had been; t even the fire-warped pavements of æstos or the gaunt stylobate of Delphi. ly a green slope of gardens and gray rkish houses separated by dilapidated ne walls. Boudrum. The name suggests thing, raises no anticipations of possible nder, but as we neared the mountain ll of Anatolia, here rather low and thout marked diversity, a line of whiteıs along the sea extended itself, lifted in e centre and grew more luminous and at t, as we cast anchor, revealed itself as amazement. Another low-lying white y, or rather village, but in the midst, ing sheer from blue water, an enormous dieval castle with high battlemented nparts, tier above tier, and many tall wers, turreted and crenelated, and all, t silver gray or tawny like the other tles we had seen in the Morea or the clades, but dazzling white as though it re built of the marble of Paros or ıtelicus.

And white marble it is, the whole amaz- erection, and reared by the Franks from e white and chiselled spoil of the maueum and the palace, the agora and the eatre of vanished Halicarnassus. Quite redible, this white vision against the ender hills; a dream castle that might ve housed Lohengrin or guarded the ly Grail. By rights a castle should look warlike part; it should be steely gray e Ludlow, or black and ominous like ches, but here in Greek lands under oslem occupancy stands this Gothic tle white as moonlight and fanciful a dream. Indeed, the Turk himself ognizes its quality for in the childish cess of changing old names that has ined Asia as well as Europe, Boudrum ame Akyourt only the day before we ved, the new name meaning the White ce.

Until the Great War the castle stood absolutely intact, as complete an example of medieval military architecture as existed anywhere in the world. During the war every French battleship that passed toward the great and futile tragedy of the Dardanelles, threw a casual shell or two at the towering walls, bursting breeches here and there, splitting turrets from tower angles and piling marble wreckage in the courts and on the edge of the sea. Still the keep and most of the towers stand, though with gaping holes here and there, and from the sea the partial ruin seems almost intact, a silvery silhouette, unreal, intangible. So should Camelot have seemed, or Joyous Gard or Montsalvat, the dream castle hoarding the Holy Grail.

From such a castle as this to Patmos of the Apocalypse is not so violent a transition after all, as it is no great distance over liquid sapphire amongst purple islands. Castle and monastery, workshop and cathedral and secret bower were all but varied showings of the same thing, a life that had, almost for the first time, fundamental unity. Fighting and worship and labor and love were all good things, each in its time and place. There was no real conflict, for all were more frank and natural than now, and none was blurred by psychoanalysis, blotted by a Manichæan Puritanism or distorted out of all human shape by technological civilization. These things divide and destroy; the old life united and synthesized. Only its white memory remains and we can seek it best in these Ægean seas.

Patmos rises gaunt and barren to its low but dominating peak above a thin, deep, land-locked inlet of harbor. Here, as always, there is a low whiteness of quiet housings along the sea with a zig-zag of sun-baked road up to the gray fortress-like monastery on the high crest. High walls, sombre and unfriendly, militant rather than ascetic, but once through the gate the radiance of unblemished white is almost blinding when the sun shines down into the little cloistered courts and through

pointed arches that are apparently wilful in their endless multiplication. Here the shadows are almost as blue as the sea but paler and more limpid. White stairways climb up past wandering galleries to flat white roofs where bronze bells hang in white belfries, arch upon arch, against the vivid sky.

This is perhaps the whitest thing to be found anywhere, only the black habits of the old broad-bearded monks cutting into the hundred shades of what is in the end only white; but the little church is within all gold, and the faded hues of old frescoes, and the brown of carved wood and the flicker of myriads of lamps and chandeliers of brass and crystal. The white light and the gold of the Revelation of St. John still seem to irradiate these courts and cloisters after the passing of two thousand years.

IV

So one goes on from one white thing to another in these Eastern waters, but it is to Athens one comes back in the end for final apotheosis. Not to the new Athens, a rather horrid place, reaching out and clutching the helpless country in every direction in jerry-built suburbs, not unlike the newer Detroit. A wilderness of tan and ochre plaster and streets of tawny dust driven by immoderate winds. A sad place and meaningless, swelling without conscious motive or sense of direction, rather pitiful when it tries to recover touch with its far past and sense of inheritance through cheap architectural reproductions and plaster replicas of originals in Pentelic marble.

Out of this welter of fading yellow rises always the great rock of the Acropolis. Roman ruins and Greek huddle around its base, and thoughtfully the authorities have preserved some space of trees, here and there for measurable isolation. Busses and automobiles roar around the rock, and gasoline and cinema signs fight for nearer approximations, but at the base of the scarp civilization ceases and culture—or the memory of a culture—begins. Orthod Christians, Moslems, Franks, Venetia predatory amateurs and archeologists ha sequently contributed their share of d structive energy, and now restorati comes in to play its part, but still so immortality fights down mortality, a the Acropolis, ruined, desecrated and d filed, still reveals and proclaims somethi in the life of man that had the whitene of pure flame, a thing that could not di

And yet there is no whiteness here of snow or lime or deep-sea pearls. Rath it is all blue-silver and old ivory a amber from Samarkand. But the wo means so much more than pure pallor; embraces all these warm hues, that, with the spectrum, together make t white fire of pure white. From the sea t Parthenon shows white against the mau of Lycabettus and the blue of the Pentelic hills. It is white under the sun and whi under the moon, but it is the white some higher purity that transfigures i material accidents.

Approached, as the Acropolis should b under a late sun on a cloudless day, t Propylæa is a towering wonder of clu tered, truncated shafts of chiselled ivo glowing with an interior fire that mak these dead stones a living breath. I ha never seen this before except once, lo ago, when, at his jubilee, Pope Leo XI was borne into St. Peter's in his sed gestatoria. How should marble of Pentel cus become ivory and how should th ivory glow into still flame? The chry elephantine statue of Athena in all i wonder of chiselled ivory and wroug gold is gone, refashioned perhaps into di and traders' coins, but something of its so has drifted down from the violet-crown height to infuse these stones of the port with their undying flame.

And through the last of the pale, flut shafts opens the bare, blue rock, like broken pavement of tarnished silver wi cobalt caught in the clefts and shadow On one hand, the girlish slenderness of t pearl-white Erechtheion, on the othe

h, high as the tallest hills, the Par-
non, final and supreme achievement of
highest intellect of man. Here also is
texture of old ivory so that the touch
gers and caresses, but the color is of the
ey of Hybla and of the wrought amber
Turkestan. Out of a giant stylobate of
e-silver it rises against purple Hymettus
a blue sky that is infinite depth; less
or than the radiant profundity of inter-
lar space.

Under the moon all color is burned away,
the Acropolis and all it sustains be-
ne burnished silver with shadows that
neither black nor violet, but something
n to both. Then Athens vanishes in the
k, transmuted into a widespread star
ter, a fallen milky way of gleaming
s, the sky is impenetrable and the moon
nts the ghost of Hellas in dark shadows
on the pale silver of column, entablature and pavement. But the lasting memory is neither of ivory, nacre or amber, but of *white*, for it is this that is the indwelling spirit of the Acropolis.

I do not know the secret of this white magic that still lingers in these enclaves and islands and hidden places of the old East that saw the birth of the human world we know. It is more than what the eye sees, more than the joy of something clean and utterly pure. The final appeal is interior, mystical, taking hold, in some way, of ultimate things. It is criticism and judgment, but it is also illumination. We know little enough of the Beatific Vision, but one thing we can safely assume and that is that it has that perfect whiteness that has its pale simulacrum in the white cities of the Ægean Sea.

FRANKENSTEIN, INC.

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

WHEN John Doe is lured into a bank or trust company by a poster genially reminding him that tomorrow he may die and he had better protect his loved ones by making a will, he doesn't realize that this is a portent of a future, not far distant, when all his legal affairs—his divorces, his fence fights, his contracts, and his damage claims—will be handled by a corporate machine.

You can't stop an evolutionary process—whether it moves backward or forward or sideways. But it is desirable to be aware of it. Yet John Doe has no inkling of the drift of things. He is being prepared gradually and painlessly for a change which, when consummated, will not seem the least bit startling. Some day—perhaps Anno Domini 1950—there will appear inconspicuously in the New York *Times* and other papers an item more or less as follows:

> Thousands of cases pending in courts throughout the United States were dismissed yesterday on motion of the United States Law Corporation which recently merged with the Lawyers of America, Inc.
>
> The new concern will enjoy a virtual monopoly of the law business and is expected to proceed as rapidly as possible to dispose of all cases in which the merging companies previously represented adverse interests. It is believed that this will reduce litigation in this country to 25% of its former volume. . .

Consider the straws in the wind. "Write your will now," one bank advertises. "Our consultation is free. We invite you to come in." And another: "Today is the very latest you should come in to make your will and attend to the administering of your estate."

The good old-fashioned lawyer, if mentioned at all, is brought into the pict as a sort of supernumerary clerical assista "Have your lawyer draft your will," the more conservative companies, at same time loading their customers w forms and suggestions for the guidance the attorney in appointing the trust co pany executor and trustee, with unlimi powers of sale and management.

In view of the success of this sort advertising, it is hardly surprising th some of the less punctilious outfits ha gone into the field whole hog with compunctions at keeping the lawyers altogether. One corporation announc "Wills and legal papers drawn—Esta managed—Law Department—Open Tu day and Saturday evenings until eigh While several openly bid for legal work nearly every description.

Apparently many bright young bank have visions of a future in which a f gigantic corporations will monopolize "law business"—drafting contracts, de and wills, settling disputes and closi deals—all at a fixed fee per hour or u of service. In which event the old-ti lawyer with his quiddities and his quill will naturally pass off the stage, along w the vanishing family medicine man.

II

It is possible, as Carl Sandburg says, th "the lawyers know too much." Perh they knew too much when they play with the divine fire—long before the vent of the tel-electric man—and crea an artificial person who could exerc many human functions, with the adv

ge of relative immortality and the soul-sness of a robot.

That peculiar type of imagination, known the legal mind, has originated many in-nious devices for circumventing reality, the invention of the corporation was lawyers' supreme contribution to the nulus of illusions that rule the world. is conception of a legal organism—lt up of individual cells like the human dy, but having a separate existence of own—has affected social history as foundly as Christianity, democracy, l the mechanism of money and credit. When the lawyers fashioned their cor-rate creatures and taught them to walk ne, they soon realized that they had loose forces which they might find hard restrain. So they set up certain fences to p corporations out of the legal pre-ves. You cannot act as executors, ad-nistrators or trustees, said the lawyers, l above all you must not practice law. the corporations broke through some those bars at an early day. The restric-ns against their acting in a fiduciary acity were found untenable and the yers were forced to acquiesce in the ctment of statutes permitting corpora-ns to administer estates and to be stees.

The last taboo, however, that a corpora-n cannot practice law, the lawyers still utly maintain. But it is not strange t the corporations, having once tasted rich pasturage of estates and trusts, uld make sporadic efforts to go further. s only natural for a successful business n, newly elected to the board of directors he Mammoth Trust Company, his head zing with projects for standardization large scale production, to pop up at oard meeting and say: "We've got cor-ation lawyers; why not lawyer corpora-ns? We should open a law department dvise our clients—at standard rates." his tendency of corporations to invade legal profession so alarmed the lawyers Illinois that the Illinois and Chicago Associations collaborated in an in-vestigation and finally brought suit to enjoin the Peoples Stock Yards State Bank from practicing law or collecting fees for legal services performed for customers of the bank by the bank's salaried employés.

The comment of the Chicago *Tribune* on this case, which is awaiting decision in the Illinois Supreme Court, forcefully presents the attitude of the man in the street:

> The petition is interesting as revealing the somewhat antiquated attitude of the bar, if not of all lawyers, toward their profession. This attitude is not shared outside their profession. The ordinary man feels, and rightly, that he is in better hands when dealing with an established bank than in going to some lawyer with whom he is acquainted or to whom he has been recommended. We believe the public interest would be served if law firms were incorporated like other business establishments. In this way the formation of stable houses, with excellent traditions, would be encouraged, and the man in need of legal services would be in a better way to get what he needs promptly and at a cost commensurate with the service.

Such a suggestion is met by the lawyers with determined opposition, based upon reasons which (like many legal doctrines) the layman will find it difficult to understand. According to the law books, a corporation cannot practice any of the "learned professions." This is one of the unalterable tenets of the law. A profession is something sacrosanct and personal. Or as the lawyers put it, the right to practice a profession is in the nature of a franchise from the state, conferred only on those who are qualified by character and education.

A corporation, being soulless, has no character, and the legal imagination, though otherwise versatile, pretends to be baffled trying to visualize a corporate entity standing on its own legs before a state board of examiners and explaining the rule in Shelley's case.

But really, protests the layman, why can't a corporation practice law through a staff of duly licensed attorneys? Because it simply isn't done—theoretically, at least. In the words of a venerable judge:

> As it [a corporation] cannot practice law directly, it cannot indirectly by employing competent lawyers to practice for it, as that would be an evasion which the law will not tolerate. *Quando aliquid prohibetur ex directo, prohibitur et per obliquum.*[1]

Res ipsa loquitur. When you find a Latin tag it often covers some confusion of thought—though the theory may be ancient and honorable. A corporation necessarily does all its acts indirectly. It cannot function except through agents. Therefore, if it cannot do indirectly what it cannot do directly, it is condemned to twiddle its corporate thumbs in complete inertia. The *quando aliquid* rule in this instance is merely an evasion.

The only sound reason advanced for keeping corporations out of law practice rests on public policy. A lawyer employed by a law corporation, the argument runs, would owe allegiance primarily to his employer and not to his employer's clients. He would be in the position of trying to serve two masters. As the judge already quoted puts it:

> The corporation would control the litigation. The money earned would belong to the corporation and the attorney would be responsible to the corporation only. His master would not be the client but the corporation, conducted it may be wholly by laymen, organized simply to make money and not to aid in the administration of justice, which is the highest function of an attorney and counselor at law.

And further:

> There would be no remedy by attachment or disbarment to protect the public from imposition or fraud, no stimulus to good conduct from the traditions of an ancient and honorable profession, and no guide except the sordid purpose to earn money for stockholders. The bar, which is an institution of the highest usefulness and standing, would be degraded if even its humblest member became subject to the orders of a money-making corporation engaged not in conducting litigation for itself, but in the business of conducting litigation for others.[2]

[1] When anything is prohibited directly, it is also prohibited indirectly.

[2] In re Coöperative Law Co., 198 N. Y., 479.

This states the case as strongly as it ca be stated. But it would all apply wit equal force to the corporate practice architecture, engineering, accounting, an other pursuits requiring high technic training and integrity. Yet corporatio can and do practice these younger profe sions in many States without any inte ference.

And benighted business men, engross in "the sordid purpose to earn money may well question the sincerity of a pr fession which creates corporations for a most every purpose under the sun while steadfastly protests that such mechanis are too degraded and corruptible to enga in the service of the law.

To the cynical layman it may seem th it is not so much a tender solicitude f the public as a strong instinct for se preservation that makes the lawyers s over and over to themselves, "a corpor tion cannot practice law." If the new paper journalists had only seen the lig in time they might also have constitut themselves a "learned profession" and e caped the devouring progress of the giga tic press Frankensteins which now contr the news and public opinion. The Dana Greeleys, Wattersons, Bennets and Medi have vanished from this world like t great auk because they did not arise a cry out, "A corporation cannot practi journalism."

The lawyers knew better. They refus to give up their individual freedom. T corporate genii which they had creat to serve their business-minded clients we all right in their place, but they must kept there and not permitted to usurp t powers of their masters.

This was all very well, but while t lawyers were sitting serenely at the leg table, their corporate creatures discover ways of getting into the kitchen throu the back door, and before the lawy could say skat! there they were licki up the cream—not mewling kittens, b full-fledged lions, who were prepared stay.

III

e truth is that corporations actually ve entered to a remarkable extent what Chicago *Tribune* is pleased to call "the r business." Some of them do it openly, e the Illinois banks which joined in culating a Schedule of Fees listing charges services in drafting deeds, land con- cts, bills of sale, etc., and the corpora- n which offered assistance to the public ough its service department as follows: egal services, leases, contracts, liens, perty rights, fence laws, inheritance, , collections and adjustments such as ims against railroads, express compan- and other common carriers, insurance npanies, corporations, commission firms, ."

his open solicitation of legal business (and probably will) be stopped through ssure brought by the bar associations inst offending corporations. Much more idious, from the lawyer's point of view, the methods of certain corporations ich successfully maintain that they are practicing law—technically at least— usurp many of the functions of the old- e lawyer. Their reply, when attacked, o tell the lawyers to go back to their r books and to limit their activities to se things which they have an *exclusive* ess to perform. The real business of the rld, they say, is better handled through porate organizations.

nd apparently the public has agreed. tness the growing dependence of the iness man upon quasi-lawyer corpora- ns. He buys a factory site through a kerage company, which (if he permits will draft the sales contract for him. s is legal work pure and simple. The er furnishes evidence of his title in the n of a "guarantee policy" issued (at a nium) by a title guarantee company, ich insures the owner against adverse ms. These corporations *say* they are not cticing law—they are engaged in the e insurance business. But their principal rk is done by a staff of salaried title examiners, grubbing away at their abstracts like any old-fashioned lawyer.

These same title companies also maintain escrow departments whose chief function is to act as stakeholder in real estate deals. But, if requested, they will *pro rate* all items and close the transaction for both buyer and seller without the assistance of a lawyer.

Our business man, having bought his factory site, needs a building loan. He applies to a bank or mortgage company which in most cases will draft all the necessary papers on its own forms through salaried employés, who may or may not be licensed to practice law. Some companies even charge a borrower for this under the designation of "legal services."

The factory is built and filled with workers. Someone might get hurt. The boss buys liability insurance covering him against the claims of employés and of the public also. This looks like insurance business only, but a careful examination of the policy shows that the companies not only agree to indemnify the insured against claims, but also to defend him against litigation. They will stand all court costs, attorneys' fees and other expenses. The insured has no control of any litigation which may arise. The policy is practically a contract to render legal services. As a consequence the insurance companies handle a vast volume of law work—partly through salaried employés and partly through attorneys who work for a yearly retainer. In any event, such lawyers are *not* employed by the litigant but by the company.

In all these affairs the business man may, and probably does, retain a personal attorney, but his attorney acts as a very specialized special advocate, the chief burden of the legal work being assumed, or rather appropriated, by the business man's corporate servants.

And they continue to serve him. The business man needs more capital and decides to raise it by incorporating and selling stock. This time he will probably go

directly to his lawyer, but no sooner has the state granted a charter than the lawyer and the new corporation are besieged by what may be called "corporation companies." They are organized ostensibly to assist lawyers in the intricate details of corporate taxes, blue sky laws, foreign licenses, etc. But their work, though largely clerical, is the practice of law. "The Blank Company," advertises one of them, "is in effect, an extra, and decidedly extraordinary, law clerk for the practicing attorney." And another, specializing in Delaware corporations, sends out a price list as follows:

> $100,000 corporation complete..... $ 73.00
> $500,000 corporation complete..... 113.00
> $1,000,000 corporation complete... 163.00
> The above prices include drawing charter, furnishing incorporators, holding first meeting, adopting by-laws, election of directors named by you and payment of all fees and expenses.

This company guarantees to get you incorporated within twenty-four hours after receiving your information blank and remittance.

Like as not, the business man's collections are handled by a commercial adjustment company, his tax matters by a tax bureau, his claims against the United States or foreign governments by an incorporated government claim bureau, his income tax by an income tax service company, and when he dies, the chances are ten to one that a trust company will take over his estate as executor and trustee.

IV

As long ago as 1913 George W. Bristol in the *Yale Law Journal* predicted "The Passing of the Legal Profession."

> The lawyer is being devoured by his own Frankenstein. It may be better for society that titles be searched, that wills be drawn, that litigation be conducted and corporations organized by corporations. It may be better for society that the lawyer be eliminated entirely. Then why not let the corporation appear as attorney of record in cases and do away with the legal fiction of having a lawyer appear as attorney for a party in a ca —when the corporation is the real mast and the lawyer a mere puppet in its invisib hands?

But such an eventuality Mr. Bristol d not approve. He concluded with an earne appeal to his legal confrères.

> Shall we continue to practice law as a pr fession, honor its traditions, cherish and li up to its high ideals, and die poor, or sh we fall in line with our more progressi brothers, pass over into the business world incorporate—exploit the public—and li rich?—Mr. Layman, you pay the bills und both systems; which do you like best?

It is quite likely that Mr. Layman, co trary to Mr. Bristol's hopes, will answ this really important question with emphatic, "Give us law corporations." T interest of the public will lie on th side of economic advantage, and econom advantage—under contemporary doctri —is with the corporate form of organiz tion.

The lawyers themselves have been th greatest champions of the corporate for The reputation of being a corporation law yer is the accolade of success at the ba And rightly so, for corporation lawye have been the engineers of those gre mergers and combinations which chara terize Big Business today.

It is only poetic justice that the leg profession itself should be subjected to th same organizing furore and that the co porations in their turn should apply the practice of the law the doctrine th only a corporation can administer th greatest good to the greatest number: doctrine which the lawyers have ardent promoted, thereby sounding the knell the small tradesman. Perhaps the lawyer chickens are coming home to roost.

In fact, all the arguments in favor of th corporate form—economy through stan ardization and large scale productio efficiency, continuity, financial responsibi ity—might apply equally to the practi of law. It would be well if banks and tru

npanies would openly advocate an ex-sion of their legal functions on the und of public welfare, instead of keep- up the pretense that they do not en-ach upon the practice of law. They l find support in the words of eminent l capable counsel:

lo sense of craft control can properly dictate course of opposition which will stem the de of economic advantage, that will and ıould permit a corporation to bring to the ıffering people a product of capital, in-ustry, multiple result at minimum cost, ex-erience and skill.

It is not enough to say that corporations ıcroach upon private practice. Whatever ıey can do better and cheaper, and with no ɔuntervailing disadvantage to the public, is ıpported by economic principle. The fact ıat it violates existing law is no argument gainst it, save to avoid the consequence of ıolation of the law, but it is a substantial rgument against the law. Repressive law hich serves no useful purpose may retard rogress but it does not represent eternal erity.

hese utterances by Charles A. Boston an address[3] before the Association of Bar of the City of New York must not aken as advocating the corporate prac- of law, but they do suggest a point of v which will shock many conservative ctitioners who will inevitably attempt xorcise such heresy by raising the bogey thics.

heir argument runs like this: A cor-ation is necessarily an instrument of mercialism. It has no responsibilities pt toward its stockholders. If per-ed to practice law it would sacrifice lients on the altar of corporate profits thus degrade a noble profession. Which lausible, but if true, it would lead to conclusion that corporations for any ɔose whatever are essentially vicious anti-social.

ɔssibly they are. Possibly they should ɔrohibited from acting as fiduciaries. ibly also it is high time to scrutinize ɔrations generally and especially those

Lectures on Legal Topics," New York, -1921.

which control natural resources and administer public utilities.

But the public is distinctly not interested in such inquiries. The public believes (despite minority howls) that a corporation can do no wrong—except to withhold dividends. According to the current *mores*, corporations should be permitted to appropriate whatever powers and privileges it may be profitable for them to appropriate—including, it may be assumed, the right to practice law.

A resort to argument over ethics will not stem the evolutionary tide. The law, it is true, is an ancient and honorable profession—honorable to a remarkable degree considering the opportunities it affords for profiting by the laity's legal ignorance. It has been active in purging itself from time to time of champertists, shysters and highwaymen.

But the legal profession must nevertheless prepare itself for a change. Like Little Black Sambo when confronted by the tiger, the lawyers will have to discard most of their trappings and plead: "Oh, please, Mr. Corporation, don't eat us up, and we will give you our deeds and our contracts, our clerical work and all our bookkeeping."

Whether the individual lawyer will eventually be obliterated cannot be foreseen. If he is ingenious and versatile enough he may survive as a specialist and free lance. But it is certain that he will have to relinquish those acts and services which can easily be standardized. The business man of the future will buy most of his legal assistance from the "big shops of the law" at a fixed price per unit of service.

The lawyers may extract some comfort from the prospect that the corporate Frankenstein which threatens to destroy its creators will end in destroying itself. By an inherent irony the processes of change usually carry their own corrective. When the United States Law Corporation finally merges with the Lawyers of America, Inc. in one grand legal monopoly, we will

achieve a state of benevolent anarchy under which the whole structure of law and government will be nullified. *L'état c'est la compagnie* will be the new legend. And after that perhaps the deluge.

"Poppycock!" says the literal-minded lawyer, irritated by these prognostications and believing that our present state of perfection will go on forever. I wish I could agree with him. Every lawyer instinctively bristles at the suggestion that a corporate invasion could by any chance threaten the existence of the legal prof sion. It is pleasanter to close the eyes a retain the dream of ancient prerogativ unabated and continuing world witho end, like the old attorney in Mor "Utopia":

> Nay, quod the lawier, this could never be stablyshed in Englande, but that it mu needes bring the weale publike into gre ieopardie and hasarde. And so saying shaked his heade, and made a wrie mouth and so helde his peace.

A BOHUNK WOMAN

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

Sometime after I came to San Pedro, in California, years ago, I was looking for a woman to clean my apartment nce or twice a week, and a Dalmatian sherman there with whom I became acuainted recommended to me a Mrs. Tanach. She was *nashka*, he said—"one of urs"—, in low circumstances, and needed ork. Her husband had been permanently isabled in an accident while working on ne docks two years before and she supported both him and herself by doing ousework by the day and the hour for eople in town who were willing to emloy her; and they were not many, because ne was old and unwell. She drove from ob to job in a stuttering old Ford, workng here a full day or an afternoon, there nly an hour or two.

She was a tall gaunt woman, in her fties, as I learned later, but older looking; uite emaciated, almost skin-and-bone, ffering (as I also found out by and by) om an incurable ailment. Her angular llow-brown face, with its high Slavic eekbones, was etched with a network of ny wrinkles. Her deep-set, lusterless eyes ad a look of discomfiting calm, a flat disterestedness, a profound monotony. The oints of her broad, slightly up-curved in and rather longish thin nose came ithin about an inch of meeting over the othless, tight-shut mouth, with its awn yellowish lips: which gave her face litting suggestion of weirdness. Her hair, hat there was left of it, was ashen-gray d, combed straight back over the skull, ually hidden under the dust-cap. Her own loose-skinned hands were all awry om too much work. Her long frame, with its stooped shoulders, curved back and awkward broad hips, seemed longer than it actually was because of the outmoded dark dress, made of the cheapest material, that she always wore, with the back of the skirt trailing on the floor.

Her manner was apathetic, cheerless, mechanical. At first I was vaguely annoyed by her (ill-looking people generally affect me unpleasantly); and perhaps I would have told her not to come any more had it not been for the fact that—maybe because she was a countrywoman of mine—I developed at once an irresistible interest in her personality.

The work she accomplished with moderate competence, but without a suspicion of zest. To change the bedding or empty the waste-basket obviously had for her neither value nor meaning; there wasn't in her a trace of the fussiness that is characteristic of elderly women. I began to sense in her an invincible indifference to everything.

For our mutual convenience she generally came toward evening, and the light by which I most frequently saw her was, by consequence, either defective or artificial; but I think that because of that fact I saw her, in a sense, more clearly than most of her daylight employers. The dimness of my apartment in which she moved, sweeping and arranging things, gave me a kind of perspective upon her; it softened the sharp outlines of her personality, endowing them with a slight nebulousness, and at the same time bringing out the suggestion of a death-calm fatalism that, for a moment now and then, lifted the tragic aspect, which was the dominant aspect of her figure, to a rigid abstract quality.

There were no old-woman exaggerations or exuberances about her. She was drudgery incarnate; going through certain definite motions; a drab, cold woman, almost unliving, hovering on the edge of existence, undisturbed by emotional demands or vital communal sympathies. She seemed beyond all that. But presently her very drabness, like that of a banal, bleak old house, abandoned to collapse by itself, offered a sort of beauty and dignity.

Aided by memories of peasant women I had seen in the Old Country in my boyhood, I tried to imagine her as she had probably been in her younger life in Croatia: stalwart, full-built and hard, of the type of women I had watched carrying gracefully and with surety great burdens on mountain roads or working long hours in the fields with a careless, even cheerful, fatalism, yet whose whole beings seemed at the same time fixed upon a purpose of inconceivable importance: decisive, ready and capable, their faces flushed from the sun, with the honor of freedom and poverty in their words, glances and gestures.

She evidently had been in America a long time.

II

At first, when I tried to talk with her, yes and no comprised most of her answers to my queries and remarks. Her voice had a dull, unnatural huskiness which seemed incongruous with the rest of her; it sounded, almost, as if it came from a source remote from herself; but in time I became used to it, too, and it commenced to harmonize for me with her physiognomy and her inner character, as it was gradually revealed to me—dulled, unemotional and, little as she spoke, very monotonous.

Sometimes, when I said something, she merely shrugged her shoulders or shook or nodded her head. She showed no annoyance at my questions or remarks; she was just flatly unresponsive, indifferent to my curiosity. Her brief answers came, perhaps, in the same category as cleaning the rug: something one was obliged to go through as part of the earthly ordea which she obviously had determined endure with minimum ado, simply, wit out elaboration, sentimentality or i patience.

I came to a kind of instinctive unde standing of her and before long I wou look forward to her coming Tuesday a Saturday afternoons, aside from the fa that my place needed cleaning.

Occasionally Croatians in San Ped who had known her for years told m things about her. Her doctor, for instanc who also was a Yugoslav, described to m the nature of her disease, and told me h had been giving her drugs to dull the i tolerable pain so that she could get arou and work.

Last year, he said, her condition ha still held out a little hope, but she ha refused to submit to an extremely dange ous operation, unwilling to take the ri of not surviving it. She had to live a whi longer; she did not want to leave her hu band, who was dependent upon her a whom she expected to die before long. N doubt the drugs helped to dull and mysti her whole personality.

She worked for me several months.

One afternoon I happened to return my apartment just as she drove up. noticed that she parked her Ford a bit u certainly. It was just before sundown. Th rich, reddish California sunlight flood her somber figure and haggard face as sh got wearily out of the machine. Watchi her gave me, momentarily, a heavy sens tion. She did not seem to belong amo the living. Her person emanated a chi mustiness.

"*Dobar vecher*," she greeted me in Cr atian, as was her wont. Her voice w hollow and far-away.

She ascended the few steps to my apar ment with great difficulty, but without groan or a sigh. Inside, she stopped in th middle of the room and started to sway little, as if struggling against swoonin

I helped her to a couch. Could I do an thing for her? She shook her head. H

es were closed; her arms lay limply by r sides.

I managed to reach her doctor by tele- one, but he said he could not possibly me before an hour and suggested that eantime I give her some liquor if I had y; it could do her no harm. He said she as so far gone that the drugs he was ving her had scarcely any effect upon r. He didn't think she was in pain, but rhaps was very weak, and a strong drink ght do her good.

I had recently procured a bottle of fierce naica rum from the steward of a British ssel that had been in port, and, in gue desperation, I gave her a big drink it. It nearly knocked the breath out of r, but after a while it seemed that a tle color appeared in her face.

Sitting by the couch, I was wishing the ctor would come sooner than he had omised. Now and then a creepy feeling zed me. She might die here and now.

I turned on the light. Then she opened r eyes and looked at me a long time. Her es now were large and somehow seemed ntly luminous.

A twitch that perhaps was meant to be smile passed across her lips and, with a rt of quick, out-running impulse, a jerky, dden movement, she took hold of one of r hands with both of hers, which were ld and dry.

"Thank you," she said in Croatian, ou are kind to me." Then, after a pause: should have gone home instead of com- g here, but I thought I could hold out other hour. I am very sick. So weak." It was the longest speech she had yet oken to me. Her voice was low and very note.

I gave her another drink of rum. It was most pure alcohol; it choked her a tle and deepened the color of her cheeks. For several minutes she lay very still, r eyes closed. She scarcely breathed. Now d then her left hand twitched a little.

Then she made a move as if to rise. "I l much better now," she said. But she uldn't move herself, whereupon she was still and silent for several minutes once more.

"I can't move," she said, "but I feel very good. Very good," she repeated. "Indeed, I don't feel anything, just a queer glow all over. What was that you gave me? Rum?" Her face twitched again in an attempt to smile. Her voice seemed nearer; her eyes shone with a low, quiet light. "My head is very clear—so clear. Nothing matters."

Then she was silent again for a while, as if thinking over what she had just said. "Please touch my hand if you don't mind," she said then.

"I scarcely feel you," she said when I complied with her request. "As though I wore very thick gloves. . . . You are kind to me. I like your room. You have many books. Books . . ." She fell silent, as though going over something in her mind.

Then, again: "People are good, many people all over the world, but the world —I mean life—life is cruel and evil. People want to be good, but can't. Strange, isn't it?" she philosophized. She spoke in very good Croatian, now and then putting in a word or a sentence in English. "People are good, but they make a bad world, and the world makes them bad. It's a circle," and she made a vague round motion with her hand. "Good and evil . . . but there is too much evil . . . too much. One is best dead. I have died many years ago. I had lived . . . but too much sorrow . . . Life was too cruel here. America is big and terrible. It devours us like a beast. So big and terrible. I had seven children; they are all dead except one, perhaps. I had four husbands; three of them died; the fourth one is still alive, but would be better off dead. . . . But perhaps nothing matters. I don't matter. Only life . . . life and America. Life must go on: a terrible process. America must become great. . . . We all came over from the Old Country to help America become great and terrible."

She closed her eyes and was silent for a long moment. Then she looked at me again, then around the room. Her lips

twitched with some success into a fugitive smile. "Everything is so lucid," she said. "I have never seen things so clearly. Nothing matters. I can't feel anything, just a glow—the rum you gave me, perhaps—, but I have never been so alive . . . so sharply conscious of everything . . . you and this room. I wish I could stay here forever. I hope the doctor never comes. He can't do anything for me. I don't want him to do anything for me. He told you to give me rum; that was all I needed. Everything is all right. Everything is clear and . . . and kind."

I gave her more rum.

"You are good to me. Rum is good. I never felt this way before. I can't move my body, but I don't care. I hope you don't mind my being here a while. My body . . . it doesn't matter. I have loved four men and borne seven children. Four and seven . . . four and seven," she repeated. "Four and seven . . . just numbers. One, two, three, four . . . one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Numbers."

I had an eerie feeling, quite indescribable. I went to the telephone to get the doctor, but couldn't rouse the operator. I hung up and, in a vague sort of desperation, put a record on my gramophone. It was a Croatian national song.

Mrs. Tanasich listened to it with her eyes open, lying very still. Music made the situation even weirder, but I let the record play out.

"That was nice," she said. "I barely heard it . . . far off."

I sat down again by the couch.

She continued talking to me; the doctor was late; and before he came she told me of her life in America—facts, essentials, stripped of all emotion. "Can you hear me?" she once interrupted herself. "I can scarcely hear myself. Very strange." Her voice was low, but I had no trouble understanding her in the stillness of the room.

Several of the facts in the story that follows had come to me before, and others I learned later from people who knew her; most of them she gave me herself.

III

Twenty-seven years before, in the Ol Country, she had been in love with a youn man whose first name was Mato. The were poor peasants in the same villag Mato came to America to earn son money and in two years return to Croati whereupon he would buy some land, buil a house, and marry her. Milla—her name- waited for him. But in the 90's there wa a long panic in America, and Mato earne little more than he needed to keep soul an body together. He worked in the mines.

He went to Idaho and found work in th mines there. He wanted her; she wante him. Two years went by. They were wri ing to each other. Then he sent her mone to join him, and she came.

Milla arrived in Idaho just as the lon strike started in the Coeur d'Alene minin district, in the latter half of the 90' when the Western Federation of Mine was coming into being. There was a bitt war between the miners and the min owners. Men were shot dead, openly an in the dark, on both sides. There were fr quent battles between organized groups armed workmen and company guards an the militia.

Mato married Milla. A week later he an two other workmen were found dead in gulch. The miners' union buried ther They were heroes; the company gunm had killed them.

A month later a Serbian, whose nam was Dushan, asked her to marry him. Sh accepted him. He was good to her and Mato's child when it was born. He worke in the mines; she ran a boarding-house f unmarried miners, and each year, of cours gave birth to a child.

She bore Dushan four children; th there was a cave-in and two weeks lat they dug him out of the mine dead, wi five others.

She married the third time. He was Dalmatian; his first name was Ivan. H was a fine man, too fine; a good worke intelligent, aflame with resentment again

nditions under which he and other men his circumstances earned their living in merica. He read many books and papers, d made Milla read them. He had gone to city school in the Old Country. He was active radical. His English was good, d he often spoke at workers' meetings. But, being an agitator, a class-conscious derdog, he frequently had trouble find- g work; and when he found it he seldom pt a job very long. He was blacklisted and wide.

The family was compelled to move from ace to place. From Idaho they went to evada. There two of Dushan's children ed of scarlet fever. The company doctor as not interested in the case, and they uld not afford to send for a good doctor Reno.

Milla had two children by Ivan. He was od to her and all the children, but it was rial to be married to him. As soon as the mpany found out that he was an I. W. W. itator he was discharged.

From Nevada they went to Arizona. an found work in the mines near Bisbee. illa begged him to curb his radicalism, d he heeded her plea. But he always read d studied and meditated. Nights he could t sleep, brooding over the injustices of e industrial system.

Then, suddenly, he turned away from licalism. He had discovered, it seems, at Socialism, I. W. W.-ism, and all such ganized movements were futile. He be- ne an extreme individualist. He read lstoy and studied his life. He went daft the subject of Tolstoy and individual- n. He made Milla read all his works. en he proposed that the entire family thdraw from the evil world and live the mple life, go back to nature, into the derness, away from the perversions of ustrialism and wage-slavery. He would e them to the mountains somewhere, said, and there provide for them from at nature offered. They would use noth- produced in factories, for that was ping to continue the terrible slavery of lions of people, many of whom did not realize they were slaves. Every intelligent person ought to do that, said Ivan; then all the ills of life in America would vanish. The factory system must go. People must return to the simple life. Tolstoy was right.

But Milla, feeling responsibility to her children, would not go with him. She begged him to be sensible; after all, he was but a tiny grain of sand upon an enormous beach. But Ivan had seen the great Truth; it became an obsession with him, and, Tolstoy-like, he left Milla and the children, and went off to lead the simple life by himself.

He pitched a tent near Bisbee and worked just enough to exist. He chopped wood and did other odd jobs that people had been doing before industrialism descended upon the world. He visited the family and begged Milla to join him; but Milla couldn't if she had wished to. The children were growing up, and thought the man was crazy.

So she ran a boarding-house for miners and supported herself and the children that way for a number of years.

Then Ivan disappeared altogether. He walked all the way to New York, as Milla learned later, actually walked. He would not ride in a train even if he had the price because railways were part of the evil industrial system, nor would he steal a ride for the same reason. Besides, he was too proud—an individualist.

He reached New York and there got in touch with some Dalmatian fishermen who had just purchased an old American sailing ship and were about to sail for the Old Country, and fish there. Ivan had no objection to fishing and fishing-boats, and he went with them.

He got back to Dalmatia just before the outbreak of the war. He was determined to live according to his Tolstoyan ideas there. People in Dalmatia, he thought, were unspoiled, and would not laugh at him.

Ivan was a pacifist; Tolstoy's "Ivan the Fool" was his favorite book; and so when

the Austrian government ordered him to report for examination for military service, he refused to go—and a few days later he was shot.

Milla heard of his execution, and then she married the fourth time, her present husband. He, too, was a Dalmatian, a miner in Bisbee, a good, simple, middle-aged man. His name was George Tanasich. She had a child by him in Arizona, her last.

Her first son, growing up, became a miner too. He was Mato's son. The second year in the mines he was killed in an explosion five thousand feet underground.

Then Milla began to hate the mines with everything that was in her. She wanted to leave Bisbee at once and get away from the mines forever. She heard there was a large Dalmatian colony at San Pedro, in California, and induced George to quit his job and take the whole family there.

They went. George was getting old, but he found work in a shipyard in San Pedro. The children were growing up. The two eldest ones—Dushan's boys—went to work too. They were strong, ambitious boys. They were Americans, getting ashamed of their mother, a Bohunk woman, and her aging, inarticulate Bohunk husband.

America entered the war, and the boys joined the Army. One died of influenza in a camp on this side, the other went across; he came back to the United States after the Armistice, so far as she knew unharmed, but she never heard from him again. Telling me of this, she said matter-of-factly: "America swallowed him. America is so big."

Her two children by Ivan also died of influenza during the war, and her last-born —George's—of infantile paralysis soon after the Armistice. Thus all her children went. Seven of them. She had long since given up hope of hearing from Dushan's boy who had disappeared upon leaving the Army.

During the war George made good money, but most of it went for doctors' bills and funeral expenses. They boug and paid for a small house.

Getting old, the best George could was to work occasionally on the docks a stevedore. He made enough for them live on. Then something fell on him a he was crippled for life. That happen two years before I met her.

Milla was in ill health for many yea First her teeth went bad. Then rheum tism. Then she developed terrible agon in her womb. She had borne so many ch dren without getting the proper care.

George's compensation for his injur was not sufficient to keep them alive, Milla went to work to support herself a her man. She went from house to house her old Ford wherever people would gi her work. She was through with life, b she wanted to go on till after George die she did not want to leave him alone. Af all, he had been her best husband.

But now, it seemed, she was done for together. The drugs that the doctor w giving her were becoming futile. "But she said, "no matter. George can't li more than a few years longer. There is t house. He can sell it. He will have enough

She talked perhaps fully an hour, th fell silent. She closed her eyes and lay sti To my offer of more rum she made no sponse.

IV

Finally, the doctor came.

She opened her eyes once more and ma aged to make me understand that on certain table in her house was last month gas bill, and would I please see that it g paid. George couldn't leave the hou There was some money in a certain bo over the sink in the kitchen.

She thanked me for the rum; it had ma her feel very good. She thanked the doct for all his trouble with her, and asked h to keep an eye on George. She had arrang with some neighbor woman to feed h and see that he didn't die in his own filt

We called an ambulance, but she di before it came.

EDITORIALS

Disaster to a Bystander

ne of the sad by-products of the Hoover ministration, I suspect, will be the dis- pearance of the engineer as a hero. itherto he has been a great popular vorite in that rôle. One never encoun- red him, in books, on the stage or in the ms, at discreditable work. Always he as throwing romantic bridges across ndean valleys, beating off hordes of sav- es, and rescuing aphrodisiacal females om yellow-faced villains with rings in eir ears. And always he was a slim, tall d elegant fellow of the general architec- re of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, rney Baruch or Jack Gilbert. But now e plain people are learning a lot about gineers that they never knew before. It discovered that they may be fat, and it discovered that they may be quite as ponsive to enlightened self-interest as vyers or Prohibition agents.

The thing that dims the chastity of Dr. over is simply the fact that he can't get mind off 1932. He began running for a ond term the moment the news of his tory over Al came in, and all of his erations since have been fashioned to t end. This sufficiently explains such scenities as the nomination of an Anti- oon League rabble-rouser to the Federal ch in Kansas.

Dr. Hoover is not overly sensitive to elicacy, else he would not be where he but he is surely sensitive enough to gag anything so plainly disgusting. How- r, he had to hold his nose and swallow for if he had gagged the Anti-Saloon gue would have declared war on him, he knows, having profited by it, how ch its admiration is worth. The next e, I daresay, he will find it easier. For practice makes perfect, in that line as in more seemly ones.

One may well observe the business with- out heat, for there seems to be no remedy for it. We are governed, both in State and in nation, by men who have learned to do, day in and day out, what no self-respecting man would ever do in private life. It is an art like any other, and probably re- quires a certain native talent. Most of us, confronted by the first mandate from the Anti-Saloon League, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan or any other such organ- ization, would invite it to go to hell—and so achieve a swift retirement. But there is a type of man, otherwise, perhaps, nor- mally decent, who can take orders of that sort, and still assure himself that he is free; nay, that he is heroic. Of such men the Congress of the United States is com- posed. Nearly every one of them, in his day, has jumped through a hoop, held up for him by a scoundrel. Nearly every one has learned, like a chorus girl in a thigh and navel show, to hold his natural blushes. Once every four years the luckiest in the pack becomes President.

As I say, all this bears harshly upon en- gineers, who must now resign themselves to being kicked out of the movies. If they are continued in heroic rôles, the public will begin presently to hoot them. In the emergency I hope I do not go beyond decorum when I suggest to the movie mag- nates that they substitute magazine editors. They will, at worst, last a long while—far longer than the Andes-leaping, villain- scotching engineers. For before their turn comes to supply a victim for the White House pyre there will have to be the turns of the automobile magnates, the princes of advertising, the investment securities dukes, and the Methodist bishops.

Comfort for the Ailing

Modern medicine still labors under the medieval conception of disease as a sort of accident or abnormality, thrust upon the body in violation of what are, or ought to be, natural laws. The truth is that, to the gods who run the cosmos, disease and health probably look pretty much alike. I am not, of course, privy to the secret lucubrations of Yahweh, but it is certainly imaginable that a hearty, incandescent boil gives Him quite as much satisfaction as a damask cheek, and maybe a great deal more. The boil, I suspect, is harder to fashion, if only because it is more complex, and hence it must be more stimulating to the artist, as busting the Bill of Rights is more stimulating to a judge than busting an ordinary law. As for a carcinoma, a strangulated hernia or a case of paralysis agitans, it must needs fill its eminent Designer with a very soothing professional warmth. Second-rate gods, it is manifest, could never have invented such things. They show a high degree of ingenuity, and something hard to distinguish from æsthetic passion.

What is the thing called health? Simply a state in which the individual happens transiently to be perfectly adapted to his environment. Obviously, such states cannot be common, for the environment is in constant flux. Am I perfectly well today, with the temperature 55 and a light wind blowing? Then I can't be perfectly well tomorrow, with the mercury at 30, and a wild gale roaring out of the North. Moreover, I am abstemious today, for it is my saint's day, and in consequence my duodenum is quiescent; tomorrow will be my Uncle Wolfgang's birthday, and I must gorge and guzzle like a dry United States Senator. A week hence, according to the insurance actuaries, the chances are one in so many that my heart will begin to cut capers, for I am getting into the age for it. Twenty years hence it is at least a ten to one bet that I'll be stuffed and in the N tional Museum. And so, as they say, goes.

It seems to me to be fair to say (and c tainly it is comforting) that uninterrup health is possible only to creatures of v simple structure, beginning, say, with *Rhizopoda* and running up to the comm lot of college boys. They have little c flict with their environment, for th make few demands upon it. So long as does not bombard them in a gross a overwhelming manner, like a falling hou they are scarcely conscious of it. But higher levels there is a vastly grea sensitiveness, and so there is much m illness. History tells us of few really d tinguished men who were complet healthy: the biography of the high-to is always largely concerned with aches a malaises. In the great days of the Gre only the athletes were good insurance ri —and of the athletes, then as now, we h nothing save that they were athlet There must have been thousands of the first and last, but not one of them, as grew older, ever amounted to anythi No doubt the average hero of the gan spent his last days keeping a wine-shop serving as night-watchman at the Ac emy. Meanwhile, the philosophers po over the works of Hippocrates, and w steady customers of all the quacks w swarmed in from the East.

Happiness, like health, is a passing cident. For a moment or two the organi is irritated so little that it is not consci of it; for the duration of that moment i happy. Thus a hog is always happier th a man, and a bacillus is happier than hog. The laws of the cosmos seem to as little concerned about human felicity the laws of the United States are concer about human decency. Whoever set th in motion apparently had something qu different in mind—something that we c not even guess at. The very life of m seems to be no more than one of their considered by-products. One may liken plausibly to the sparks that fly upw

hen a blacksmith fashions a horse-shoe. he sparks are undoubtedly more brilliant ıan the horse-shoe, but all the while they main secondary to it. If the iron could eak, it would probably complain of ıem as a disease. In the same way, I ıresay, man is a disease of the cosmos. . . But here I begin to argue in a circle, r I started out by suggesting that disease self may be only a higher form of nor- alcy. Perhaps I had better shut down.

mmune

he most curious social convention of the reat age in which we live is the one to ıe effect that religious opinions should be spected. Its evil effects must be plain ıough to every one. All it accomplishes is) to throw a veil of sanctity about ideas ıat violate every intellectual decency, and) to make every theologian a sort of ıartered libertine. No doubt it is mainly blame for the appalling slowness with hich really sound notions make their ay in the world. The minute a new one is unched, in whatever field, some imbecile a theologian is certain to fall upon it, eking to put it down. The most effective ay to defend it, of course, would be to ll upon the theologian, for the only ally workable defense, in polemics as in ar, is a vigorous offensive. But the con- ntion that I have mentioned frowns upon at device as indecent, and so theologians ntinue their assault upon sense without uch resistance, and the enlightenment is pleasantly delayed.

There is, in fact, nothing about religious inions that entitles them to any more spect than other opinions get. On the ntrary, they tend to be noticeably silly. you doubt it, then ask any pious fellow your acquaintance to put what he be- ves into the form of an affidavit, and see w it reads. . . . "I, John Doe, being duly orn, do say that I believe that, at death, hall turn into a vertebrate without sub- stance, having neither weight, extent or mass, but with all the intellectual powers and bodily sensations of an ordinary mam- mal; . . . and that, for the high crime and misdemeanor of having kissed my sister-in- law behind the door, with evil intent, I shall be boiled in molten sulphur for one billion calendar years." Or, "I, Mary Roe having the fear of Hell before me, do sol- emnly affirm and declare that I believe it was right, just, lawful and decent for the Lord God Jehovah, seeing certain little children of Beth-el laugh at Elisha's bald head, to send a she-bear from the wood, and to instruct, incite, induce and com- mand it to tear forty-two of them to pieces." Or, "I, the Right Rev. ——— ———, bishop of ———, D.D., LL.D., do honestly, faithfully and on my honor as a man and a priest, declare that I believe that Jonah swallowed the whale," or *vice versa*, as the case may be.

No; there is nothing notably dignified about religious ideas. They run, rather, to a peculiarly puerile and tedious kind of nonsense. At their best, they are borrowed from metaphysicians, which is to say, from men who devote their lives to proving that twice two is not always or neces- sarily four. At their worst, they smell of spiritualism and fortune-telling. Nor is there any visible virtue in the men who merchant them professionally. Few theo- logians know anything that is worth knowing, even about theology, and not many of them are honest. One may forgive a Socialist or a Single Taxer on the ground that there is something the matter with his ductless glands, and that a Winter in the South of France would relieve him. But the average theologian is a hearty, red-faced, well-fed fellow with no discern- ible excuse in pathology. He disseminates his blather, not innocently, like a philoso- pher, but maliciously, like a politician. In a well-organized world he would be on the stone-pile, along with the lawyer. But in the world as it exists we are asked to listen to him, not only politely, but even rever- ently, and with our mouths open! H. L. M.

THE PEDAGOGUES STAND PAT

BY CHARLES MASON BABCOCK

American teachers of European history remain strangely indifferent to the universal revolution in ideas about the origins of the World War. The Revisionists have uncovered a series of facts sufficiently weighty to cause doubt in the minds of all European historians of any dignity, but neither new facts nor new opinions have had much effect in this country. Out of every ten American historians, nine are still rancorously anti-German, and only one shows anything resembling a fair and impartial spirit.

That the judgments of these learned men are not more evenly divided gives cause for reflection. The wonder becomes all the more marked when it is recalled that we are not dealing merely with matters of opinion, but with facts that have been proved beyond a doubt. Under the circumstances, the least that one could expect from a body of men who pretend to be historians would be substantial acquiescence in those facts, with perhaps a reasonable division of opinions as to their significance. But nothing of the kind is apparent in America. The Revisionists linger outside the gates. Most American historians mention them only grudgingly, if they mention them at all.

Now, however, that Professor Fay has published his findings on "The Origins of the World War," none of the historians will be able to neglect the Revisionist point of view altogether. But their attitude, if one may judge from what they have done since the book was published, will continue much as it was. Afraid to make a frontal attack on his heavily fortified positions, they will resort to sniping. Whenever they can find a shred of new evidenc on their side, or what passes for evidenc in their eyes, they will rush into print wit the announcement that they have unde mined one of his conclusions. Witness th recent attempt to revive the very shak legend of the Potsdam Council, made i *Current History* by the late Professor E. I Turner of the Johns Hopkins.

When they attempt to explain the Ame ican entrance into the war they still reso to the ideology of the Creel Press Burea The "rape" of Belgium, the "crime" sinking the *Lusitania*, and the "inhuma ity" of submarine warfare, it appears, co tinue to "prove" that democracy, freedo of the seas and the abolition of war we the issues at stake in 1917. The irrefutab conclusions of Dr. Charles A. Beard's fi chapter on the American entry seem have remained entirely without effect the pedagogical mind. Here and there o meets with a timid suggestion that th United States may have been mistake but nowhere does one find the question truth or error submitted to sober exam nation. Many assume the puerile argume of Professor A. B. Hart of Harvard—th the Revisionist point of view must wrong because, otherwise, the historia would have to admit that the America people had erred!

The reasons for this strange phenomen are not difficult of access. They lie part in the obtuse unwillingness of most ac demic historians to admit they were ev mistaken, partly in ordinary intellectu laziness, partly in the dread of fightin against inert but dangerous popular supe stitions, and partly, perhaps mainly, in

uritanical refusal to let loose from a fine ioral crusade. These failings are natural ough in newspaper editorial writers, but i contributors to such magazines as the *ournal of Modern History* and *Foreign Affairs* ey become unpardonable.

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onsider some of the nonsense that is still eing written and taught.

"The World War would have been im-ossible if Germany, Austria and Russia ad possessed democratic governments," ys Professor W. S. Davis in the introduc-on to his "Europe Since Waterloo." Yet there is one certainty about pre-war con-itions in Europe it is that none of the o-called democratic Parliaments controlled oreign affairs. In Britain, the Foreign Minister did not inform even the Cabinet f his policies, let alone Parliament or the eople. To reach a conclusion of this sort i historian must neglect all the investiga-ons of the last ten years.

"Europe could not remain half-demo-atic, half-autocratic," is Professor Scha-ro's contribution to the Babel (in his Modern and Contemporary European His-ory," 1929). "Should Germany succeed what seemed to be her war aims and hat the average American, whether right wrong, sincerely believed to be such, e world's political progress of centuries ould have been obliterated at a stroke," ys Henry William Elson, A.M., Litt. D. History of the United States of Amer-a," 1929). Again, Wilbur Fisk Gordy, airman of the Historical Commission of e American School Citizenship League, his "History of the United States" 927), writes a chapter entitled, "The orces of Democracy Triumph over the orces of Autocracy." Was Russia an autoc-cy in 1914? Forget it! Read the verdict Edgar A. Bancroft in "The Mission of nerica," a collection of war speeches blished in 1927, with an introduction by hn H. Finley: "It was a reason of chiv-y that sent Russia into this war."

All this democratic jargon about the origin of the war was the result of the fearful dilemma of British Liberals and pacifists faced by the problem of converting a plainly imperialistic war into a holy, idealistic one. Lloyd George, H. G. Wells, numerous French intellectuals and our own Woodrow Wilson snatched up the agonizings of the Liberals and blew them up till they burst. But ever since the Treaty of Versailles, at the latest, the democratic theory has been recognized as defunct—everywhere except in America.

An interesting variant of it has been invented lately by Jonathan French Scott, Ph.D., who has served on the history faculties of Bowdoin, Chicago, Michigan, Rochester and New York Universities. Professor Scott's thesis (in "Five Weeks") is that the best method of judging which government was to blame for the war is to determine which government exceeded the demands of the mob behind it. By quoting the comments of the Austro-German press first, by relegating the violent Serbian press to the background, and by citing just the right newspaper comments in each country he is able to show that the Central Powers were more aggressive than their public opinion demanded. Hence they were responsible for the war!

The democratic dogma insists on the influence of public opinion in all governmental policies. Hence, if there be democratic systems, public opinion must control foreign policy, and did control it in 1914. Therefore, Germany and Austria-Hungary did not have democratic control over foreign policy in 1914. But what has all that vaporing to do with the outbreak of the war? And in what country of the world, outside of America, could such a silly argument receive an enthusiastic reception among academicians? The true democrats of the Allied countries are much too busy trying to contrive a democratic system of control over foreign policy in 1930 to bother with a fragile assertion that they already had it in 1914.

Our 100% historians have naturally paid

no attention to the new facts brought to light in connection with the immediate origins of the war. One of the most important of these is the confession of the Serbian Minister of Education of 1914 that the Serbian Cabinet knew a month in advance of the plot to assassinate the Austrian archduke. The Serbian government took no steps to stop the conspiracy or to warn Austria. Likewise, it took no steps to arrest the conspirators after the assassination. In a normal, neutral mind these facts should certainly create at least a presumption that Austria was justified in attacking Serbia in 1914.

Do they have that effect in America? Not at all. Professor Davis rejects the "alleged evidence that the responsible Serbian ministers had a guilty knowledge of the plot" as "'revelations' of a violent political opponent." One V. Trivanovitch, a Serbian propagandist, reproduces the same argument in *Current History* without drawing even a challenge. The fact that the Serbian Minister of Education was undoubtedly a member of the governing party in Serbia in 1914 apparently puts no barrier to the spread of this perversion of the truth.

American historians, in fact, seem to understand little about the Serbians in general and nothing about their actions in 1914. In spite of all the evidence of Serbian plotting against the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, they persist in denouncing the severity of the Austrian ultimatum and in praising the "conciliatory" tone of the Serbian answer. Apparently they will never realize that relations between states are not based upon the precepts of etiquette. Nor will they ever cease their foolish prattle long enough to grasp the dishonest and evasive nature of the Serbian reply.

But their worst fault in handling the Serbian question is their adherence to the war-time point of view that the Austro-Serbian war was the same thing as a European war. Professor Gordy talks of "the breaking out of the World War on July 28, 1914," the day that Austria-Hungary d clared war on Serbia. And Dr. Willia H. Mace, professor emeritus at Syracus says (in his "American History," 192 that Austria attacked Serbia, that "Russ then went to the help of Serbia," and th Germany then invaded Belgium, th bringing England into the war. Simpl isn't it? It *is* simple if the historia doesn't want to bother with the Russia intervention that made the Austro-Serbia war into a World War.

The classic excuse for Russia was i vented by Pierre Renouvin, a French n tionalistic historian. It runs to the effe that Russia ordered a harmless partial m bilization on July 29, and then found tha technical military considerations force her to proclaim general mobilization o July 30, before the general mobilization any other Power except Serbia. Do th American historians know of this beaut fully logical evasion? No, they do not nee it. They assume that the fateful Russia action was quite natural and virtuous- "chivalry that sought to stop the Du Monarchy from imposing its crushing ult matum upon poor, long-suffering litt Serbia" is the legend that Dr. Finley wou like to perpetuate. "Russia joined Serb at once," is the laconic statement of D R. G. Adams (in "A History of the Foreig Policy of the United States," 1925). brief, some of our evaders do not eve bother to make use of the best evasion

In some quarters, however, there are i dications of a knowledge that the Russia government was the first to succumb to i military party. Professor Clarence Perki (North Dakota) in "A History of Eur pean Peoples," writes that "in Germar and Russia the army leaders took contr at the last and did much to precipitate th outbreak of war. The Russian army leade were the first to do this." But he careful avoids any explanations of Russian polic or any conclusion drawn from the fact th the Russian government was the first surrender to the military. Instead, o reads that the Germans "could have du

renches to defend their own soil from French and Russian attack, had they really vanted peace. This would have given time for a peaceful settlement to be arranged, ut the German army leaders doubtless hought this would be risky and would either add laurels to Germany nor force ny foreign state to pay indemnities."

After this the reader will surely not expect to find any judgment passed on the *Russian* military leaders. The whole object f the discussion seems to be to distract the eader's attention from the damning evience of Russia's prior mobilization.

Even more elaborate and deceptive is the rotective padding that Professor Davis vedges into his account of the Russian nobilization. He first sets the stage by decribing Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg n July, 1914, as a peaceful manœuvre, paricularly the "warning" he gave Austria gainst doing anything serious. He neglects o mention the fact that the Franco-Russan decision to make a World War rather nan let Austria-Hungary shake off the erbian menace was taken by Poincaré and asonov *before* the Austrian ultimatum. he next step is to distort conditions in erlin into a military dictatorship as early s July 26, when Moltke wrote out the ltimatum to Belgium. "The real power in ermany, for which the Wilhelmstrasse nd the civilian ministers were a decent eneer, was coming to its own." In a simar way, Professor Schapiro writes as nough the civil government in Germany gave way to the army chiefs" at the same me as the Czar yielded in Russia.

Having put the military power into ntrol in Berlin five full days before hisrical accuracy will allow, Professor avis then turns to the wild stories that ussia had heard of German military prepations. These are his explanations of the eful Russian mobilization. The Czar as weak, Sasonov tired, and Russian molization did not mean war, anyway. thmann-Hollweg himself, according to ofessor Davis, "confessed that Russia d explained" that mobilization did not mean war. Hence no one can criticize the Russian government.

There follow, in Professor Davis' account, two serious blunders. Bethmann's statement "that Russia had explained that mobilization was not war" is suddenly converted into "by Bethmann's own words it was not intended to precipitate war." In other words, Bethmann repeats the Russian argument—and Davis attributes the argument to Bethmann himself! Again, he makes a comparison between the partial mobilizations of 1909 and 1912 in Russia on the one hand, and the full mobilization in 1914 on the other. Yet that method of avoiding the plain facts was untenable even in 1914 and has been demolished so often since then as to leave no doubt whatsoever of its inaccuracy. That it appears in an American account of Europe in 1914 shows conclusively both the prejudice of our historians and the weakness of their case.

And what of innocent, peaceful, democratic little France? In Davis' account France does not figure at all until after the decision for German mobilization. "France had remained, during these fearful days, helpless, and hoping against hope that the agony would pass. Her President and Foreign Minister reached Paris only on July 29,"—having been absent on a W. C. T. U. picnic, presumably. "Her acting Foreign Minister and her ambassador had exhausted themselves trying to second the British efforts to mediate between parties, one of whom arrogantly thrust aside all mediation." Then, when the time for the final decision arrived, the "nation of the Maid of Orleans and of Henry of Navarre was not flinching from the ordeal by battle." This, in his own words, is Professor Davis' version of Poincaré's inflammatory influence in St. Petersburg on July 20–23, of the constant encouragement given to Russia to throw Europe into war, and of the absolutely passive attitude of the acting French government in the face of the greatest crisis in the history of the Republic. Comment is superfluous. For if

there is one government that did not lift a finger to prevent the catastrophe, that one was the French government of 1914.

Unbalanced as this method of special pleading seems, it is no worse than the American accounts of the various attempts to put pressure on Austria-Hungary and Russia, the two firebrands. The reader might expect that the facts of the case would be plainly stated, especially the fact that Germany encouraged Austria-Hungary at first but later tried to hold her back, whereas France and Great Britain continually encouraged Russia to go ahead. These are indisputable facts; facts that have been hammered out by years of research. How do they appear in American books? Let us see.

Professor Davis ignores the French and British encouragement to Russia altogether. The others simply reiterate the untruth that Germany did nothing to restrain Austria-Hungary. "The war," says Dr. R. G. Adams, "was the immediate result of Austria's attack and Germany must bear her heavy responsibility of having been the nation who could have prevented it." "Before the Austrian attack on Serbia," writes Gordy, "Great Britain, France and Russia used their influence for peace. Germany was urged to interfere and prevent Austria's attack. She refused. In this way Germany was responsible for the war, since only a word from her to Austria would undoubtedly have prevented war." Even a supposedly enlightened non-academic publicist, Clement Wood (in "The Outline of Man's Knowledge," 1927), gives the story as follows: "Alarmed English diplomats begged Germany to pacify Austria; but Germany, realizing that she was ready, and that France and Russia were not yet as prepared as she, saw no reason to stop the immediate coming of the war."

In all this literature there is not a single suggestion of the responsibility of Great Britain and France for encouraging Russia. Always, again and again, attention is directed solely to the German failure to check Austria-Hungary. Nor do these historians seem aware of the German reversal of po icy of July 28 to July 31, a reversal tha would have prevented the war if Russi had not mobilized. This reversal of polic has been described a thousand times in th various special books on the origin of th war. The failure of our historians to tak cognizance of even Father Renouvin's ac count of it shows plainly how little inte est they have in it. If, in the future they find the courage to mention the sub ject in their books it is to be hoped the will employ a better camouflage than Pro fessor Schapiro, who puts the Germa change of policy under the marginal cap tion, "Sasonov's plan of direct negotia tions between Russia and Austria."

III

Toward everything German our magnan mous historians, with all their moder technique and their unlimited documenta tion, show a most striking and unhistorica antipathy. One and all they denounce Ge many for wrecking the two Hague Peac Conferences, although the German attitud was no different from that of any othe Power. One and all they describe the Ge man governmental system as autocrati although the plain truth was that the pop ular body, the Reichstag, elected by un versal suffrage, controlled the finances o the country. In apparent ignorance of simi lar conditions in other countries, Professo Perkins explains that German goverr mental propaganda convinced all Germar because of "government control of educa tion, the clergy and the press, and th people's long training in obedience to an unquestioning belief in the government.

In that state of mind, no historian ca resist the numerous tempting rumors ci culated by German enemies at home an abroad in proof of German aggression i July, 1914. An investigator in search o the truth, say Professor Barnes, will ex amine the evidence about the alleged Pot dam Conference of July 5. He will sift th evidence on both sides. But not our Ame

can defenders of the faith. Even after the egend has been demolished a hundred mes, they still find reason to believe in it. Professor E. R. Turner of the Johns Hopkins, who died only the other day, was a otable example. Only last November he obbed up again with the old Potsdam egend in all its glory. By what historical echnique did he recreate what never exted? To him, apparently, it was no feat. e simply took the discredited Morgenau story and insisted that it was true. id he mean that the conference actually ook place on July 5? He does not say so, ut leaves the reader to infer it. Read what e says: "Morgenthau"—who got the ory from Wangenheim—"says he had ot exaggerated and had no feeling then since that Wangenheim was not telling e truth." Please note the historical prinple involved—Morgenthau tells a story at was told him by Wangenheim, and e *truth* of that story is made to deend on Morgenthau's "feeling" fifteen ears later that Wangenheim told the uth!

How does Professor Fay deal with this ble? Naturally, and in the only way posble to an impartial historian, he comres the Wangenheim-Morgenthau story ith authentic records of what went on at otsdam on July 5. The World War, he scovers, was not decided on then or ere; most of the persons mentioned in e story were not there at all; and no nference was really held. But Professor rner thought that Clio was served suffiently by the feeble assertion that "it is ot known where several of the German mbassadors were at this time." As in the reyfus case, absence of evidence means oof of guilt.

For sheer absurdity, the Davis account the events of July 5 in Potsdam yields tle to that of Professor Turner. Davis, o, professes to believe that a World War as decided on then and there. Did not the iser ask his War Minister whether the my was ready and did not the War Miner reply "that it was"? Did not Davis, *ipse*, sojourn in Treves during the week of July 10, 1914, and did he not "hear the constant sound of rifle practice on the ranges"? Professor Davis might go further to inquire whether the other European armies were ready, or the British fleet perhaps, and whether bullets were flying on other than German rifle ranges during the Summer. He might so inquire.

Both professors confuse "the possibility" of a European war with a malicious plot to bring one about. Both bolster up a hopeless case by avoiding the essential facts on the other side. Certainly no fair historian can read the materials on the events of that day without reaching the conclusion that the German government considered a European war unlikely.

The prejudices of the 100% American historians appear in glaring colors whenever there is a basis for comparison between Germany and Great Britain. If the British maintain the largest fleet in the world and organize an army, that is a gain for peace. But the German army, by no means the largest, and the German navy, far behind the British—they are forces working for war. If the British make military and naval conventions with aggressive Continental Powers, our historians evade the issue by declaring these engagements not binding. But let the Germans make a military agreement with Austria-Hungary, and let an Austrian Socialist named Kanner call it a military convention for aggressive purposes, and at once they argue that Germany and Austria-Hungary were "plotting" something.

Does the German government make numerous proposals that would serve to prevent a European war? No matter, it wants one just the same. Does Grey propose to squeeze the Austro-Germans in another four-to-two conference? The German refusal to be squeezed is proof of war guilt. "Lord Grey's proposals for a conference in this spirit"—that of a European tribunal —"were not accepted," writes the editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica (in the new edition). In spite of all the evidence to the

contrary, Professor Perkins declares that every Power in Europe except Germany accepted the conference. Barnard and Roorbach ("Epochs of World Progress," 1927) go so far as to say that Germany "refused to suggest any plan that would avert a conflict"—in spite of plain evidence that the German government suggested no less than five such plans. Strange to relate, Professor Davis mentions some of these German plans, but he removes them from their proper place in the narrative and reduces them to nothingness. His explanation of the German rejection of one of Grey's plans is possible only because he confuses dates until he brings Moltke into control at Berlin on July 26—five days early, in a crisis where careful historians reckon each minute important.

Why should all these American historians react so unfavorably to sincere German efforts to maintain the peace of the world and so favorably to insincere British proposals? The answer is that the British always used the phrases of the democratic dogma so beloved among our academicians. Even the impossible Serbians can obtain a favorable appraisal of their slippery answer to the ultimatum merely by suggesting the word Hague. Now, the British were much cleverer at this mellifluous phraseology than any of the others. Their suggestion of a "conference," so dear to the historian who substitutes wishes for ideas, is enough to turn our heroes' minds to mush. Empty words and phrases like "nationalism," "the sanctity of treaties" and "declaration of war" seem to benumb their faculties. No wonder that plain, direct-speaking Germans get no plaudits here in America. Alexander I could not have been more intoxicated with phrases about brotherly love than we are.

What of our historical journals? Do they present both sides of the case? Curiously enough, the conservative old *American Historical Review* turns out to be more historical-minded than the newer journals. Its pages are open to salvager and Revisionist alike. Not so the quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*. Under Professor Coolidge it wa truly bi-partisan, but under Mr. Arm strong's direction it has become merel a sheet in which Renouvin, Florinsky an Armstrong himself dispense Franco-Slav propaganda.

The *Journal of Modern History*, edited b Professor Bernadotte Evelyn Schmitt Chicago, runs the same way. Professo Schmitt, sometime Rhodes Scholar at Ox ford, worships the British Empire. To hi Grey is a saint, and Grey's war a crusad For the last three years he has refused t answer his critics on the ground that "h forthcoming book on the subject" wi tell the world what he has to say. Fro behind this barrier, he snipes away at Fay Barnes, Beazley and the other Revisio ists. Under his direction, the *Journal Modern History* devotes nearly half its spac to British history and prints elaborate d fences of Franco-Russian policies. The boo reviews are full of unfriendly references t Revisionist views, long eulogies of suc puppets of Grey as Lichnowsky, and a solute silence about books that do not su the editor's purposes.

In brief, what we find in the curre American historians is a constant fligh from the plain facts, a long series of ev sions of the realities of 1914. Democrat dogma, Wilsonian "idealism," gross i lusions about inter-Allied and America motives—these form the obstacles to the thinking. Thus obstructed, they resort t what almost suggests special pleading i the police courts.

Perhaps one more example will help i lustrate the peculiar workings of the minds. Geoffrey Parsons, in "The Strea of History" (1928), after admitting th his account is based on "the prevailin view of historians of the Allied natio and America," says that "it does not i clude the point of view of German histor ans or of the minority of Allied and Amer can historians." Does he then discuss th other view? By no means. Instead, o reads, "Concealment, passion, nation and racial prejudice make the truth of a

nflict difficult to ascertain. Generations y elapse before the basis of an impartial w emerges." Again, in dealing with glo-German rivalry, he goes far enough write that German trade was "fast out-ipping British trade when the World ır arrived," but just when the reader ɔects to find that the explanation of tish hostility to Germany lies in that de rivalry, this passage occurs: "The tors which control the human mind are little understood to permit any analysis national motives." Dr. Parsons declares o be the "prevailing opinion of Allied l American historians that Austria-ngary started the war in the Balkans h the approval and support of the rman rulers and that the German deci-n to strike was born of fears and ambi-ns long held by her leaders and by them tered in the mind of her people." Then re follows: "To what extent those fears l ambitions were justified must be left future generations to decide—with a ifiable doubt that they will ever under-nd enough of the human scene to reach nal judgment." In other words, what-r the Allied Powers did and thought s good and whatever the Germans did thought must be left to future erations.

IV

iously enough, the most evasive of all evasions originated with a thorough isionist, Professor Robert C. Binkley, New York University. His theory uld deny all moral significance to Arti-231 of the Treaty of Versailles, the cle that proclaims German "responsi-ty" for all the damage done by the , which is set down as "caused by the ression of Germany and her allies." s article, he shows, goes back to an erican proposal that Germany be made lly responsible for the damage done, e the war was started. France and ain attempted to add moral to legal onsibility but the whole question re-d during the negotiations of March and April, 1919, before the pressing question of just how much loot the Allies could get out of Germany. The resulting article was a compromise.

In answer to this interpretation of Article 231, many good arguments may be advanced. The removal of the article would leave the question of war-guilt still unsolved, so far as historians are concerned, for it is a declaration extorted from Germany at the point of the bayonet, and hence valueless for the larger issue.

Professor Binkley suggests that it might be made acceptable to the world if the Allies would issue a declaration to the effect that it had no moral significance. But he also admits that the whole treaty was based on the idea of the moral responsibility of the German government for the outbreak of the war. That basis was so well understood that few bothered to even mention it in the later months of the Peace Conference. But how can Article 231, which is part of the treaty, lack the essential justification of the whole treaty? To remove the moral accusation it would be necessary to scrap the whole treaty, a step which the Allies are not yet prepared to take publicly.

Let Mr. J. L. Garvin, British editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica (new edition, article on "War Guilt"), answer Professor Binkley. After stating that the Germans would like to have the insulting Article 231 removed or altered, he writes, "As will be seen, this form of moral triumph is impracticable. It would have a one-sided effect. It would, by itself, be interpreted as an admission by the ex-Allies—with or without their former Associate—that they were chiefly in the wrong. This their people do not admit now, and never will hereafter." Thus does Mr. Garvin somewhat awkwardly endeavor to evade Professor Binkley's suggestion.

The important fact is something Mr. Garvin carefully avoids mentioning and Professor Binkley stresses only lightly. That is the connection between responsi-

bility for the war and the payment of the colossal indemnity. All the pronouncements of German war-guilt by the Allied political leaders have been made with loot as their primary object. Thus, both Lloyd George and Poincaré have roundly declared that German reparations were to be paid because the German government was guilty of starting the war. They have declared it so often that Article 231, even though in the beginning merely a legal statement, has become a moral denunciation in the minds of all nations.

It would be pleasanter, doubtless, for those who invest in reparations bonds if "there be no confusion of reparations and the war guilt question. Americans will not wish to leave their titles to an investment compromised by the agitation of the *Kriegsschuldfrage*." Professor Binkley's scheme of an Allied declaration renouncing the moral claims of Article 231 would serve this purpose. Unfortunately, it cannot be. As in the case of so many other parts of the treaty, the Wilsonian wording has come to mean something quite different when left to the interpretation of the savage "pacifists" who execute the terms of the treaty.

On the question of the origin of the war our American historians are far behind their European rivals. The latter, when they hear Lloyd George say that none of the governments of Europe wanted war in 1914, or when they read Poincaré's statement that the German government did not systematically plan the war, or when they peruse Grey's confessions in the preface the popular edition of his Memoirs, r ize that the Entente theories have bec a bit shabby. They are ashamed to ped the old nonsense unmodified. Even Renouvin, the ablest and most relent of the Entente *comitadji*, admits (in the n Britannica) that the Russian intervent that precipitated the conflict was dicta by no "vital interest" of Russia. American pedagogues, however, have yet begun to question the intentions of Russian government. Instead, they are c tent to repeat the old silly stories l since discarded by the "statesmen" whose frightened noodles they originat When the chief actors in the diploma drama desert our heroes, they rush consolation to impostors like Seton-W son, the champion of the Pan-Slavs, or Kanner, the Socialist with a grievance, to Emil Ludwig, the interesting but ric ulous weaver of romances. What could more absurd?

The whole thing narrows down to th Will American historians recognize t there are two sides to the case? No asks them to embrace the German ar ments; no one demands, even, that th become Revisionists. It is not a quest of believing one side or the other. it is a matter of common decency t they should present both sides of dispute—that they should drop their d matism in relaying the Entente fables their pussyfooting in the face of Re sionist facts.

THE END OF OOFTY GOOFTY

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

A lot of folks from Texas, reading this explanation, will set me down for a Hoover Democrat same as ge Grigg.

m not.

newspaper man like me, wandering the length and breadth of the State, ing a linotype in Lubbock, writing ts in Temple, doing county politics in rland or selling advertising in Abilene, to switch beliefs too often to be even type of a loose thinker. I don't mon- with major issues. Wherever I happen e uplifting journalism at the moment nk with my wheat-cakes, which means ite as my boss wants me to. And I al- s concentrate on home stuff. It's snap- and permits a fellow to become an rt in a short time.

here's a hell of a difference between ing up a nice argument on road ap- riations in McMullen county and ng around with this tariff yarn. It's got the big boys dizzy up in Wash- on, so where would I get off, opinion- g? You'll tell me I'll never get a name writer, sticking close to the prairie; ook at Mr. White up in Emporia and mber George Bailey down in Houston. he sort that prefers being a big fish in le puddle to *vice versa*. And let me tell I wouldn't trade the welcome I get the capitol correspondents when I into the Austin Hotel coffee-shop he presidency of this Gridiron Club Mark Goodwin's always yelping t when he comes back to Dallas to ne folks.

wever, this story's about Judge Grigg he jam he's in and not about myself. I'm merely the chronicler of the drama. At least it's drama to the judge, although there's a lot of folks scattered over the country who claim to see a lot that's funny about it.

Everybody in Texas knows how the mess started but it's astonishing how few people outside of here know what came afterward. I was talking to a man from Smackover the other day and he told me he'd never even heard of Oofty Goofty, or Judge Grigg, or even me that telegraphed the story of the trial to the New York *Herald Tribune* and got a letter of congratulation from my old friend Stanley Walker. He wrote me my copy took him back to the days when he worked under me on the *Plains Gazette*, over in Yoakum county. I was managing editor and boss printer of that sheet and I gave the lad his start—if I do say it myself.

Oofty Goofty has to open this recital. He's a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow. Or rather I mean he *was* a little bit of a shrimp of a fellow that you'd think you could knock over with a backhand swipe. But he's made the strongest men in Texas weep tears of mortification at their inability to hurt him. He challenged you to do your damndest and if you couldn't make an impression you paid up—anything from a shot of mule to a century note. They do say that in his home town of Galveston, where they were right proud of him, he once collected five hundred cold smackers for five consecutive wallops on the rear end.

That was Oofty's game. Wallops with a baseball bat on a rear end that was as tough as that of an army-truck. He worked

up a reputation that made him famous from Galveston to Amarillo and from Texarkana to Uvalde. In the old days before Prohibition he played the saloons and did well. Like many another honest fellow, this dry law started his ruin. Speakeasy customers don't spend as much on side-attractions because they need more for their liquor. And the change to rotgut didn't do Oofty's insides any good either.

II

However, he was always what you would call a standard attraction. He'd blow into a town and pick his spot. In the old days it would be the biggest or most popular saloon. In later times the most respected speakeasy. After he'd made his arrangements with the proprietor a notice would go in the windows with this simple announcement:

HERE TONIGHT!
OOFTY GOOFTY
TEXAS' MOST FAMOUS SON
THE MAN WITH THE RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE FOUNDATION.

Bring Your Own Baseball Bat—And Try to Hurt Him!

Oofty Goofty Will Positively Pay Ten Dollars to any Man or Woman Who can Knock Him off His Feet.

And then the price for taking a whack at him would be set down according to his estimate of the town's ability to pay. In big places like Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston or San Antonio he'd charge—and get—as good as ten dollars a sock. Then he would scale down through places like Austin and Waco at five dollars all the way to the river bottoms, where he has run from a quarter to a dollar. Yes, he's done his act for a shot of mule many and many's the time. And I've seen him pick up a fifty and even a century for a single crack, around the time of the oil boom in Mexia, Breckenridge and Burkburnett.

Just before the tragedy which is being set down here, Oofty had been hitting up the booze pretty heavy. After a long drunk he'd usually start up in a small burg so as to get his hand in and his nerve back he wandered into our county seat and up his card in the window of Bill Tru speakeasy.

On the night when the big doings c off there was as nice a crowd of solid zens gathered in Bill's joint as I've laid eyes on. This Ranger Captain H who was destined to play a big part in ensuing drama, had come over from Antonio way, supposedly to inquire the liquor situation. He was certainl the right place to carry on his invest tions when he lit into Bill's joint. Hite's a big broad-shouldered guy, an cowman and a mixer, though a bit ro at times.

After some individual drinking had l going along, sort of spasmodically, warmed things by setting them up t all around. A bit later Oofty annou he was ready for all comers to take s at two dollars apiece. He leaned ove his usual receiving position to show folks the rules of the contest. He w supple fellow, this Oofty Goofty, when he was set for the clout his would be straight from the hips to his which would be planted firmly on floor. His hands would be in the same sition, arms straight. He'd have his off, of course, and across the seat of working pants there were two broad w stipes. These were for the guidance of contestants and were parallel to the and about four inches apart. The top st was across the base of his spine for tection's sake, and Oofty always expla that as long as the indoor golfers w sock between the two lines everyth would be okay.

I'd better explain right here that B joint was in what had once been a st Right in front of the bar there was a plate-glass window, glazed over, of co so snoopers couldn't peek and free a ences would be barred. Well, sir, O faced the window about eight feet fro and then five of the lads took cracks never budged him an inch. Then

ger, Hite, asked if he could have a sock. 'Sure," says Oofty from the bar where d retreated for a snifter, "the bigger y come the better I like them."

o the ranger borrowed the last contest- 's baseball bat. Oofty gets in position Hite measures his distance, making ouple of preliminary swings and just shing the edge of Oofty's pants.

'hen he let go.

t was certainly a hefty sock and it hed Oofty forward a full two feet. But t was okay according to the rules, ich called for the actor being knocked either his hands or feet before a score ld be marked up against him. Oofty slid along on all fours. Another way him to have lost would have been an ission that he was hurt to the extent t he couldn't get in position for a nd sock inside of five minutes. But ty just bounces to his feet, grins at the ger and holds out his hand.

Some slug, partner!" he said.

hey shook on it, bowed to the applause had a quick drink apiece. Then Oofty in position for another belt. But right oon as he had leaned over the ranger the bat down awful quiet-like on the and pulled out a new ax-handle which been sticking up out of his cowboy's t. He got into a sort of a crouch, faster n it takes me to tell it, and bringing shot up from away low-down, he ght Oofty clean amidships, lifted him the ground, and batted him through plate-glass window.

elieve me, that's when the nearest ap- ch there'll ever be to hell started!

here was a lot of women folk out on street doing their shopping when y lit through. He struck the middle he roadway and the howling that ed was just awful. He lay there quite and the folks all around and inside of s speakeasy had too much to think of ne moment to bother much with him. see, the window had been split wide and there was Bill's bar in plain view ne entire populace.

And talk about luck, who do you think was standing right across the street? Nobody but the State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, talking about law and order with the police chief and complimenting him on the absence of crime and the lack of liquor! There were women yelling their fool heads off and picking slivers of glass out of themselves and their babies. Kids were cheering, thinking the circus had come to town, and the community's most respected citizens were all cluttered up and cursing each other around Bill's back door, trying to get out of the mess unbeknown to the audience on the main street. And the police chief, being deviled now instead of praised by the dry boss, was just shaping himself for a raid.

Finally they gathered Oofty, all blood and still unconscious, into a car and ran him to the hospital along with about a dozen females who'd got glass slivers in them. The cops then took in a few innocent bums who'd run over from the park to see what the trouble was and while doing it let the leading citizens make a safe getaway. When the smoke cleared off there was nobody left in the bar but me, being a newspaper man and immune from interference, and this ranger, Hite, he also being immune from arrest because of his official capacity.

I poured myself a shot from a broken bottle and Hite took one too.

"That was a lowdown trick," I said, "changing your weapon."

"I don't think so," he answered. "It was just a new one on him. Instead of driving I lofted. Did you ever play golf?"

I never had so I let it go at that.

III

The case came up in September. Oofty Goofty, plaintiff, Ranger Captain Hite and the Commonwealth of Texas, co-defendants. Of course the ranger didn't have two dimes to clink together but Oofty and his lawyer figured to collect heavy from the State, being that Hite was a representative

and an employé. They claimed $200,000 for assault and battery on an innocent citizen.

They were mainstaying their case on the switch from the baseball bat, an admitted instrument of sport and pleasure, to the ax-handle, described in the complaint as a lethal weapon. They'd also tacked on a side bet of $50,000 for loss of earning power, Oofty claiming his nerve was gone as a result of the trip through the window and that he would never be able to face an audience again. If you'd have asked me I would have said that claiming $250,000 didn't look as if he'd lost much of his nerve.

Here's where Judge Grigg enters the drama. He's a noisy fellow from the Panhandle and personally I never had any time for him. But right's right and the way things came out I don't think he's had a clean break. I always gave him credit for sincerity and so did Jim Ferguson, although it was Jim who clapped the name on him that has stuck ever since.

It was around the time Jim was out campaigning for Ma, his missus, as Governor. There was a big meeting somewhere in the judge's territory—I forget just where—and Jim kept on talking about Necessity Grigg. Every time he referred to the judge—who of course was fighting him—it would be Necessity this or Necessity that. He got the crowd's curiosity stirred, which of course was what he was aiming to do, and from all corners they kept asking him what he meant. Jim let it drag along as much as he could and then proceeded to enlighten them.

"Well, boys," he says, in that slow drawl of his, "you know the old proverb 'Necessity knows no law.' Judge Grigg knows so little about law that you could properly say he don't know any. And that's why I call him Necessity."

The name has stuck ever since.

I almost forgot to tell you our own judge, Jim Wakefield, had got himself in bad with the boys when he handled the first case out of the Oofty Goofty mix-up. He'd given Bill Truex, who kept the spe easy, two months for maintaining a n ance, and poor old Oofty himself, still cut up, got thirty days for damaging pr erty when he passed through the wind But where Judge Wakefield, to my m showed real prejudice was when he missed all charges against Ranger H Now if it hadn't been for Hite and ax-handle there wouldn't have been mess-up at all. But the judge was a and according to talk among the boys was tipped off to let the ranger get b suppose the Anti-Saloon folks figu they'd never have got the evidence Bill's joint if it hadn't been for Hite his ax-handle and that consequently was doing duty in a fine cause.

Anyhow, after that travesty of jus Oofty's lawyer, State Representative A ton Sneed, applied for either a change venue or another judge. Wakefield wan to be out of the case, so it was all o with him. And that's how Necessity Gr came to be assigned to us.

There was certainly some entertainm spread out at that trial. More noise backtalk than there was when the K paraded through Dallas at the opening the 1923 State Fair. There were folks p ent from as far away as Lubbock and Angelo. The streets were jammed w parked Fords, away out on to the edg the prairie. Booger Red brought his c tables over from Booger and did a mig nice business at Bill Truex's—that is, things blew up at the trial. Bill had mo his speakeasy from the actual scene of crime and was certainly on the job. T two months he'd done in jail had drai a lot of booze out of him and had fired h with new energy for unloading the stuf others. His joint was now in Bailey's al right next door to the office of State Re sentative Barney Cullom, who had b appointed counsel for the defense, act for both Ranger Hite and the State.

Cullom had lent Bill the ax-handle w which the crime had been perpetrated had told him he could keep it on exh

n till it was called for at the trial. The ice had tried to impound it but Cullom, o's right smart, got out a *habeas corpus* something like that. Anyhow Bill had weapon on the bar in a glass box, ed down to the boards. The folks cer-ly did jam his joint for a look at it. t to Oofty, who of course was the star he opera, I guess the weapon was the osure of all eyes, as they say in the big n papers.

IV

ide Booger Red's crap tables, Ham-ng Joe Voorhis, who had his tendons twenty years ago for sheep stealing, present and accounted for. Hamstrung brought along his bit of a rodeo, which ses to tour around the Ozark country. can't do any bulldogging since he got punishment, but he carries two pairs of rt boys and girls with him. He set up field right across from the courthouse did himself a nice trade with the over- and at night. But this last part of his v was sort of cut into by the Blue ntain Canary, who'd made the trip rom Houston.

vangelizing seems to have gone flat n there since the Democrats used the n for their convention and the Canary 't have more than just enough jack to among us. But he sure started to collect he'd got his tent up. First off, he de-d himself in on Booger Red's and Bill x's businesses, swearing he'd preach ons about their iniquities if they 't come across. So they paid up. Four lred talesmen had been called for the picking and they all took religion the Canary, figuring it might help to get among the twelve good men true. Even Oofty got half a dollar's h of the Canary's comfort and did a hour on the mourner's bench. I guess gured it would help him too, poor un-ecting soul!

ere was also a sword-swallower, do-is stuff on the steps of the courthouse. kids liked him, but he didn't go so good with me. I've seen better performers than him in the House restaurant the time I was up in Washington.

It took five days to get a jury, what with Counsellors Sneed and Cullom arguing with each other and Necessity Grigg asking the talesmen the foolest sort of questions a man ever listened to. Of course, all the boys wanted to get in the box and they cluttered up things quite a lot presenting their own arguments as to why they were qualified to give a fair and impartial verdict. There was one old fellow from the black-lands who took up the whole of a morning quoting those portions of the Scriptures that have to do with the wrath to come. It was just on lunch time before they found out that all along he thought it was Necessity Grigg that was on trial. He's had a grudge against the judge for thirty-five years.

However, all the delay had its advantages for Bill Truex, Booger Red, Hamstrung Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary and the sword-swallower. There were folks around who were saying that the five of them had put up a purse for the lawyers so they could drag things out and keep the crowd enjoying the pastimes of rum, religion, rodeo and gambling.

Finally a fellow from the county Farm Bureau came over and advised Necessity that the first cotton crop would be lost if he kept his show going another three weeks. You see, all the available help for miles around had gathered into town. So Necessity got busy. He had two men in the box ten minutes after the Farm Bureau agent had finished yelping. And he filled her that afternoon.

But, if they had only known it, they didn't have to worry about the cotton crop, for the Oofty Goofty trial didn't last long after the jury had got set. Sneed made his opening address for the plaintiff during the next morning session. He spilled a lot of Latin that I'd read parts of before in county seat newspaper editorials and he shot in some pretty fair poetry that the crowd seemed to like a hell of a sight bet-

ter than the Latin. His main argument was that the greatest sporting character in Texas, offering his noble and invigorating example to redblooded men all over the world, had been brutally and underhandedly attacked by a hireling of that same great but occasionally careless Commonwealth. He wanted to know what was the use of baseball, football, duckshooting or any other health-giving exercise if the spirit of fair play which they engendered was to be ignored by the government itself.

"A thousand rangers," bellowed Sneed, "could have struck my talented client with a baseball bat and he would have turned to them a smiling face and a demand for further exhibitions of skill upon his person. But I tell you, gentlemen of the jury, when this hired minion of the Commonwealth of Texas—whose Governor even now should be hanging his head in shame—when this hired minion, I say, swapped a baseball bat—glorious token of redblooded athleticism—for an ax-handle, gentlemen, then I say to you fellow Texans, remember the Alamo! Remember the Alamo, you twelve good men and true, for like Santa Anna this ranger had nothing else but murder in his heart."

That was hot stuff and he spilled a lot more like it. The crowd gave him a great hand when he came out for lunch. Cullom got his turn in the afternoon session. He's a different type from Sneed, not so fiery and loud-mouthed. But he gave a good show, and on the two opening speeches I would have said the crowd and the jury was just about even-minded. Cullom hardly said a thing at all about the crime but hung most of his conversation and accusations on to the counsel for the plaintiff.

V

It might be as well to give a bit of history right here. Judge Grigg, you see, went over with Oscar Colquitt after Al Smith had been picked as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Governor Colquitt led these Hoover Democrats, as they came to be called. Necessity Grigg, working a those lines, carried his county for Hoo although he'd always been a Democr of sorts. Now Representative Sneed, was appearing for Oofty Goofty, was of tarred with the same stick, althoug hadn't been quite as active as Necessit

Cullom started in to picking on Sne record in the lower house at Austin, that I could see what it had to do Oofty's case—but Cullom's no fool.

"This vacillating politician," Cu told the court, "this well-fed exponer the law [Sneed's a right hearty eater kind of shows it] has the gall to come this court and pose to you intelligent tlemen as an expert on sport. Why I d believe he'd know a baseball bat if he one. But that's neither here nor th What I do propose to do is to take gentlemen back a few months in orde prove to you that he not only knows n ing about fairness, honesty or dece but that he also has dared to defame fair name of Texas. He has not only famed it in this court, where he seek collect from the public coffers mone assuage the well-deserved hurts of mountebank client, but he has dare defame it in the legislative halls of Au the shrine of the Lone Star State."

"How come?" asks Necessity. He r was very strong on strictly legal langu Sneed knew what was coming and trie stop it. But the judge wanted to know lived up to Jim Ferguson's descriptio him. He opined that most anything c go in an opening speech barring ac assault and battery and signaled Cu to go ahead.

"This is not the first time that cou for the defense has dared to impute worthy motives on the part of this g Commonwealth," Cullom goes on. though he was born within her bound and although he has profited by every b fit which she has so generously distrib among her inhabitants he has dare hold Texas up to the ridicule of c States——"

What's it all got to do with the case on
d?" asks Necessity, at last taking a tip
n Sneed, who'd been tying himself in
ts trying to get his eye.
I'm going to tell you, I'm going to tell
," Cullom assures him. "May it please
court, I am now on the heels of proof
counsel for the plaintiff has always
a Benedict Arnold to the State in
ch he was born and bred. At the last
on of the Legislature he sponsored a
to legitimatize all children born in
as out of wedlock——"
I don't see anything—" starts Neces-
But Cullom cut him off short.
The court knows," he shouted, bang-
his fist on the table, "the court knows,
I know, and this jury of fine upright
ens knows, and this splendid audience
exas men and women know, that there
no bastards in Texas——"
ight here was where Juror No. 4 blew
he show. He rose in his seat and wagged
ger at Necessity sitting there on the
h.
How about the two hundred thousand
ocrats that voted for Hoover?" he
ed at the judge.
hat was bad enough in all conscience,
Oofty, who has always been the right
of a Texan in politics, had to shove
ar into the mess.
Ye're damn tootin', fella!" he shouted
he juror.
hen all hell started. Three of the jurors
ed out of the box to pry the attorneys
t and private fights began all over
t. Necessity wasn't any good at halt-
the riot and the man who finally
ght about quiet was the defendant,
ger Hite, who did it with the two guns
lways totes around.
soon as he could make himself heard
ssity announced that there would be
v trial and that this one was off from
on. Then he haled Juror No. 4 to the
and slapped a fifty-dollar plaster on
for contempt of court. You could
ly blame the judge.
e concessionaires certainly burned up over the delay. It meant now that the show couldn't go on till after cotton picking time and folks had to live in the meantime, to say nothing of the expense of moving crap tables, tents, cow ponies, bundles of tracts and Bibles and the like over to another hot spot and then back again.

Oofty Goofty went out and got drunk that afternoon and when I found him toward evening he was laying up in Joe Wood's cow shed, a pretty fair sort of a mess. I wouldn't have been chasing after him only Necessity saw me on the street and told me to dig up the plaintiff and send him over to the judge's chamber, back of the courthouse.

VI

Oofty was wearing his working pants as the easiest way of carrying round a court exhibit. Saved him changing them any time a juror would have wanted enlightenment on the art of rear-end socking. He'd been over in Bill Truex's place with a couple of professional baseball players who'd been brought down as witnesses for the plaintiff to bust up the defence's contention that the big clout was a sporting proposition and not an attempt at murder.

When I found Oofty he had lost his belt. I guess somebody had swiped it because of the gold buckle which had been presented to him by the San Antonio Elks. He was in such bad shape that he needed something to hold up his pants and I, like a fool, lent him my gallusses. I always wear both belt and gallusses for protection.

You see, I'm setting all this down in fairness to Judge Grigg because if it hadn't been for the gallusses Oofty wouldn't be in the bug-house today. I shall testify to the facts when Necessity is tried and I hope I'll be able to help him out of his jam.

Well, I fastened him up and we made our way to the judge's chambers. Necessity was sitting there in company with a slim guy with a pompadour.

"This is Skylight Reed," he said to Oofty and me. "Skylight puts himself down as the finest golf player in Texas and

he has a theory in this case that might simplify matters for me from a judicial point of view. He wants to try out both methods on you, Oofty. The baseball bat swipe and the ax-handle wallop. He promises to do what he calls a piece of putting when he uses the ax-handle which means that he'll pull his shot."

Oofty was willing, though, as I learned when it was too late, the success of Skylight's theory was of benefit to the defendant and absolutely none to the plaintiff, meaning Oofty.

Reed's idea was that Oofty depended on his grip with his hands and feet on the floor to hold off the downward sock of the baseball bat and that thus in this position he had no protection from the upward wallop of the ax-handle which twitched him off the ground and into the air. This would sort of tend to dispose of the theory that the ax-handle method was murderous assault and provide a contention that here was nothing more than a new method of playing the game.

Well, Oofty got into position for the first slug with the bat. Now, if I had had sense enough to look at him then I'd have seen what was wrong—but I'm sorry to say I paid no attention. Reed hefted the bat, measured his distance and gave it to him full force.

Oofty dropped cold and until we dug up Doc Griffith the three of us were sure he was dead.

As time passed we were able to learn what had happened. The first thing that struck us as being queer was that when Oofty came to about ten hours later the Doc offered him a swallow of honest-to-God red liquor.

Oofty turned it down.

The judge, who was taking on s thing awful, sent for a brain specialis the way to Waco. This bird got in the day and went all over Oofty. He fig that Reed had planted his wallop fai the base of the spine and had knocke vertebræ up a good couple of inche that the brain had been sort of flicked announced to us that Oofty was crazy coyote and would now have to be t care of by the State. He finished up b dering his committal after he'd offere patient a shot of prescription booze Doc Griffith had and had seen him tu down. This brain specialist, who'd be admirer of Oofty's for years, said he di need the evidence of the shifted back to convince him the man was daft. Tur down the drink, he said, was proof eno

Well, of course they had to have a quiry and some court procedure and v chance did Necessity have down among real Democrats? He and Reed both held for murderous assault and t trial comes up next month. I guess it' as big a thing as the first case. I know gang's all coming down for it: Hamst Joe, the Blue Mountain Canary, the sw swallower and Booger Red. As for Truex, he's always with us.

The real angle of how the thing pened never struck me till Necessity been ordered held. You see, when I pu gallusses on Oofty they tightened up pants so that when he leaned over Reed's sock the two white guiding between which he had to hit had hitched so that the danger spot, the of the spine, was dead in the middle o two safety marks.

A SUPERIOR PERSON

BY DUFF GILFOND

When Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut was lately caught sneaking a lobbyist into the secret ions of the Senate Finance Committee, colleagues fell upon him with a malev- nt enthusiasm which can only be ex- ined as a compensation for their own appy inferiority. The transgression of naller, weaker brother would certainly e found them far less indignant. But opportunity to pull down and belabor an so much taller, so much more beau- l, opulent and successful than they: a ree-holder from Yale, Harvard, Cali- ia and Cuzco, Peru; a former member he faculties of Harvard, Princeton and e; a famous explorer with fifty-three s in "Who's Who"; a man who writes ks without ghosts; who never swears, drunk or uses *don't* for *doesn't*; who tes Brazilian poets on the Senate floor; makes a committee meeting on time the use of a blimp; a suave, elegant tleman whose entire career has been as ect as his face—the opportunity to ck off this colossus was too gorgeous e resisted.

ot only, indeed, is he handsomer, er, more cultured and successful than of his colleagues; he has never soothed r natural envy by seeking to conceal fact. Far from it! Day in and day out nas corrected their boorish mistakes told them how things should be done. e when Senator Borah (a college grad- too, but of Kansas State, a cow col-) read an authorized translation of a ion of the Nicaraguan constitution, essor Bingham arose to advise him ly that *falta* meant *absence* and never *default*. And then he dazzled the galleries by reading the whole passage in Spanish. On another occasion he interrupted Senator Walsh (who has no academic degree, but only a teacher's certificate) in the reading of a letter from a corporation, to inform him that "they make *machetes*, those large knives used in the Cuban cane plantations." The gentleman from Connecticut knows everything.

But instead of appreciating all this wisdom, as King Arthur's knights did when an earlier Connecticut Yankee fell into their midst, the Senators wriggle and squirm under it. Aspiring prima donnas themselves, they don't want to be told anything; they bristle when treated as sophomores. During the Professor's lectures they break in with queries and denials necessitating that he "go back to where I was at the time of the interruption." Forgetful of their Latin, if they ever knew any, they writhe when he swings into the language of his great Roman predecessors. Never have Senatorial vanities suffered so.

The truth of the matter is that they simply cannot understand their superlearned colleague. Like the late Senator Lodge, the Professor can speak to few men and hobnob with fewer. He is not a rough-and-tumble politician, ingratiating himself with elevator men and department clerks by soft words. His lofty thoughts are far away from the faces of tariff experts or any of the other fry that pop into his path. His humor is not the low, practical joker variety of Babbitts; the books he reads and chuckles over would bore ordinary men; his moral standard, despite his slip in the matter of the lobbyist, is higher.

The disclosure of the Senatorial vote on an executive appointment by a United Press correspondent so shocked him that he led the movement which ousted the newspaper men from the Senate floor. Don't think the boys weren't itching to get even! When the Professor's lapse came they joined with the Senators in yelling for his blood. Like lusty hawks they leaped upon their victim, the most gorgeous bird in the arena—the peacock of peacocks—and tore into his fine feathers until they were appeased.

II

Of the many things that mark Professor Bingham off from ordinary politicians, a fundamental one is his lineage. In 1650 Connecticut was already endowed with a Bingham, but to trace the attributes of our Hiram we need not poke so far back. In Grandfather Hiram Bingham I, who sacrificed the comforts of the Nutmeg State to convert the heathen in the Sandwich Islands and who wrote a book on his twenty-one years of residence there, we recognize the consciousness of moral duty and the literateness of Hiram III. In Hiram II, translator of the Bible into Hawaiian, the Bingham talents appear again, whence they enter into our Hiram to bear their finest fruit. What if the Bishop of Oxford of half a century ago described American missionaries in the Pacific as "rather more severe, sour and vinegar-like than even their fathers, the stern old Puritans of New England"? It was in such gentlemen that the distinguishing qualities of Professor Bingham had their root.

As soon as Hiram III invaded the moral atmosphere of the Honolulu home in 1875 he was slated for the ministry. As is so often the case, Mother knew best. The superiority which the Senators resent a flock would have revered. The men would have stood in awe of Pastor Hiram's intellect, and the women of his beauty. For a time, indeed, it seemed that Mother Bingham was to have her way. Even that obstreperous bunch of Yale men of the class of '98, whose chief occupation hell-raising, could not seduce young from his homework for God: conduc a Bible class and a kind of boys' miss ary club. After graduation he superinter a mission chapel in Honolulu, but luckily, a missionary career could not h him. Years later, a crony of the col religious club, soliciting endowments a colored university, heard of Profe Bingham's acquired fortune and plied h He found that the Professor had defini abandoned missionary work.

Although Hiram's gay classmates not choose him as one of the ten ha somest or most likely to be successfu the class—indicating the emptiness of college prophecies—he soon made th sit up and remember him. He acquire string of letters after his name, some fany millions with a wife, a professorsh and a taste for exploration. Yale U versity, generously endowed by Mrs. B ham, offered to gratify this last urge financing an expedition into Latin Amer The National Geographic Society threw in some shekels and not in v Professor Bingham traversed Bolív route, the first North American to do he explored the Pampaconas river; cended Mt. Coropuna, an Andean peal 21,703 feet; located the lost Incan capi Uiticos; and above all, discovered the r of Machu Picchu, where the Incan ch lived and died. Each expedition went a book and the Professor himself went "Who's Who." Also, from this con with Latin America and its people, he able to write "The Monroe Doctrine Obsolete Shibboleth," a good book alas! somewhat unpatriotic. Subsequen when he entered politics and found right American point of view, he remo this illegitimate child from the comp of his other works in "Who's Who."

In no other instance, fortunately, acquaintance with the Indians and t Latin lords deflect the Professor from correctness of his early training. He mained as faithful to New England as

cestors had been, working on the hea-
en. A classmate of a former Yale fresh-
ın recalls how he upheld the rules of the
iversity when sympathy or sentimen-
ity might have shaken a weaker man.
ıe freshman, dropped from the roll be-
ıse he had married, appealed to him for
nstatement. Whether even the famous
ofessor Bingham could have persuaded
e authorities to absolve a sin of that kind
es not matter so much as the moral les-
ı he preached to the sinner. Briefly, it
ıs: When you make your bed, lie in it!
As the director of expeditions into lands
ıere men are prone to grow lax and god-
s, Professor Bingham never neglected to
ess high-mindedness. Once, when a mem-
: of the party misplaced his return ticket,
e Professor took pains to refer to it dur-
g the farewell dinner, in the excitement
which the culprit might have forgotten
; folly. He was always so exemplary
nself. He provided the right number of
ıles and the right kind of men to take
e of them. Never did he partake of ra-
ns or indulgences forbidden to the
ıers. Every man who obeyed him found
n an able, efficient, even delightful boss;
ly those who had their own ideas, who
ented perfection and omniscience in any
ın, found his leadership irksome.
It is no exaggeration to say that at forty
ofessor Bingham had everything a man
ıld want: prestige, a nice wife, seven
ıs, a fine house, an enviable library and
ıigh-powered motor car which, to the
ıoyance of the less favored pedagogues
Yale, waited to receive His Lordship
his very classroom door. What more
ıld a man already so successful still
ıieve? An ordinary man would have let
ll enough alone. But the Professor is no
linary man. In 1916 he slipped out of
e refined, dignified, esoteric realm of
oks where he was at home, to mingle
th a rabid group of flag-wavers on their
y to Sagamore Hill. After urging Colonel
osevelt to run again, amidst a multitude
rahs, the delegates sauntered out on the
vn where, according to the New York *Times*, Professor Bingham pushed his way to the Colonel's side and said:

> Colonel Roosevelt, I want to tell you very frankly just how I stand. When I was in Peru as a representative of the National Geographic Society I found much that didn't please me. I found that the claim to American citizenship won no respect. They did not have a very high opinion of Americans there. So I decided that there were pleasanter occupations for an American citizen than exploring in Peru, and I came home. And when I read your speech about preparedness and Americanism, I decided that, despite my love for dear old Bill Taft, I was for you.

Hiram Bingham was in the ring.

III

An unsung war hero (he courageously told the generals how to do things) Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham returned to Connecticut ripe for reward. The politicians of both Republican factions were willing to appropriate him, and no wonder. Six feet three inches tall, his clean-cut, classical countenance crowned by a gorgeous bed of silver, his fine gray clothes accentuating the loveliness of his hair, he was instantly recognizable as a knock-out. Beside, he was a Professor, above the sordidness of lifelong politicians; a fluent, if not fiery, speaker; and a man of wealth. No fatter fat cat had ever been seen in Connecticut. So both Colonel Isaac Ullman and J. Henry Roraback, the rival bosses there, were eager to star him, and the Professor soon let it be known that he felt his bread was buttered on the Roraback side.

Connecticut is not exactly a liberal State. An attempt to disapprove of the Ku Klux Klan in a State platform was voted down three to one. The cities, by a kind of rotten borough system, have less proportional representation in the Legislature than the small towns. Nor can they gain control while Boss Roraback has the handing out of legislative committee assignments and patronage. To a man of Professor Bingham's high-mindedness and personal courage—remember, he learned

to fly after forty; he assailed Nordic snobbery against the Filipinos in Honolulu; and, as a Senator, he took Tom Heflin to task for his roars against the Pope—to a man so high-toned and refined, who had always had his own way in classrooms and on explorations, it must have been a very real sacrifice to become a Rorabacker.

It meant that he had to stop talking to newspaper men, respectful as he always is of his own opinions, when J. Henry told him to shut up. It meant disappointing the good people of Connecticut when they clamored for the nomination of Colonel Tilson, a non-Rorabacker, for the Vice-Presidency, by ingeniously garbling his nominating speech at the last Republican National Convention. It meant thwarting them again when the President had to be persuaded to recall the appointment to Assistant Attorney-General of a favorite son who was "unruly." It meant the continual subordination of self in Service to a Cause.

Of course, he was rewarded. In 1922 he was made (elected, they call it) Lieutenant-Governor of the State, which office he dignified by an attack on the Younger Generation for trying to "revert to primitive savagery and break down the New England standards of decency, modesty and morality." Two years later he was naturally ready for the governorship and got it. But fate intervened with the untimely suicide of Senator Brandegee, whose seat, it was plain, nobody deserved more than the self-sacrificing Professor. To be sure, it was a little steep to nominate him for Senator only a few weeks after he had been made Governor. But Boss Roraback is not a sensitive man, and so his protégé proclaimed his "duty to accept the mandate from the people."

Notwithstanding this mandate, the people protested. Many prominent Republicans bolted in favor of the Democratic nominee, the able and liberal Hamilton Holt; certain independent newspapers made unkind imputations; fifty Yale professors publicly walked out on their former colleague. Boss Roraback became nervous. An S. O. S. was despatched to Washington; there was plain need to "support Coolidge" by he ing Bingham. Senator Moses came, a others. "You're not going to comn Binghamy!" demurred the fastidious lad of Hartford and New Haven. But t Coolidge tom-tom drowned them out a the stately and learned Professor elbow his way in.

And now the fun began! Who would ta the inaugural oath: the Lieutenant-Go ernor-elect who was to be Governor the Governor-elect who was to be Sen tor? Who would make the inaugural a dress? Who would dance at the inaugu ball? Should Professor Bingham's pictu be included in the Governors' gallery in t State library? There was much ado, but t Professor gallantly played all his par Instead of leaving for Washington he mained to take the gubernatorial oat delivered the longest inaugural address the history of the State; appointed a mi tary escort for the parade to the Capi and the ball; and had the largest portr in the gallery hung in the most conspicuo spot. Why not? How would anybody kn he had been Governor otherwise?

That ball was the most splendid shin ever held in Connecticut. The hall w draped in blue, gold and white, whi colors, with the green of the massed plan formed a background for the brilli gowns of the women and the dazzling ga of the military. Along with the Governo Foot Guard, in scarlet coats and wavi shakos, were delegations of the Old Gua of New York, the Richmond Blues, t Ancient and Honourables of Boston, a the Worcester Continentals. Color gua carried American and Connecticut flags. guard of honor formed a lane down wh the stunning, stately Governor sailed hundreds of amber lights lit up, and t band boomed "Hail to the Chief!"

The next day, within eighty minutes, t Governor-Senator resigned as Govern took the oath as Senator, and was off Washington, his jaw set in broad s satisfaction.

IV

en Professor Bingham took his seat on Senate floor the eyes of the ladies in the lery popped. "Did you see the new ator from Connecticut?" they bubbled. tell you, he can put his clothes in *my* nk!" Fie! The merest acquaintance with dignified Professor would have frozen h wicked ideas out of them.

close-up of him left them even more athless. The jaundiced light of the ate chamber had given his delicate face ind of lean look. In reality it is broad, h high cheek bones and well-set jaws. lips are thin, but the nose is perfect. small eyes are bright and brown, and re is a slight cleft in the chin. It is a sic face, capped by that superb shock ilver. When he laughs the thin lips give to a nice smile, the right shoulder kes, and the Professor is quite delight- One of the most impressive scenes in Senate is the procession of His Lord- , his tiny wife and his seven, stalwart filing out of the Senate gallery into Senators' restaurant.

he Senators, however, were unable to re the feminine enthusiasm. They felt omfortable beside this spare giant se stunning top made them conscious heir own phrenological bumps. Im- iately they began to cavil. The thin- ed smile, they hinted, was akin to a k, the broadening jaws indicated smug- , the reserve of manner seemed to be cing, the pedagogical singsong in the sant voice made them feel juvenile, the Roman immobility of the face was ating. All of which might have been looked had the Professor not broken silence imposed on newcomers by ng the floor thirty times in three days. it on no occasion, then or thereafter, he take the floor to harry the Adminis- ion, as do less considerate Senators. busy, perhaps, to take any interest in her man's book, or in another arche- ist's aims; too preoccupied, no doubt, his own great work in the world to waste time on the activities of lesser men, he nevertheless consistently repaid Mr. Coolidge for letting him ride into the Senate on his back. The Coolidge appointments, including even that of Charles Beecher Warren as Attorney-General, were sacrosanct to the Professor; in all his addresses Coolidge was invariably "an eminent statesman."

Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this fealty was displayed on the last day of a session, when the President returned a number of bills to the Senate with his veto. One was Professor Bingham's. It provided that Army bandmasters be given the rank of warrant officers, which would admit them to the same social functions as Canadian bandmasters, who are of similar rank. Although his colleagues nonchalantly re-passed the other bills, one after another, over the Presidential veto, Professor Bingham declined to vote for his own baby, which he had worked so hard to push through both Houses but which Mr. Coolidge didn't like.

In the embarrassing matter of Nicaragua he was the Administration's most ardent defender. The Monroe Doctrine, which, in his scientific days, had been "a petulant and insatiable imperialism—a superb, audacious and mortifying notification to the Latin peoples of the continent of our strenuous desire either to absorb the small Republics or to become the supreme arbiters of their destinies"—this Monroe Doctrine became, during the Coolidgean activities in Nicaragua, "the fundamental justification for the policy of the Administration." Notwithstanding the Professor's repeated explanation that his eye-opener had not been politics but wicked, imperialistic Germany, his colleagues never tired of ragging him about it. No sooner did one Senator, contesting the Administration, complete a speech in which he quoted America's greatest statesmen than another bobbed up to remind him that he had omitted a man "who you will all agree is equally as great as Thomas Jefferson or Alexander Hamilton or Daniel Webster." Whereupon he

read from Professor Bingham's disinherited book. Colloquies like the following are strewn through the *Congressional Record*:

> Mr. Norris—The Senator now is reading from Professor Bingham?
> Mr. Wheeler—Yes.
> Mr. Norris—I want to call his attention to the fact that Senator Bingham has completely overthrown the argument of Professor Bingham.
> Mr. Borah—Mr. President, in fairness to the Senator from Connecticut, I think it is perfectly apparent that a Senator's judgment is much superior to the judgment of a professor.
> Mr. Wheeler—I think the Professor's judgment was much superior to that of the Senator.
> Mr. Borah—The Senator does not mean to say that he is in favor of abandoning the Monroe Doctrine?
> Mr. Wheeler—Oh, no; I may eventually become as radical as Senator Bingham was when he was a professor.

Goodness gracious, can't a man even change his mind without being hounded for it?

V

To his credit be it said, Professor Bingham is wholly oblivious to the ridicule of his deprecators. Unfriendly observers say he doesn't get it, which is, indeed, silly. Why should a peacock be disturbed by the missiles of ants? Let the idle fellows rave; after dark his motor still flanks the Capitol while he works on. He is an authority on Latin America. In China, the Philippines and Porto Rico, where he has travelled for first-hand information, he discovered methods of strengthening Americanism. But his chief interest is aviation, in the promotion of which he speaks, writes and flies everywhere. As soon as he heard the whirr of the *Graf Zeppelin* over Washington, he bounded from the table where he had just ordered lunch, changed into his flying togs, and in his Navy airplane succeeded in nosing out the spectacular *Zeppelin* landing in Lakehurst.

Such exploits put the Professor into the movies, but they only augment the ill-will of the Senators who have been lectured, corrected or addressed in Latin. Aları lest his graces, going unchallenged, sho put him and, of course, Boss Roraback i the White House, they long prayed for opportunity to tear him down. And when he smuggled an employé of the C necticut Manufacturers' Association i the secret tariff hearings, by pretending t the fellow was his clerk, they leaped i the air with raucous shouts and grab their chance. Outraged, as if they never taken orders from lobbyists th selves, as if they had actually never s one until the Professor set one under th noses, they howled about the outrage their morals, which, it seemed, could o be purged by the Professor's tears.

The humility, mortification, indign to which these sanguinary fellows subjec their tallest, stateliest, most godlike m ber was almost inhuman. The lobby vestigating committee, before which voluntarily appeared to explain the bu ness, grilled him as if he were a chorus accused of bumping off a sugar daddy. Ag and again he informed them that money the lobbyist had received from government (the payment to him was j an ingenious little device to admit him the secret hearings) had been turned o to his, the Professor's, own regular cle But instead of dismissing the case then gentlemanly fashion, instead of grant that he merely wanted to serve Connecti where everybody is a manufacturer s Mr. Roraback, they only increased th horrible hullabaloo. "You talk too muc "Answer yes or no!" "You falsified record!" Hiram Bingham, professor *e itus*, explorer, author, what-not, win on his pinnacle. But they loved it too m to stop, and so, proceeding, they drag up incriminating evidence about a con ence in Boss Roraback's office, where plot had been hatched—evidence wh the Professor had not even thought wo mentioning. Adroitly he attempted f tiousness by playing on the names Eyanson, the lobbyist, and Einstein, mathematician, but to no avail.

Goaded out of his customary composure, s delicate face flushed, his fists clenched, s voice raised above its usual suavity, the ofessor rushed back to the Senate floor d denounced the committee. In this vective, trained as he was in the schools learning and not of grimy politics, he as, perhaps, not very successful; but in s loftier and more poetic moments he did mself full justice. "My testimony," he ciferated, "has been twisted and turned innuendo, by implication and by every fair means in the power of these attor- ys to damage my reputation, and I resent and I shall resent it to the end of time!" The committee members went wild. ey thought they had floored him at the aring, but here he was, on his feet again, cking back, and sometimes below the lt. The comical Caraway of Arkansas, able to contain himself, paced up and wn behind the Professor's long back or pped disconcertingly on the adjoining ple as he flayed them. Then hell broke se. Pails of mud were splashed at his e, white head by experts in the business. m Heflin, rebuked for his religious me, came back with a vengeance. Rob- on of Indiana, Blaine, everybody who ried a grievance against the peacock, loaded it in this pitiless free-for-all. he cap and gown of a great university es not make him superior—." "A frail k upon the ocean of life whose unim- rtance it is unnecessary to exaggerate." slimy dirty trail mapped out designedly m the office of the Senator to that of the nnecticut Manufacturers' Association." e ladies in the gallery gasped; Professor gham slumped low in his seat. "If there Regular on this floor," challenged Dr. raway, "who approves of what Senator gham did, let him stand up and say so." ence.

And still his tormentors were not sated. used to a truly bloodthirsty pitch, like unch of fraternity boys initiating a ly, they could not stop their whack- . But soon they used up all their in- tive, and had to scout for another instrument of torture. The records, twenty-seven years back, disclosed one: the Senatorial censure. This, a weapon employed to put down a pair of rowdyish Senators who had fallen upon each other in the chamber, was now brandished over the stately head of Professor Bingham. He had but one loophole: an apology. If he could be brought to his knees, his antagonists agreed to call quits. "For God's sake, say you're sorry, Hi!" his friends implored. But princes do not cower. Grimly he replied: "I have nothing to apologize for."

In this spirit, unlike any ordinary man, he took his punishment. On the day of the censure every seat in the chamber was occupied, Congressmen crowded the Senate floor, correspondents squeezed into the aisles of their gallery, and spectators craned forward from theirs. Every eye was riveted on the ashen face in the last row on the left. It remained immobile. Only its pallor and the restlessness of the long, expressive fingers, occasionally digging furrows into the forehead, evinced the Professor's anguish. A bit later, as the debate on the wording of the censure raged, he recovered his calm and left his seat to whisper to a few colleagues. He smiled at others but they ignored him.

One or two, however, crumpling under the strain, begged for a softening of the damning language. Dave Reed's eloquent exhortation caused sniffles in the gallery. Gould of Maine, incongruously enough, made his plea in bad English. The Professor himself never weakened to an admission of wrong-doing; his suffering was entirely the result of the indignity heaped upon him. Indeed, he rose, majestically, as the galleries surged, to decline a drop of whitewash that did not cover Mr. Eyanson! Worn out by the attack and despairing of results, the Senators passed their resolution of censure. The pent-up galleries emptied as the Professor, released at last, triumphantly shook hands with his friends.

Two days later he took a hearty part in the tariff debate, proving again that you can't keep a good man down.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

A FREE American citizen of the town of Hartford favors the *Herald of Song* thereof with his well-considered views on the evils of the modern woman's dress:

> *Herald of Song:*
> I note in last issue that Prof. James Rowe champions the modern short dress, single-piece bathing suit, etc. The *Herald of Song* is hardly the place to champion any questionable issue. However, God being the Judge, this is not in any sense a questionable issue.
>
> It would be hard for me to believe that the aprons Adam and Eve clothed themselves with in the Garden after their fall into sin, were as scanty as the modern bathing suit. But they were sufficiently modern for Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve in their sinful state. But were these sufficiently modest for their Maker—our God?
>
> Just the man and his wife, all alone. No children for them to influence the satanic way. No neighbors, no neighbors' children, not one soul for them to exert an influence over; and yet I read in the Book inspired by God the Spirit, that their scanty clothing was offensive to the same God we claim to worship, honor and adore. Gen. III: 21.: Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them! . . .
>
> The modern dress is the fruits of the doctrine of evolution, the No God Doctrine. God our Saviour is just as MODEST today as He was when He as Lord clothed our first parents in the garden, after the shameful conduct of sin.
>
> Paul said of himself, "I keep under my body." He instructed others to "be not conformed to the world."
>
> Yours truly,
> W. S. WILBURN.
>
> Hartford, Ark.

BROTHER BEN M. BOGARD, editor of the celebrated *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, solves a puzzling question in moral theology:

> [A skeptical] lawyer finds fault with Jesus because His first miracle was to turn water into wine and thus He encouraged drunken-
> ness, and beside that if Jesus lived in t
> world now and did the like of that He wou
> be arrested by the employés of the An
> Saloon League and put in the penitentia
> for manufacturing liquor and more stuff li
> that. Too bad. If Jesus was here and did
> charged He would suit such men as this la
> yer who want their booze. But suppose
> should tell the dear man, whose superficial
> is refreshing, that Jesus never made a drop
> wine that would produce drunkenness? Wh
> would he think of that? Well, certain it
> that the kind the ruler was drinking was t
> sort that would make men drunk. The ki
> Jesus made was DIFFERENT and the d
> ference was noted. It is plainly stated th
> what Jesus made was better, and the bet
> came last instead of first as was the custo
> Then just where did the lawyer get the id
> that they were all drunk? *Drunken* is the p
> participle form of the word *drink*. It does n
> mean that they were intoxicated but h
> DRUNK of the wine furnished by the host
> his guests. Still another thing to be noted
> that Jesus violated no law at that time as
> would be doing if here in this Prohibiti
> country, and the fight against the liqu
> traffic has never been a fight against the f
> mentation of light wines but against t
> traffic in liquor which would take advanta
> of the least opportunity to use light wine
> a camouflage for selling strong drink. T
> kind of wine Jesus made was as harmless
> buttermilk.

THE same learned man on the great pra
tical benefits of the Bible:

> The Bible has been a wonderful blessing
> the poor. In heathen countries to this d
> the poor are kept under their masters a
> they eke out an existence hardly so good
> old time slaves. In Christian lands the wa
> are much better, and there is opportun
> given for the education of their youth and
> is a fact that we now have a President of t
> United States who was a poor hired ha
> when a boy and was not able to pay
> tuition through school. Such a thing as a po
> hired hand rising like that in a heathen co
> try has never been heard of. If the influe
> of the Bible has not caused this, please t
> me what influence did it. There is free medic

or the sick who are unable to pay. There is free hospital bed for the down and out who s unable to meet the expenses. There is free ood for the hungry and clothes for the naked. n what heathen country do we find such hings? To see a man striking against the re-igion of Jesus Christ in this land where the Bible has been a benefit is to remind us of the log that bites the hand that feeds it. To eceive such benefits and not acknowledge the Giver of all good is to be like the hog that ats the acorns yet never looks up to see from vhence the acorns come.

ID on two apparent contradictions in e same Book:

nfidels think they find a contradiction in the Bible concerning marriage. In Gen. 11:18 we re told that "it is not good that man should e alone." Yet in I Cor. VII:27 we are told, 'Art thou loose from a wife? Seek not a vife." So there, now, another contradiction ccording to infidelity. But here ignorance omes in again. Paul was not contradicting vhat God had said in Genesis. He was telling he Corinthians that during that peculiar ime in which they were living, while the 'distress" they were laboring under con-inued, that it was better to be single. He was ot laying down a rule of life.

Skeptics tell us that the Bible flatly con-radicts itself when it commands children to ove and obey their parents (Ex. XX:12) and hen turns around and says that we cannot e a disciple of Jesus unless we "hate father nd mother." (Luke XIV:26.) This is ex-lained by the fact that the word hate is some-imes used in the sense of LOVING LESS, and o we are only told by Jesus that we must ove father and mother less than we love Him f we are to be His disciples.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

e American language gets a lift in the ited States Senate:

MR. GOLDSBOROUGH. Mr. President, a similar ill in the Seventieth Congress (H. R. 11659) assed the House, was favorably reported to he Senate, and passed by the Senate on March , 1929. Owing to the rush of legislation at hat time the bill was not *messaged* to the louse, and as a result it failed to become a w.

ILLINOIS

t art of letters in Abraham Lincoln's old he town, as disclosed by the eminent *ice Gazette*:

CONFESSIONS OF A BLONDE!

A "spicy" little book—just off the press! (Pocket size.) One of the BEST things published in years! You'll get a real "kick" out of this one! This amazing new book contains 125 pages, with MANY "PEPPY" ILLUSTRATIONS! Price, only $1.00. ORDER QUICK! Send dollar bill today. AMERICAN SALES CO., Dept. 2, Springfield, Ill.

INCIDENT of the sacerdotal life in the grand old town of Bloomington, as reported by the Associated Press:

The Rev. Samuel E. Fisher, pastor of the Normal, Ill., First Christian Church, was recovering today from injuries received yesterday from the bursting of a bottle of grape juice he was preparing for communion. The minister's left hand was severely hurt. The accident happened when the pastor and a committee were preparing the year's supply of grape juice for communion purposes.

KENTUCKY

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Louisville:

A radio listeners' endurance contest was won here today by Mrs. Mildred Daniel, twenty-two-year-old mother of two dependent children, who was declared the winner after she had gone for 106 hours without sleep. The runner-up, S. W. Van Norman, fell asleep this morning shortly after six o'clock. Mrs. Daniel, who entered the contest to obtain money for a surgical operation, was delirious from exhaustion soon after she returned to her rooming-house. The contest was held in a downtown window with a $200 radio as the prize. More than sixty contestants entered.

THE *Central Methodist* of the same marvelous town, having disposed of Darwin, admits the faithful to the True Truth:

GOITRE NOT A DISEASE

MILWAUKEE DOCTOR MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that goitre is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A. A. Rock, Dept. 793, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent goitre specialist for over 24 years, has perfected a different method of treatment for his patients that has proved remarkably successful. This same method is now being used for a home treatment of goitre cases all over the country with astonishing results. The doctor states that goitre is a condition which grows worse with neg-

lect and recommends immediate attention no matter how small the growth may appear. He strongly opposes needless operations.

MARYLAND

THE American language gets a boost in the catalogue of an auction sale of antiques, holden in the grand old town of Baltimore, home of the oyster, the B. & O. Railroad, and sound malt liquor:

This collection was *expertized* . . . by Robert Frank Scutch.

THE progress of mortitiary science in the same up-and-coming town, as revealed by an advertisement in the *Sunpaper* thereof:

NO CHARGE FOR THE GOLD ROOM

The beautiful, spacious Gold Room in the William Cook Funeral Home has been especially designed for the funeral services, and patrons are not charged for its use. There is provision for music if desired.

Entire Funerals
of Beauty and Dignity at $75, $100, $125, $150, $175, $200, $300, etc.

All cemetery charges at cost.

A complete display of caskets and burial garments on the third floor.

WILLIAM COOK
ST. PAUL & PRESTON STS.
VERNON 8080–8081

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM a circular sent to the students of Professor Hermann S. Hering, C. S. B., an eminent big-wig of Christian Science, summoning them to their annual synod:

Each student should have opportunity for a quiet time before the meeting in order to do clear mental work *and to handle the mesmerism* which would try to interfere with his alertness and thus hinder spiritual unfoldment.

MISSISSIPPI

CULTURAL announcement from Yazoo City:

THE AFRO-AMERICAN HOSPITAL
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
—Gets One Cent On Every Bottle of—
DANDEE HAIR DRESSING
Sold in the United States!

DANDEE is delicately perfumed and makes unruly hair straight. There is none better. Makes your hair smooth, glossy and straight.

The AFRO-AMERICAN SONS & DAUGHTE have approved this contract of One Cent p Jar donation to their HOSPITAL; so buy th splendid dressing from your dealer and he your HOSPITAL.

If your dealer doesn't have DANDEE, receipt of 25 cents we will mail you a J postage prepaid.

DANDEE CHEMICAL CO.
YAZOO CITY, MISS.

NEW JERSEY

NEWS of the higher learning at Rutgers, reported by *Targum*, the student paper:

"The Red-Headed Halfback," the late book written by Professor Earl Reed Silve director of the department of public inform tion, was inspired by the exploits of the Ne Brunswick high-school football team of 192 Professor Silvers treats especially of thr players on that team, Max Krafchik '31, w played at end on the Rutgers eleven in t recent campaign, Herbie Benhardt and E Smiley. In the story, Red McGlade, a ch acter based upon Herbie Benhardt, fina decides to attend State University (Rutge in spite of several tempting offers from oth colleges. McGlade's success at State Univ sity is the theme of the story.

THE effect of the Princeton spirit on t literary tastes of its graduates, as reveal by a writer to the *Princeton Alumni Week*

I wish to protest, against both the substan and the spirit of the literary review by Jo T. Rodgers '22. It seems to me that M Rodgers betrays a woeful lack of true Prin ton spirit when he attacks books written Princeton men. If a Princeton man takes t time and trouble to write a book, it seems me that the least we all can do is to get b hind that book and boost it for all we a worth. . . . I feel that I must register my pr test publicly against a spirit which has grad ally crept into the attitude of the young generation. What is good enough for o Princeton man to write, is good enough f another Princeton man to read. Every loy son of Old Nassau wishes to see his ali mater forge ahead in literary productions, a the way to help her to do this is to accord t efforts of her sons hearty praise at all tim

A LOYAL PRINCETONI
Flagstaff, Ariz.

NEW YORK

EVANGELIST CECIL S. TUBBEY, addressi the assembled Christians of the Fairvi Methodist Episcopal Church on Jonah a

ıe whale, as reported by the Binghamton *ress*:

There is ample evidence right at hand to support my contention that the Book of Jonah is an established historical narrative, supplying us with a record of actual events of extraordinary interest. Some may be surprised, however, when I say that the story of Jonah nowhere says that the man was swallowed by a whale. What it does say is that Jonah was swallowed by "a great fish" and the words of Christ, in the original language of Matt. XII:40, are in perfect agreement with this statement.

But even though it were said in the Book of Jonah that a great fish gulped Jonah down, yet I would easily believe it, for the stomach of a whale has been found to contain great chunks of food as big as a horse. However, the miracle lies not in the fact that the fish swallowed Jonah but in the fact that it did not digest him! He was the first morsel of food that big fish had not been able to get away with! It was just too much for him. It made him desperately sick at the stomach and he got rid of that dainty morsel in a jiffy. I believe that Jonah really died inside the whale and was resurrected! If that is so he becomes a wonderful type of Christ. And events later showed that Jonah was the most successful evangelist this old world has ever known! At his preaching the whole great city of Nineveh repented, in sackcloth and ashes! That stands out as an unrivaled evangelistic campaign.

ıE celebrated *War Cry*, organ of the Salıtion Army, favors the American lanıage with a new verb:

The Colonel, who has been in the Southern Territory since its inception, filling the poısition of Women's Social Secretary, is under ɔrders *to farewell*.

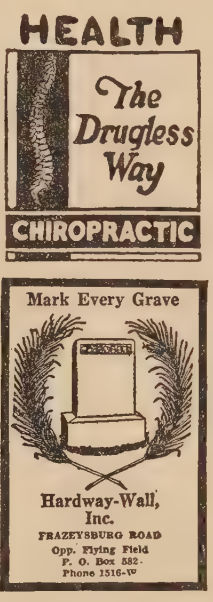
NORTH CAROLINA

ɔUCATIONAL news from Raleigh, as reırted by the United Press:

Prof. William H. Brown, Jr., spent today in 'humiliation and prayer," hoping that it would bring up the scholastic average of his engineering class. The North Carolina State College students who make up Prof. Brown's class in electrical engineering averaged 12½% on an examination.

OHIO

E alert *Journal of the American Medical ɔociation* discovers an eloquent sequence of advertisements in the Zanesville *Times-Recorder*:



SCIENTIFIC news from Cleveland, as reported by the Pittsburgh *Courier*, a leading Aframerican print:

Something new is promised the nation shortly, when Harry W. Hoffman, twenty-nine, of New York, proposes to transform himself into a "blue-eyed white man with straight blond hair." Hoffman apparently is confident of success. He will make his experiment at the Cuyahoga County Elks' Club—using, he says, $98,000 worth of magic potion brewed by Dr. Ifa Leusy Kualilab, Hindu biologist of Punjab University, India. The name of the potion, Hoffman said, is skermiaribogilidoneroaetiveamedpereunaflazokval.

OKLAHOMA

THE Noble Experiment in the late home of the aborigine, as set forth by the Pawnee *Courier*:

STATEMENT BY MRS. MALINDA MCFADDEN

The charge against me in the County Court, for having in my possession a certain quantity of apple cider, was terminated in my favor. This so-called apple cider was put up by me for the purpose of making apple vinegar. I have made my own apple vinegar all my life. I am now an old lady, and it has never occurred to me that I, or anyone else, would be molested in making apple vinegar. The court

held that it was no crime to make apple vinegar, and a State chemist testified that it was impossible to make pure apple vinegar without it passing through the hard cider stage. Now, if a person makes hard cider for the purpose of violating the law it is a crime, as I understand it, and, of course, should be, but if it is made for a lawful purpose, it is no crime. I want to take this opportunity to thank the officers for their fair, impartial attitude in my case, and to thank my many loyal friends who stood by me in this difficulty. After all, perhaps, the case did more good than harm, because it proved that the hundreds and hundreds of housewives who, in their daily routine of housekeeping, make apple vinegar, are not violators of the law, and perhaps my trouble will keep them from getting into trouble. If so, I will be thankful. I hold no malice toward anyone for my arrest and prosecution. I think they acted in good faith, but it was quite a burden to me, both in worry and expense.

Respectfully submitted,
MALINDA MCFADDEN.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE REV. DR. HOWARD E. HAND, pastor of the Park Avenue Methodist Church of Philadelphia, as reported by the *Evening Bulletin*:

I wonder if it wouldn't be better today if there were more jails and more people jailed. We are staggered in this generation as we face a tidal wave of crime which is sweeping over the country and drastic measures should be taken. The jail symbolizes America's faith in God and order.

THE worship of Yahweh in the same live-wire town, as described by the *Public Ledger*:

The New Berean Baptist Church, at 59th and Pine streets, will hold a Sunday-school rally service tomorrow in which a miniature Zeppelin operated on a cable will be a feature. Every time $25 is contributed the Zeppelin will make a flight about the Sunday-school room.

GOOD news for Pittsburgh booklovers in the celebrated *Press* thereof:

David D. Cadugan, 960 Davis ave., North Side, is the new librarian of the North Side Carnegie library, succeeding C. B. Connel who resigned to become a member of the ci council. Cadugan was elected to the place a unanimous vote of council. His name w presented by Councilman Little. Cadugan h been chief clerk of the Allegheny Coun Road Department for several years. He is t first lieutenant of Samuel J. Grenet, Repub can leader of the Twenty-seventh ward.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the London bureau of the emine Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

The Assembly Commission of the Free Chur of Scotland has passed a resolution admo ishing Ambassador Dawes and Premier M Donald for holding a peace conference Sunday. The Duke and Duchess of York w also admonished in a formal resolution cause they presented ambulance medals hospital corps men on the Sabbath. In movi this procedure the Rev. William Frazer clared the action by the King's second s and wife "was an insult to Scotland and m never occur again."

GRATIFYING workings of the Holy Spi in far-away Korea, as reported by t *Oklahoma Methodist*:

The Rev. L. H. Snyder, our Southern Me odist missionary in charge of the Song Higher Common School, Songdo, Korea, w recently signally honored by one of the le ing business organizations of that secti the Songdo Textile Company, Ltd. whi presented Mr. Snyder with a diploma beau fully inscribed in Chinese characters and c ferring upon him the honor and title advisory director of the company. This hon conferred upon Mr. Snyder was entirely sought and involves no financial obligati of any kind.

LETTER to the London *Daily Mail* from t Rev. R. A. C. Pooley, pastor of Tristan Cunha in the South Atlantic:

We do not want any more Bibles for seve years, as well-disposed folk have inunda us with copies. Some houses possess Bibles already. We still have many cop lying idle. Also we shall not require a more Epsom salts for a long time, as we ha 200 lb. waiting to be taken when required

THREE MILLION WOMEN

BY MARGARET COBB

N THE days preceding the Volstead Act, the General Federation of Women's Clubs had a softer time of it than it ms to be having today. To be sure, the oon-ridden rabble did not always uphold ladies' multitude of causes as enthusically as they hoped, but at least it ated them with a certain deference, even h respect, and on higher levels they many a pleasant boost. In 1916, for exple, the *Outlook*, then a very moral jour-, came forth with this sweet praise: he General Federation of Women's bs must be regarded not only as a very nificant sign of the times, but as a at instrument of social progress," and newhat earlier the Superintendent of ucation of Chicago cooed the following thing words: "What this country needs nore women's clubs, for in organized manhood lies the moral and intellectual e of the Republic."

Were this eminent pedagogue living ay he would find his words at least tially fulfilled, for the Federation has anded to 14,000 clubs. But it would ress him, I am sure, to discover that a ld public has begun to pooh-pooh the oral and intellectual" sustenance that ffers. Witness, for example, the hullaoo that went up a year or so ago when news leaked out that the Federation "accepted" $83,000 or thereabouts n two public utility corporations. How American idealists must have blushed r the humiliating jeers loosed upon the es on that occasion! Had the lowded bribe-scenters only postponed their arks until Mrs. John D. Sherman, for- president of the Federation, appeared before the Federal Trade Commission to explain its chummy relationship with the Power Boys, they would have discovered at once that only the most altruistic motives inspired it to take the money.

During the four years of Mrs. Sherman's memorable administration, the Federation, it should be recalled, conducted a Better Homes Campaign. As usual, it was hard up for funds, and in order to finance the project—which was really a very ambitious undertaking—the newly-elected president and her sisters were obliged to seek outside aid. Did a little bird whisper to them where to go for the money? Mrs. Sherman, in her story before the Federal Trade Commission, did not say. However, she frankly admitted that the most generous contributors to the campaign were those two bands of prehensile altruists, the National Electric Light Association and the American Gas Association. Between 1924 and 1928, she related, the former donated the handsome sum of $80,000, while the latter shelled out $3,000. According to her testimony, the boss ladies of the Federation saw absolutely no harm in this transaction. Wasn't the money given for a worthy cause? What really put Mrs. Sherman in a stew as she sat in the witness-box was not the fact that the Commission wanted to know the exact amount and source of the donations, but the nasty insinuations of a previous witness. Not only had he accused her of being on the utility brethren's payroll; he had actually intimated that she had written propaganda articles for them.

In connection with the Better Homes Campaign, it is true, Mrs. Sherman *did*

write a series of articles. They appeared under the title, "The Federation Home Equipment Survey," in a number of the leading women's magazines. It was simply by a happy coincidence that the material she incorporated in these treatises placed the utility folks in a very pleasant and profitable light. For instance, in the *Woman's Home Companion* for April, 1926, she had this to say:

> More than 16,000,000 people in America are now enjoying the benefits afforded by electricity, and there is no good reason why its use should not be more widespread. It is an interesting fact that the electric light and power companies of the United States produce more electricity than all other nations of the world combined and at less cost to the home.

Further on she spoke of the Federation's favorite benefactor as "the National Electric Light Association, a non-profit-making organization." However, in the course of her testimony, she assured the gentlemen of the Trade Commission that "no official of the Light Association had dictated the subjects of the articles, none of which," she added pointedly, "had any bearing upon water power control or kindred subjects." Apparently, these were the articles that formed the basis of the false rumor that Mrs. Sherman was on the Power Boys' payroll. And, reassuringly, she nipped this charge in the bud. The witness who revealed that she had received $600 apiece for twenty-four articles —a total of $14,400, in other words—had neglected to mention an important circumstance, namely, that Mrs. Sherman received her checks from an eminent and impeccable advertising agency, and not from the light association. Although the latter, according to its Director of Public Relations, Mr. George F. Oxley, actually furnished the $14,400, Mrs. Sherman made it very clear that she had "received payment directly from the agency." Such was the theme song of her testimony, and she clung to it grimly.

We may grieve that an organization representing the enlightened and refined womanhood of the nation should have been entangled, even innocently, in utility mess, for the disclosures then go on before the Trade Commission w hardly of the sort respectable ladies l to get mixed up in. However, the wo that can be said of the business, so far Mrs. Sherman and her sisters are concern is that they had indulged in a bit of refi gold-digging. In the future, the Federat will no doubt employ other methods raising money. At any rate, a vote w passed at the last convention proposin $2,000,000 foundation fund "to insure independence of the Federation." This n nificent amount, it was stipulated, was come—not from outsiders—but from do tions within the lodge.

II

To listen to the prophets-of-doom who constantly meddling with the G.F.W.C affairs, one would swear that the lad are on the verge of giving up the ghc To illustrate what is going on: last Spri the district managers of the Maryland F eration of Women's Clubs, a branch G.F.W.C., held a meeting in Baltim and invited Mrs. Anna Steese Richards to be their guest of honor. What she t those unsuspecting matrons as they over their dessert and coffee was a-plen "Any organization that tries to spre itself all over the place and do a hundr and one things from Browning to t kitchen sink cannot live," were the s zling words she hurled at them.

As a matter of fact, the members of t Federation are engaged literally in eve thing from "Browning to the kitch sink," and are mighty proud to say Was Mrs. Richardson suggesting that th tackle only one job at a time—say the Bi board Menace this year, and a Better Bab Campaign next? Why, they would die, n of overwork, as Mrs. Richardson insin ated, but of boredom! And, in that ca they might as well join the W.C.T. People like her can rave all they plea to the Ladies of the Uplift the idea

apping their present multitudinous functns is intolerable and unthinkable. Conder for a moment what such action would an to their biennial conventions. What uld be the point of passing hundreds resolutions at every session? There uldn't be any point, and the glorious ndigs which Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, time high potentate of G.F.W.C., wit- characterized as "middle-aged women on a bat," would take on the horrible emnity of an Elks' lodge of sorrow.

The record of "subjects and measures ocated and supported by the General eration," *i.e.*, resolutions passed in bien- conclaves, is too long to print here. ey number thousands. However, to get adequate appreciation of the prolific vements the ladies have engaged in in past, one need only consult a synopsis vhat they term their "achievements." m time to time, their publicity chair- n, in her thoughtful way, compiles a list he most impressive measures they have ked, and this is broadcast as indisput- e evidence of their progress. Let us turn the 1918 programme, for that was a tling year. With the doughboys off to , and the womenfolk left home to y on, the Federationists certainly did r bit for Uncle Sam. After raising their ta of Liberty Bonds, did they stop e? Not at all. The following shows v hard they worked:

otection for American-made fabrics and othing; removal of tax on musical instruents; prohibiting importation of nursery ock; child welfare; planting of State highays (*sic*); nature study in public schools; engement of Sequoia National Park; establhment of Grand Canyon National Park; ar garden commission; protection of women d children in industry; eradication of ilteracy; vocational training for war veterans; pointment of women on government comssions; appointment of women physicians d surgeons to military service; military nk for army nurses; teaching of Americanion in public schools; repeal of postal zone v; and compulsory training for citizenship public schools.

uriously enough, the official list for 1918 does not include a resolution, passed in convention that year, "earnestly requesting Congress to immediately pass a national bone-dry law." (An oversight, I guess, for the G.F.W.C. at every biennial meeting since has gone on record in favor of the Noble Experiment.) Nor does it really convey the flaming patriotism that seized the ladies while the Huns were doing their dirty work. No one lapped up the atrocity stories more eagerly than they did; their rostrums were regularly filled by speakers of the Creel Press Bureau. A favorite orator was Mr. F. C. Wolcott, then in training under Mr. Hoover's Food Administration. Mr. Wolcott never failed to thrill his audiences with his gruesome stories of starving Poles (whom he rescued from Fritz' clutches, according to the G.F.W.C. annals). Stamping his foot in righteous rage, he shouted: "The glorious democracies which have been so gloriously developed, crushed by a military despotism!" On the Sabbath, the clubwomen listened to the gory sermons of such divines as Dr. Theodore Gerald Soares, professor of religious education at the University of Chicago. "We must breed more boys for battle," rang from his pulpit, and spurred on by his words the matrons straightway cabled General Pershing, "American motherhood is behind you."

Today, to be sure, they are rooting just as lustily for peace as they did for war. (Much to the chagrin of their close friends, the D.A.R.'s.) But if they now attend pacifist conferences instead of crying for more and bigger battleships we must not condemn them too severely. During the Spanish-American War they applauded President McKinley for "waging a war for progress," but when Cuba was saved and Hobson came home to be kissed, they settled down as peace-lovers.

Of late years, it is interesting to note, the ladies of the Federation are concentrating so much attention on national and State legislation that Better Babies and Better Homes have to worry along without them. In certain respects, indeed, their national

headquarters in Washington, conveniently located near the Capitol dome, might easily be mistaken for the august Congress itself. Here in their sumptuous hangout the ruling dowagers thrash out the tariff, farm relief and other knotty problems while Congress dodges a vote. It is really very impressive to hear their erudite discussions. They speak affectionately of this or that piece of legislation as "our bill," or "the bill for which we have been working," and its passage is always "one of the great achievements of the Federation this year."

Should you inquire, "What is the Federation doing?" you will be presented with a stack of reports drawn up by the legislative department. These reports, you discover, enumerate the Federal bills and measures which have had the benefit of the Federation's seal of approval. Witness:

> Seven bills on our Federal legislative programme have been passed by both the House of Representatives and the Senate. . . . This is an especially noteworthy record, since with a single exception all of these bills have had our support in a previous Congress, and the majority have been on our programme for years.

III

At almost any session of Congress, a delegation from the Federation, elegantly attired, may be seen haunting the marble halls of the Capitol. By their dignified bearing and the air of importance that surrounds them, you can guess they have come on business and not sightseeing. Woe to the Congressman who attempts to pass them by. "We represent three million women," is their formidable battle cry, and that is enough to gain their admission to every committee chamber. The hon. gentlemen are always ready, if not precisely willing, listeners to their demands. "During the session now closing," says one of the reports, "the Federation has presented its views at fifteen hearings."

Nevertheless, there are certain members who appear to be reluctant to acknowledge the ladies' influence. This was revealed the other day by a Senator, who, strange say, really likes them. When one of constituents suggested that he favor th with a testimonial, he glumly repli "Members of Congress listen carefully all their arguments. However, there so many different sources from which st ments which influence Congressmen co that it is rather difficult to attach proper percentage of weight to any one them." Small wonder that this Sena requested that he be quoted anonymous

Nor is this all the busy old girls have suffer. In spite of their confident boast t they represent three million women, th sometimes have the Devil's own time s porting it. Hecklers have an annoying w of asking: "How can an organization size of the Federation voice the unanim opinion of millions of members?" Na rally, the heroines of N street are gett pretty tired of these prodders, for the swer to the question is so very simp "The authority of our spokesmen is ba upon resolutions passed in conventio is plainly written in the legislative ch man's reports.

To prove that the endless resolutions not put over on the affiliated clubs those who boss the Federation, the soci has a system called Pre-Endorsement St which all the State clubs are asked to in force prior to convention time. P Endorsement Study may be compared boning the catechism three days bef confirmation; except that six weeks allotted to the job instead of three days. those six weeks, which are conside ample time, the clubwomen throughc the land are supposed to acquaint the selves with the bills and measures that w be submitted before the national meeti With this preparation, a chosen few fr each State organization prance off to c vention to cast their State's votes.

There have been occasions, of cour when a local unit upset the salubri harmony of the General Federation by belling against the system. One shock instance was the defection, in 1927, of

oman's Club of Louisville, composed of members. The way those tempestuous ntucky belles carried on was something ndalous They accused their superior cers of forcing their club, "under threat expulsion, to endorse a legislative pro- mme," and defiantly declared that nei- r the General Federation or any other ver could persuade it to "surrender con- l of its own political actions." On top hat their chairman wrote a blistering er to the New York *Times*, divulging the eration's most sacred secrets. "An edict n G.F.W.C.," she wrote, "forbids any te Federation or individual club to rk . . . against any legislative measure orsed by the national body." This con- nacious Kentucky crowd, it goes with- saying, was kicked out.

Why the Maryland Federation did not et with a similar fate when it refused to ladies with anti-Prohibition leanings nexplainable. A clause in the national e definitely specifies that members filiated with any organization which erates, either by practice or teaching, lation of national or State laws" are not come in the Federation. This offending ase aroused a saucy debate in the Free te club, the wets claiming that it was ed at them, and the drys demanding t it be incorporated in their constitu- n. Without much fuss, the scofflaws n and the clause was stricken out. Their on was sufficient to bring down the th of the N street bosses, but strangely ugh the Marylanders escaped unpun- d.

IV

and brimstone are fit chastement for lcitrant members who, on bolting the , circulate stories that all is not hotsy- y with the Lady Uplifters. If the Fed- ion wants to take a wise stand, it will e all incoming members to swear on Bible never, never to divulge the seamy of its club life. Thus only can the es hope to protect themselves against n trouble makers as Mrs. Edna La Moore Waldo, a former office-holder. Declaring that she was "tired of being a professional clubwoman," the disgruntled Mrs. Waldo last March supplied the *Pictorial Review* with these bitter words: "No matter how glibly we may talk about what we are doing for the great American home we cannot be the kind of clubwoman I have been without sacrificing that same home." Women aspiring to live "above the dish- pan," she said, were finding it intolerably burdensome to keep up the swift pace set by the Federation. "The week my three- year-old son was born," she continued, "the club magazine was due from press. I read proofs in the hospital. . . . Three weeks later I was helping the 'girls' in my club put on a Better-Homes Drive." Well, that is the thanks the Federation gets for endeavoring, as Mrs. Sherman once said, "to place a halo on the head of the woman with the broom."

Sad to relate, the ungrateful Mrs. Waldos are becoming more numerous each year, and the ruling sisters are disturbed over the persistent rumblings of discontent. Cer- tain clubwomen actually feel that it is more important to decide the location of their town's new dog pound than to bal- lyho for the Kellogg Peace Treaty. In the parlance of the leaders, they lack "vision" —the inspiration to do things on a grand and gaudy scale. If they were truly loyal to Federation ideals they'd adopt its na- tional programme without a murmur. That programme, according to the official liter- ature, demands the coöperation of all the various units along the following lines: American Citizenship, American Home, Fine Arts, International Relations, Legis- lation, Press and Publicity, and Public Welfare. In addition, each constituent club is pledged to support the "major projects" sponsored by the administration. Isn't it discouraging, in view of this noble pro- gramme, when a club threatens to with- draw its membership because the demands are "too hard"? Witness the complaint of the president of a Woman's Civic League in one of the Southern States: "We are so

busy attending to Federation affairs that we haven't time to do our own work. Our organization hasn't time to waste on a lot of legislation which half of the women don't understand anyway. Next year we are getting out."

Another question of grave concern to the dowagers of N street is, Who will continue the great cause after they have passed on to their reward? Though they offer all kinds of inducements to lure the younger generation, the constituent clubs are still preponderantly womaned by fair ones well over the dangerous age. In spite of the Federation's pitifully low dues—ten cents *per capita*—"less than we tip a waiter" one member declared—and in spite of the delightful kimono conferences and lovely literary teas sponsored by the clubs, the flighty youthful set exhibits a painful indifference to the sort of club life its elders have been accustomed to. It is almost a hopeless situation. Some of the Lady Uplifters, as a last resort, are even suggesting the establishment of nurseries where young married women can park their progeny while club meetings are in session. As for baiting the single gals, the Federation is now being told to leave them alone. "Give them a chance to marry," the irrepressible Mrs. Richardson admonished her Maryland audience on the fateful day she was invited to speak. "They haven't time for anything but landing a man when they're young. After that they'll have plenty of time for clubs."

V

The supreme order of female societies got its start in a very romantic way back in the gloomy days following the Civil War. One blustering evening in March, 1868, a group of lady journalists assembled in New York to plot vengeance against the Press Club of that city. Mutiny gleamed in their eyes, and from trembling lips issued words burning with denunciation and scorn. The victims of their attacks, it seems, had committed the serious blunder of barring female reporters from a dinner which the Press Club gave in honor Charles Dickens. Such snubbing even Mid-Victorian New Women resen keenly. Were they not emancipated? T would teach their male colleagues a les and organize a club of women only.

"When the idea of a woman's club t possession of her she had become the n indignant and spirited woman ever loc out of a banquet hall." The tempestu lady thus described by a chronicler of time was the prime instigator of the mo ment—Mrs. Jane Cunningham Croly, of David Croly, managing editor of New York *World*. Then a matron of fo Mrs. Croly—who was popularly kno as Jenny June, her *nom de plume*—was n than eligible to lead her sister journal in revolt. Claiming to have been the member of her sex to enter the newspa ranks in this country, her career dated b to the early 50's. In other words, Je June was a veteran. And she feared no of the Press Club.

But for her energetic efforts, the da project so auspiciously begun on March night might have fallen throu It was the earliest attempt of Amer ladies to form a strictly feminine organ tion other than Female Bible Socie Having discharged their spleen, the jority of the insurgent presswomen denly developed cold feet and decline go on with the scheme. Several offered excuse that their hubbies did not appr Kate Field, just home from a triumph assignment covering Charles Dickens' ton speech, changed her mind and ref to join a club that excluded the men fo She liked the boys too well. Gradually once brave band dwindled to Mrs. C and a handful of followers. These bec the founders of a society by the euphon name of Sorosis.

Weathering "much abusive critici heaped upon them by the metropol newspapers, the Sorosians, we are t lived and flourished. Twenty-one y after their bold action, Mrs. Croly lea to her joy that ninety-seven other soci

the down-trodden sex were in operation roughout the land. This was her cue to nch, as she said, "the second stage of omen's clubs—the evolution into the eadth and grandeur of a national move-nt."

The ensuing founding of the General deration of Women's Clubs, in March, 89, in New York City, is hailed by his-ians of the event as the "gathering of a eat and loving sisterhood." The meeting ok place in the Madison Square Theatre, th all the pomp and ceremony of a sidential inauguration. Resplendent in eir finest leg-o'-muttons and stately bus-s, lady delegates from seventeen States ed the galleries and pit of the old show-use. From every rail and cornice Old ory waved a benignant approval, while the stage, surrounded by potted palms l congratulatory bouquets, smiled the ebrated leaders of the women's cause. What charming women!" several priv-ged gentlemen who were present were ced to exclaim. "They move about the tform as if it were a drawing-room." nity in Diversity" was chosen as the tto of the new organization.

After the show was over, only one in-ent occurred to mar the rosy aspirations the founders. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, y-haired militant of the women's cause, ose "Battle Hymn of the Republic" ry Nineteenth Century clubwoman knew heart, tendered her resignation as a nber of the constitution committee. New England Women's Club, of ich she was president, "did not con-r an association of clubs desirable at ent," so she had to be counted out. absence caused much mourning, but h the able assistance of Mrs. Croly, a stitution was nevertheless drafted.

hat these primeval grandmas of the ift were not aware that they were ng birth to the mighty organization ch the G.F.W.C. is today is witnessed he unpretentious rules they laid down. "The object of the Federation," they announced, "is to bring into communication with each other various women's clubs . . . in order that they may compare methods of work." As long as it was not "sectarian or political," any club with the urge to join received a cordial welcome, but it is interesting to note that preference was shown to those "whose chief object is literary, artistic, or scientific culture." These simple qualifications attracted hundreds of Literary Circles and Female Study Clubs, progenitors of the local clubs which we have with us today. On the early roster appeared these typical names: Hypatian Club, Sappho Club, Over-the-Tea-cups, Magpie, Æsthetic Club, Ruskin Art Club, Cozy Club, Beacon Lights, Married Ladies' Reading Club and Rainy Day Club. Several Ladies' Tourist Clubs were also admitted.

It was not long until Mrs. Croly and her associates of the advisory board realized that their organization was developing into nothing more than a glorified culture society. When the first Federation council met at the home of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, this deplorable state of affairs was earnestly pondered. "The eagerness with which women's clubs have taken up history, literature, and art studies is almost pathetic," declared Jenny June, taking the floor. Wasn't it time that women showed an interest in Civic Reform? The jails needed looking after, the schools were run badly, trees needed to be planted. Township affairs, indeed, were in a terrible state, if only clubwomen would open their eyes to them. La June's proposal caused a flutter. Gentlewomen in public life? La, la, Mrs. Croly, it just wasn't done!

But in time the squeamish ones saw their duty. "Women are no longer willing to pass an unsightly dump heap on their way to a Dante lecture," triumphantly reported a Federation officer in 1892. Thereafter the progress of the Uplifters' activities knew no bounds. Indeed, the sky became the limit. And there it is today.

SOME AMERICANS IN JAPAN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

Master Cotard

HE DRANK the tea-tasters of Formosa under the table—as good a way as any to gain lasting fame in the Far East. The tea-tasters are to the Orient what the buffalo is to the Hitch Hike Belt of the United States. Not that they are disappearing, but they symbolize certain romantic scenario aspects of the sun-helmeted, Bah Jove, verandahed foreign life of the East. Glum, watery-eyed, mostly British, and slightly corrosive, they move up and down the China coast, tasting tea but not swallowing it, gulping whiskey but not tasting it, and carrying on in general like something by Somerset Maugham.

Every year they turn up at Taihoku, the capital of Formosa, to gargle the current crop and pronounce judgment on the various grades. The art of tea-tasting requires a peculiar palate, and it is the belief of the profession that good whiskey sharpens it. Add the fact that Taihoku is the dullest town from Kamchatka to Cebu, and one begins to understand why it is the custom of the tea-tasters to while away their Formosan hours in drinking bouts which have become accepted as the standard of alcoholic endurance records among all foreigners who linger west of the 180th meridian. It is commonly believed that a tea-taster lives for no other reason—perhaps by virtue of no other reason—than to drink another tea-taster under the table. Theirs is not a riotous, mirth-provoking pastime, but a business-like, silent fight to a finish, quarter neither asked nor given.

Once an American consul in Taihoku played host during several hours in the lives of the visiting tea-tasters. A cru moat surrounded his house, spanned at t entrance by a narrow plank of a brid without railing. One of the guests broug with him a dog. The party lasted all nigl As the crowd started home in the daw the solicitous host, mindful of the foo bridge peril, watched anxiously from t window. But only the dog fell into t moat. The rest walked it like Blondin.

Into this bacchanal group there ca one day an American wearing a Van Dy beard to conceal a wart on the point of h chin. At the conclusion of the day's ardo he sat with the tea-tasters that evening a local rathskeller. Though not of t fraternity, there was something about th bearded stranger which commended h to the tea-tasters. They drank mostly wh key—Scotch with seltzer. The strang chose for the evening a simple but att ciously mixed gin sling. By dawn it w apparent that this was going to be a drin ing bout to go down in the annals of t white man's conquest of the Far Ea And it did. Early in the ensuing afterno the last remaining tea-taster breath deeply and slid into oblivion. Then t bearded gentleman raised a glass to the de and walked out bareheaded but unassiste

Up and down the coast ran the story the amiable Cotard with the lilacs. H moved in the wake of tall tales of flag lifting, and seldom disappointed those w flocked to be his companions in wassa In Manila he knew a way to improve t mint juleps at the Elks Club bar, in Harb he devised a black pepper ingredient improve vodka, and in Kobe he perform miracles with *sake*. His remarkable stami

y be explained by the fact that he was rn in the South and raised on white le, and spent most of his youth in ston, where he achieved a fondness for sh whiskey. Graduated from a great iversity, he returned for a doctor's de- e and then served for a time on the ulty. Then he was lured into a commer- l field and was sent to Japan to do some gh-grade sales promotion.

The suave professor immediately launched usiness that grew to several millions of n a year. His salary rose proportionately. on he had saved a fortune. He has tried years to retire, but each time his com- ny in New York has refused to accept resignation and raised his wages. So goes back grumblingly, swearing each p will be his last.

He has, as a drinker, one weakness. rely does he totter for tipple, or collect mps against the butcher stalls of the East, but he loses his hats. He is gnizant of this foible and to offset it ips himself with a collection of remark- e headgear, the like of which is not n outside a character actor's wardrobe. is his theory that the more unorthodox hat the more likely it will be clamped his head by observant companions in small hours of his liquid evenings. A en Alpine hat with a feather, for in- nce, is seldom lost in the barroom ffle. It is also likely that the professor, o has a strong sense of drama, is a little ud that he is known for losing his hat, l like an artist who signs a portrait he ves his chapeau purposely behind him is stamp of approval on an appreciated ning of bar polishing.

last saw him on a limpid night in gust last in New York. He was due to ve early the next morning by trans- tinental train *en route* to Tokyo. We t in a Fortieth street speakeasy fre- nted by newspaper men, and they gave pectful attention as the professor dem- trated to the bartender something new lo with bathtub gin. He bade me good- long after daylight, just in time to rush to his hotel and get his bags, and then make the train. Three days later I dropped into the same place and the bartender handed me a flopping Formosan straw hat.

II

Jolly Nellie

Like most human freaks, Jolly Nellie Terrell was very sensitive. In a short ballet costume revealing her elephantine biceps, she would stand for hours in front of Japanese throngs at the circus lot, but in her street clothes she hid from human eyes.

Oriental races have always been fascinated by fat persons. Stage comedy is a recent innovation in Japan, and in some manner corpulency has come to be associated with farce. In China they like, for comedy, people who fall inadvertently into water. American film distributors in the East have long known that. No comedian of the screen has ever enjoyed the popularity of Fatty Arbuckle in the Orient—and Arbuckle in a picture depicting him frequently falling into a roadside puddle proved so hilarious to the Chinese that its attendance records have never been equalled.

Jolly Nellie, an astute showwoman of the sandlot carnival school, arrived in Tokyo from Manila with a huge water tank and 625 widely advertised pounds of herself. She was the wife of one Dare-devil Terrell, a normal-sized, tattooed motorcycle rider who contributed thrilling rides on a perpendicular wall. There were other attractions, a diving horse, diving girls, trained seals, a minstrel show and mechanical devices. The carnival, within a week, was taking in an average of $600 a day, but Jolly Nellie alone drew more than all the other shows together.

From noon until midnight the Japanese crowded into her tent to stare while she intoned a monologue in nasal American about her birth in Ohio twenty-two years before, "one of a family of six normal

children," and her ordinary beginning and incredible growth. The Japanese comprehended not a word of this, but they stood in awe and marvelled. Babies were held on shoulders, women in the front line squatted on haunches, small boys climbed tent poles, and bespectacled school teachers piloted troops of uniformed students in orderly ranks through the tent to witness this gargantuan foreign woman. As she spoke, she proved to them she was "bigger around than tall" by using a rubber measuring band which contracted as she held it vertically. Then she sold postcards of herself, autographed with a rubber stamp.

Offstage, Jolly Nellie was as self-effacing as her 625 pounds would permit. She dutifully and lengthily changed from her ballet dress to voluminous gowns of severe design, concealing as much of her billowing curves as possible. A long black cloak and a Bedouin tent of a hat, obscuring her features, completed her street costume. She moved quickly to her closed car with its specially built door, and made herself as inconspicuous as possible on the rear seat.

Once, on the way to the show grounds, with Terrell driving, a breakdown occurred on the Ginza, Tokyo's busiest street. Terrell drew up to the curb and as he began his repair job, noon-day crowds gathered to gape. When they saw that it was not only a foreigner in the back seat but one of extraordinary proportions, they climbed on the fenders and running boards. The mortified lady drew the shades, but still they stared from the front. In desperation she pulled a lap robe over her entire figure, head and all, and sat there for nearly an hour under an August sun. She was almost unconscious when her husband finished his repairs and moved off.

She was as vain as she was sensitive. There was an exaggerated baby prettiness about her full-moon face which topped an Ionic neck. With her blue eyes, Cupid's bow lips which she maintained at a cherry red, glittering earrings and bobbed hair, Jolly Nellie sat for hours at her mirror and had learned to concentrate on t face to the utter forgetfulness of her ma moth figure. But rising from her seat, would become conscious again that was a freak. A furtiveness would come i her eyes and she would bend her hip potamus knees with amazing celerity. ting with friends, she played bridge w absorption, told stories with abandon, recited Service's poems with dramatic effe

In such moments Jolly Nellie deligh to recount the remarkable doings of Arizona Jack, who had been with show in Manila. Jack was a tall, rou skinned Britisher of great dexterity w a pair of six-shooters. As a beachcombe Manila he had applied for a job with carnival, and got it. Regaled in sombre silk shirt and chaps, he was billed Arizona Jack although he had never b in America. During the inevitable cl between the carnival force and city ho lums, a marauding band of Filipinos, saved the day by standing in the cente the concession street and neatly pink members of the invading gang until guns were empty and complete rout h been effected.

If ever exalted romance came into Jo Nellie's life, it must have been personi by that British beachcomber. But her c duct was always above reproach. Primari it would have been a little difficult for of her bulk to have attempted anyth clandestine, and secondarily, Terrell notoriously short tempered. On one oc sion, when he heard that the Hun Skeleton was over-friendly with Nel he rushed over to the Skeleton's tent mauled him so severely that the bri gentleman went to the hospital with s eral broken ribs. The Manila papers tailed the story gleefully. In Tokyo Jo Nellie returned the favor. A woman c cessionaire, jealous of the mounting pro of the Terrells, remarked to the D devil that she "didn't have to marr freak to get on in this world." Jo Nellie forthwith picked up an office ch and broke it over the offending woma

ad. The splintering of the chair sounded if an earthquake had rocked the shack. Jolly Nellie showed in Tokyo for six nths. When she left Japan a cautious pping line hitched a derrick to the ddle of the gangplank, fearful that she uld crash through. A great crowd gath- d on the wharf to see her go aboard. e walked up the gangplank, her face ered with a heavy veil.

III

Shamed Lady

e came to town one evening on a tourist p with a full moon rising on the cock- l hour. All the way across the Pacific had set the social pace on that blatant ft, surrounding herself with a little erie of gray-bobbed, be-diamonded men of her own age, and ineffectual, rona-chewing men. She spent lavishly, ght champagne by the case, and led way in all the daring pranks of the ing salon, in her own suite, and late night on the boat deck. Except for a id, she traveled alone, the wife of an erican millionaire.

or the first night in Japan, she prom- l her little group a real thrill. There been a consultation with an assistant ise director who knew Yokohama. He s known to be discreet. While the ship ved in from quarantine to its berth, r women and five men in dinner dress hered in the bar for cocktails. The gplank was lowered and the chattering up stepped ashore, clambered unsteadily o rikishas, and were loped away to the nd Hotel for dinner. After dinner, it been agreed, would be the proper time tart their shore adventure.

t 10 o'clock, flushed with champagne expectation, they walked down the t steps of the hotel and entered two or-cars, with the destination still un- wn to all but the leader and the cruise ctor, who had instructed the drivers. the cars circled around the moonlit ers of the bay toward Hommoku Beach, the revelers started up songs at the tops of their voices. A half hour later, the two cars drove up before Yokohama's most notorious "night-club," catering largely to sailors from the seven seas and boasting a galaxy of girls from as many nations as there were flags upon its souvenir match-boxes. The tourist party stepped into the entrance hall, checked hats and coats and took in their surroundings with a glow of excitement mixed with a little trepidation as they beheld a group of scowling French sailors in one corner, sitting at tables with girls on their laps.

In the main assembly room, where a phonograph played "Hallelujah," they chose adjoining tables and ordered a preliminary round of whiskey sodas. Pajama-clad girls dancing in close embrace with sailors circled about. Other girls were sitting on the bar, drinking claret and water while they beguiled men into stronger drinks. The inevitable fight between the black gang and the fo'c's'l of a British freighter appeared imminent in one corner, with the girls trying to make peace by kissing the combatants. The tourist party trembled in enjoyment of the scene, and showered congratulations upon their gay leader.

By now, three-fourths drunk, she asked the cruise director to summon the madame.

"Or Mama-san, as we say in Japan," the official smiled.

Mama-san approached, a crafty-eyed stout Eurasian woman who spoke broken English.

"Listen, Mama-san," said the lady who led, "tonight this is open house, you understand? Tonight everything is free—all drinks, everything. I will pay it all. Do you understand?"

Mama-san understood. Politely she suggested an advance payment and the lady from the ship handed her two hundred-dollar bills.

And the party was on. No longer did the sailors scowl at the intruders. Glasses were raised to them; the girls flocked about them asking the men to dance, and

up and down Hommoku Beach spread the word that a rich American lady was giving open house at the Kiyo Hotel that night, and for all night.

By two o'clock in the morning the place was Bedlam. Never had there been such a party in their lives, said the watery-eyed gentlemen in dinner dress.

A group of seamen from a Swedish ship clumped in and took a table across the room, good-looking blond giants of smiling countenance.

The women from the tourist ship were audible in their admiration. One of the men offered to bet a round of drinks with any woman of the party that she couldn't "make" any of the Swedes. Of course it would all be in fun and they would save her if the Swede took her seriously.

The gray-haired madcap blithely accepted the dare. Slipping out into the hall, she borrowed a flowered kimono from one of the girls and returned with mincing steps, and her most fetching smile toward the table of the Swedes. The party watched with suppressed excitement. Picking the most handsome Swede, the American lady insinuated herself in his lap and put her arm around his neck.

The Swede, caught almost unawares, leaned back and surveyed her graying hair, the puffs under her eyes, and her leathery cheeks, and bethought himself of the girl with the green pajamas he had been watching. Certainly he did not want this one. With an oath, he gave her a shove, and the American lady whose name has been headlined in the society news of metropolitan newspapers landed heavily on the floor of Yokohama's most notorious den of vice.

She arose from the floor looking twenty years older and walked heavily to the table where her group was waiting for a cue to laugh or make a show of retaliation.

"The party's off," she said, sombrely. "I'm going back to the ship."

Back there, she hid herself in her cabin and never emerged again while the ship was in Japan.

IV

The Man from Iowa

Two Japanese writers in a Tokyo new paper office were in argument as to t proper form of the verb *wasureru* in t causative. Unable to agree, they walk over to a corner desk and put their questi to a shaggy, stoop-shouldered man fr Mount Pleasant, Iowa. He answered w a snort and the controversy was over.

He teaches Japanese and English in Tokyo secondary school, reads proof night for a Japanese newspaper, and tween times writes weekly motoring ar cles for an English-language paper.

He has a Japanese wife and five childr Once a suspicious missionary came prow ing around his house, and finding the fath away, warily questioned the bland a smiling lady about the legality of h marriage. She was inscrutable. When t Iowan came home he did not wait to h the story through. He stalked across t town to the missionary's home, scatter his rice-Christian servants with a wo and elevated the divine gentleman fr a chair by his coat collar.

"If you ever come within five *cho* of t house again, my good man, you will c tainly pass to your reward," he told h in English. Then he repeated it in Ja anese. He dropped the trembling pars back in his chair and left. No missiona has since seen fit to do any further detecti work for the Lord in the vicinity of t Iowa farmer's Tokyo home.

He has lived twenty-five years in Jap and hates the Japanese with an ardor th would send a Californian to Congress. considers Lafcadio Hearn, who lived fifte years in Japan, altogether *mashuggah*, a has refused to read through any of h books on the Flowery Kingdom. He doesn see how any person could live fifteen ye in Japan, nor does he pretend to see ho one could possibly extend it to twenty-f years.

He talks with a British accent, a dresses like a beachcomber, except on t

re occasions when he dons formal evening
ess. Then shirt and tie are immaculate,
t the black of the coat and trousers is
rning green. He has no idea where he
quired his British accent; indeed, he
ofesses to believe that he has none. His
panese is perfect both in structure and
pronunciation. He is a member of a
panese business men's club, but has
ned no organization in which he might
counter foreigners. He has never been
own to drink intoxicating liquors except
light potions of *sake* customarily taken
Japanese dinners.

About his past the Iowan is most un-
mmunicative. He tells only that he grew
on a farm. Any inquiry is met with
arming evasions. It is doubtful if any
ner American knows where he lives in
kyo. No one save the missionary has
r seen his wife or children.

His one hobby is motorcycling. He has
ned a string of machines successively,
l in recent years each has had a side-
. But no other passenger has ever been
n in the side-car. Even his pleasure in
toring is lessened by the fact that when-
r he stops he is always surrounded by
crowd of Japanese. They stare at all
eigners and the sight of this immense
van, glaring back at them and sputtering
omatic imprecations, only draws larger
wds.

Once a puncture halted him on the bank
the ancient moat which surrounds the
perial Palace in Tokyo. The curious
sers-by stopped to stare. When he had
nged his tire, with rising temper, he
ed about him with his long arms, and
ee persons were toppled into the moat.
was off before the crowd recovered from
surprise and that night he wrote a
f account of the incident for his news-
per, giving his name and approximate
ress.

Next to Japanese, American tourists net-
him most. Occasionally glad-handed
the streets by a stray tourist, he takes
lonic delight in giving directions to
ne destination which is certain to lose
his questioner in a labyrinth of narrow streets. But to those so fortunate as to win his regard, he becomes an invaluable guide, accompanying the uninitiated to Tokyo's best cafés, most fetching beauty spots, out-of-the-way shops or loveliest temples. His linguistic accomplishments at such times produce miracles of service.

He has frequently announced that he will never leave Japan, nor will he ever become a Japanese subject. Neither will he go native in the slightest degree. He has immense scorn for any white man who does.

V

At a Geisha Party

In a Japanese restaurant about eight o'clock in the evening. The guests are ranged around the room in the form of the honorable character *ko*, roughly, a horseshoe. They are all sitting on the floor, about three feet apart, Americans alternating with Japanese, a small lacquer smoking stand in front of each. There are no women present, but the geisha are about ready to make their entrance. All the conversation is in English.

American Gentleman—(*To Japanese at his right*) We might as well get acquainted. My name is Hurley.

Japanese Gentleman—Mr. Hurley, yess. My name is Mr. Suzuki. (*Shaking hands limply*) Please to make your acquaintance.

Mr. Hurley—Glad to meet you, Mr. Suzuki.

Mr. Suzuki—How long have you been in Japan?

Mr. Hurley—Two years. I don't speak much Japanese though.

(Mr. Suzuki *apparently does not understand the latter, so Mr. Hurley decides to speak slowly, enunciating each word carefully.*)

Mr. Hurley—I said I've been here two years. Speak very little Japanese.

Mr. Suzuki—Oh, no. I think you must speak pretty good Japanese.

Mr. Hurley—No, I really don't. (*He laughs deprecatingly.*)

MR. SUZUKI—Oh, yes, I think you speak more than only a little.

MR. HURLEY—You speak excellent English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, no. My English very poor. I speak only a little.

MR. HURLEY—Not at all; you speak excellent English. I think you been America long time.

MR. SUZUKI—Beg pardon?

MR. HURLEY—I say, you speak so good English, I think you must stop America long time. How long you been America?

(MR. HURLEY *is under the impression that the omission of adjectives and prepositions has a great deal to do with the clarity of English.*)

MR. SUZUKI—I have never been in America!

MR. HURLEY—You don't say! You speak such good English, I could have sworn you had been in America. I thought sure you been America. Speak such good English.

MR. SUZUKI—I was in England two years.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, England? Well, I thought you had been somewhere. (*The geisha enter at this point, one kneeling before each guest and pouring the first cup of sake, the national rice wine.*)

MR. SUZUKI—You like *sake*?

MR. HURLEY—Oh, yes, I like *sake*. But when I first come Japan I did not like *sake*. Now, I like *sake* all right. Very good.

MR. SUZUKI—Japanese like *sake* very much, ha, ha.

MR. HURLEY—Well, you folks been here longer. (*He laughs loudly and when* MR. SUZUKI, *all uncomprehending, joins in politely, the laughter becomes uproarious.*)

MR. SUZUKI—This geisha say she like you very much. She think you are what you say pretty.

MR. HURLEY—(*Laughing*) No, no, y tell her I am not pretty at all. Say, list you tell her I think she is very pretty.

MR. SUZUKI—(*Obliging, then—*) She no, she is not pretty but she think you very pretty.

MR. HURLEY—No, no, I am not pret Tell her I think she is kidding me. Y know kid?

MR. SUZUKI—Kid?

MR. HURLEY—You know spoof?

MR. SUZUKI—Spoof, I do not kn spoof.

MR. HURLEY—Aw, you know, jo Make big joke.

MR. SUZUKI—Ah, so! Joke! Ah, yes know joke. Joke! Ha, ha!

MR. HURLEY—Tell her she has pre kimono.

(MR. SUZUKI *and the geisha excha words in their tongue.*)

MR. SUZUKI—She say she think y look like cinema actor.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, no, no; ha, ha, No, I do not look like movie actor.

GEISHA—Very nice!

MR. HURLEY—"Very nice!" Why, speaks English, doesn't she? (*To geis* You speak English?

MR. SUZUKI—No, she know only t words English, I think.

MR. HURLEY—Why, I'll bet she kno much English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, I think she "kid Ha, ha, ha.

MR. HURLEY—Yeh, ha, ha, that's She's kidding me right. Say, you spe good English.

MR. SUZUKI—No, only a little.

MR. HURLEY—Oh, yes you do! Say, y ever been America?

(*And they begin all over again.*)

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Poetry

ON BEING A POET IN AMERICA

By James Oppenheim

THE sole advantage of being a poet in, as Whitman put it, These States, is that u belong to the privileged few who have edom of speech. That is because, in the st place, most officials and censors don't d poetry for fear of seeming ridiculous; the second, most of those who do read don't understand it; and in the third, ose who understand it say, "Oh, that's ly poetry!"

Some time back—in fact, at the incon- nient period when we entered the war—I ote editorials in the *Seven Arts* in free se calling for a revolution, and no one kered an eyelash. Prose might have ded me in jail. But if any officials read at the time they merely winked an eye each other. Serious poets in America are ariety of harmless fools, and deep poetry oloey. Not that there aren't a hundred llion scrap-books in this country glued with Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Edgar est, a brand of verse, which, alack! is en as seriously as the works of Mrs. dy, but that the true poet, the poet who an artist, is unbought, unpaid and un- lgeled. True, Robinson and Frost did tty well; they appeared on library les as a mark of intellectual respectabil- along with "The Story of Philosophy" l "The Outline of History." Bought, unread.

Even the most misanthropic man has a ret desire for the respect of his fellows, l even a visionary wants and needs food, lter, clothing and a luxury or two. But this land poets are classed with bums, l if they are intermittent at earning a ing, which is usually the case, their bbiness is set down as an insult to mass production. "Who's that phony guy sitting over there?" "Oh, he? Say, he's a poet!" "A Greenwich Villager, eh? Gosh, if he'd let his hair grow, he'd be the real thing. But they're harmless, Mike. They won't bite you."

This may seem exaggerated, but it isn't. Modern American poets, and artists in general, avoid nervous breakdowns by dressing like business men and, as much as possible, concealing the fact that they are not regular guys. Unfortunately something usually gives them away. Even in these days when the Muse is not with me, no matter how I have my hair cut it manages to stick straight out in back with a few curls and I am suspect.

A young Italian-born poet wanted to revisit Italy. At the Customs House the man at the desk gave him a dirty look. The poet had a poet's mane of hair, seedy clothes and broken shoes. He was asked how much money he had earned that year. "None," he replied. The Customs man scowled. "Whataya mean, didn't earn a cent? Howja live?" "On my wits," smiled the poet. (He meant, on his friends and by jumping the rent.) The Customs man gave up and sent the poet to the chief. The chief heard the story. "What's your occupation?" he asked finally, his forehead in a twist. "Poet," said the poet. The chief laughed heartily. "Oh, that's all right," he said indulgently, "you'll get your passport. But some day, when you have time, come in and tell me how you get that way."

Returning to the U. S. A., he had to travel steerage. No money. Now it was one of the rules at the time that all steerage passengers had to have their heads clipped, since the U. S. A. had put an embargo on the importation of lice. The poet was outraged. Cut off his hair, and you cut off

the badge, sign, symbol and flag of his tribe. He argued so long that again he was taken to the chief.

"But why do you object to a hair-cut?" The poet drew himself up. "I am a poet, sir!" he said. "Oh," hastened the official "a thousand pardons. That underling has treated you outrageously. What! treat an artist like that? You shall have a special order permitting you to keep your hair. We apologize, humbly."

An artist may look and live like a bum in Paris and still be an honorable citizen. He may even be looked up to. But not so in New York. The social obloquy, the fact that he can't mingle with the people he likes (usually non-artists), the fact that he is barred from places that serve good food, the ban he meets everywhere compels him sooner or later to look as much as possible like Hoover or J. Pierpont Morgan. He may not quite get away with it, but do it he must. And to do it he needs a fairly good income. Hence, how is he to devote himself to his art?

Of course art, fine art, is neither a profession nor a business, unless you are born into the right age and nation. Shakespeare could earn a living at great poetry. Some modern novelists make good. But the man today who paints a picture or writes a poem in America simply because he is unfortunate enough to have been born that way, and has seizures at irregular intervals, being possessed, as Goethe put it, of a Dæmon, so that everything else cracks and vanishes at the time, may look on his product with pride, but it is rueful pride. He must hustle out now and do some commercial art or popular art if he can manage to calm down enough and be patched up enough to pass the inspection of real men,

When I was a lad I was a stenographer, and got so that I took dictation and did typewriting automatically, thus leaving my mind free while I earned a living. In this way I could let poems brew till they were ripe and then go to a private part of the building and write them. Or at night. Then, skipping a few things, I became a teacher, only to find that teaching to every ounce of energy out of me. The Mu was licked. To cap the climax I marri and a child appeared. Nothing for it b to write reverse poetry. Whenever I h an impulse to write a poem, I worked c a plot for a story, and let the poetic dri turn into a twisted prose. Since poetry as different from prose as it is from scu ture, this was a sort of falsification th finally broke up my home.

Then in all innocence I moved down Washington Square, never suspecting th Greenwich Village was in its birth-thro I now took another tack. I wrote t poetry I had to write, and, in my dry tervals, turned out straight hack-wo tasteless but regular. But this didn't rea work either. In the long run, the hac man got the best of the poet. So I sa "Go to! The artist is going to have chance in America if we die in the tempt." So I started a magazine, and V Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, Louis Unt meyer and the rest of us blazed away fo full year with the *Seven Arts*. It is now collector's item, for it blew up because the aforesaid editorials and some oth stuff we printed.

I next attempted to make a go at a p fession where I could set my worki hours, the much-maligned, and in ha America the often enough malignant p fession of psycho-analysis. For seve years I flourished and really managed get all of my poetry out of my system. least, so I think. That ominous phra "Once a poet, always a poet" distracts attention.

What to do if you are a poet in Ameri Suicide is dishonorable from the West standpoint; crime is a profession. Th poet is lucky who is a bit of a showm and can play a ukelele, or go lect women's clubs, or, like Vachel Linds jazz his lines in public. But most arti are world-shy. I once went out to Pit burgh to pan that town for grinding hunkies. I got my data, and then was w laid and introduced to the head of

dit Men's Association. The Associa-
n was giving a dinner that noon, only
ouple of hundred men. Wouldn't I make
peech? I told him I was a writer, not a
echer. I did not tell him that I was
ely to sob before an audience due to the
vulsions of stage-fright.

Finally, he gave me his sacred promise,
word of honor as a credit man, that I'd
a dinner and wouldn't be asked to make
peech. I ate through to the coffee. My
friend rose. "We have with us today
burble, burble, burble, . . . and I prom-
him I wouldn't call on him to make a
ech." Two hundred credit men rose en
sse, shouting "Speech! Speech!" I was
vanized into standing on my feet, and
of sheer terror grabbed the first idea
dy. It happened to be Greater Pitts-
gh. I sailed in and couldn't stop. I
ke for an hour and a half, every word a
less lie. And then, mortally humili-
l, I went back to my home town and
ned Pittsburgh all the harder.

ou just can't go on lecture tours if
're not built that way. I think it was
rwood Anderson who was suddenly
ed on for a speech, and who got up,
ked about mournfully, managed to
ke out, "I'm sorry," and sat down.

nother way to be a poet and live is to
me a farmer. Frost did it. But how
y poets could be farmers, even if they
ted to? This isn't antiquity. They use
tors now, milk cows by machinery,
electric lights on unsuspecting hens
ake them lay eggs out of union hours,
just as little is left to nature as pos-
. The modern farmer is a professional
and a business man, or he's out of
ing.

ne curious thing is, however, that there
flock of poets in New York, many of
m make no secret about it. Just as a
in number of young men go in for
e because it isn't done by the respect-
so a certain number, yea, even those
incomes, move to the Village or some
t's colony and become poets, painters,
tors, dramatists and the like. A
plague take them! I have never met a real American artist who cared much for the society of his kind. Art is a one man job; and doesn't thrive in cults.

In France the young fellows may get together for awhile and boost each other and break new paths; but here, whenever an artist is invited to mingle with a group of artists he finds most of them phony. Hence, he prefers the company of artless men. I have met some of the Villagers who call themselves artists, but ought to be salesmen or idle rich, for so far as I can gather, their notion of being an artist is to get up in the afternoon and drink gin till they go to bed. The old Village, of course, is dead: the Village of Dreiser, the *Masses*, the Provincetown Players, the old Brevoort, and Masefield mopping up a saloon floor: the festive interlude in American life which ended with the Volstead Act and a nation-wide desire for a debauch below Fourteenth street.

I give up. Dreiser once said that the artist needs "drastic experience," and subsidizing him may rob him of what Jung terms "a series of shocks." As things now stand, I think the poet in America has experience so drastic as to be a bit thick. He should at least be allowed to be poor and look miserable. He should at least be allowed to live in cheap shelter and be invited into good company. For, after all, he is not a harmless fool. There are critics who even view him with alarm and want him stopped altogether. They see the poet as a man seducing whole peoples and nations and generations with glorious song packed with superstition, fraudulent ideas, lies and trash, so that otherwise sane men and women actually believe in Bibles and the like. The Greek dramatists set their audiences to screaming with terror because of the powerful poetry in the plays. Italy was delivered over to Dante for centuries. Germany couldn't get rid of Goethe and "Faust" until Americanization set in, topped off by the war.

Being in awe of critics, I hasten to agree; but being a poet, I agree with a twist.

There is an old saying which may stick out of this otherwise (I hope) proper essay like a sore thumb. "A people without vision shall perish." And some of these same critics commend a work hight "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It looks like prose. It is, I believe, devastating poetry.

A living poet is harmless in only one way. Unless something freakish happens, or he merely keeps step with his age, his own generation doesn't read him. Wise Goethe sealed up the second part "Faust" when he was eighty and saw t that it wasn't released to the world til was dead.

My parting thought is that perh America should exile poets as undesir aliens, thus giving them a free trip Paris, where they can be as poor as t want.

Philology

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE IN MEXICO

By H. E. McKinstry

Ostensibly, that not-so-very-imaginary line which stretches from the bottom of Texas to the bottom of California is a partition between two languages. In reality, it is little more than a semi-permeable membrane which allows verbal molecules to diffuse in both directions. Just as the language of our own Southwest has assimilated *bronco*, *ranch*, and *coyote*, so border-Mexican has become an almost saturated solution of English words. Apparently, diffusion through the barrier proceeds faster toward the south than toward the north, due partly to two clauses in the credo of every true 100% American: (1) anything Mexican is to be scorned; and (2) "United States" is a good enough language for anybody to talk. The Mexican, on the other hand, while officially cherishing a contempt for the gringo, really apes him at every turn, and has never taken his own government-fostered nationalism so seriously as to translate new foreign words into strictly Spanish compounds in the dutiful way in which the German rejects *telephone* in favor of *Fernsprecher*.

While the Mexican of the border appropriates the words of his neighbor in a truly wholesale manner, there is neither hope nor danger that he will ever become English-speaking. It is only the bare words that are adopted. They are woven ingeniously into a fabric of grammar and pronunciation which remains forever M can. Although every other word y Nogales or Juárez peon uses may be E lish, he could not, to save his sombr put them together into a sentence in ligible to an American, that is, bey such simple household phrases as *all r* and *goddam*.

When, then, a border-Mexican goes *chopeando* (shopping) and meets a friend the street, he cordially shouts: "*Com* how do you *dea*?", to be reassured by reply: "Oh, very-well-*eando*, *gracia diós*."

Pausing as is his custom, to pass time of day, he will borrow a *mecha* (Spanish word for *wick* or *fuse* sounds *match*, so why not use it for *match*?) to li his cigarette, and since he has just recei his *time-check* will ask if there is a *cha* to get a *chamba* (job). Further relating vicissitudes, he will lament that broken-down car has a tire *ponchada*, that the *coils* have expired, so that he to *puchar* to get it off the road.

This mongrel jargon of the borde naturally shocking to the ears of the w bred Mexican of the interior. In fact, says just that—it is *chocante*—, forgett that the language current from Chihua to Tehuantepec, or for that matter, Cape Horn, is no more Spanish than Am ican is English. Enriched from within l dozen partly assimilated Indian dialects has borrowed words from half the nati of the outer world, and it is scarcely prising that the nearest neighbor has b

e heaviest creditor. Even some of the ropean loans were probably handled rough the North American clearing-use, as witness *chófer* (chauffeur), *garage*, *lio*, and *telegrama*.

Most words emigrating from *Yanqui-dia* have entered Mexico by a process of aceful penetration through zones of in-ence, but one group, trade-names, has raded the foreign territory by sheer force high-pressure salesmanship. While our nmercial competitors, the erstwhile ns, have tactfully removed from their erings all the ear-marks of foreign manu-ture, George F. Babbitt, exporter, har-ring, perhaps, a secret conviction that it ll be uplifting to foreigners to learn a le English, rarely translates the names his goods for the Mexican market. But way of a mighty concession and bid for ernational trade, he sometimes prints directions for use in so-called Spanish. tutored, himself, in foreign languages, ept possibly for a college course taught a fellow-American and centering about h topics as the number of pencils pos-sed by the good boy, he naïvely imag-s that to substitute a Spanish word for h English word will produce a Spanish tence. In consequence, his advertise-nts and cinema-inserts, as well as the efully printed covers for his products, little likely to appeal to intelligent xicans. Nor does he stoop to give his ducts names which are internationally licable. *Victrola* is a rule-proving excep-n, and has become in consequence a xican common noun. Not so *kodak*, pite its wide acceptance in Europe. Per-s two *k's* are too formidable for a lan-ge which by nature is without any *k's* ll.

Vhat is good business and what is bad, vever, is his affair, not mine; what I h to recount is that by reiteration ough advertising he has made *Grapenuts* pronounced *grappy noots*) and *Puffed Wheat* mon nouns among Mexican house-es and grocers (though I have heard the sing translation of the latter cereal, *trigo inflatado*). While my kitchen experience is limited, I never remember hearing baking powder called anything else than *Royal*.

On the American motor car has ridden a cargo of American terminology. Naturally the names of makes are untranslatable, though at times a pronunciation that sounds like *Bweek* is perplexing, and Ford inevitably becomes the diminutive *Fordcito*. A truck is more often *troca* than the more Latin *camión*; what it burns is *gasolina* rather than *petroleo* or *esencia*; and if it is lucky, the road on which it runs is *macádam*.

Mr. Babbitt has even succeeded through his foreign agents in creating a Mexican market for his luncheon clubs, cogwheels and all. Believe it or not, I stick to the story that in the languid land of traditional *mañana*, I have with my own ears heard a Mexican beat on a bell and appeal for a better spirit of action and *servicio* at the weekly meeting of the *Club Rotario*, whose members for the nonce are not Dons Francisco, Juliano or Dionysio, but answer jovially to Frank, Jiggs, or Shorty.

But suppose it isn't Thursday and you go elsewhere for your mid-day meal, say to the *loncheria* around the corner which displays an imposing sign, "Quick Lunch," and is conducted by an individual who goes by the fine old Chinese name of Santiago Chang. His brown Mexican waitress brings you a fly-specked card from which you learn that you can have *sandwichs* (sic!), or may choose between *rosbif* and *bistek* (or perhaps *biftek*—here, as in France, the spelling varies), and you must suppress your merriment if the young lady offers you *bistek de carnero* (mutton beefsteak).

I shall remember with some chagrin the first morning that a Mexican waitress rapidly recited to me the cook's répertoire. I grasped it all perfectly except for two items, which after the third repetition I discovered to be cornflakes and hot cakes. I could not, it seemed, understand my own language. In extenuation I may say that

hot cakes are more commonly called *panqueques* (pronounced in three syllables), and any Mexican will insist that the word is perfectly good Spanish, for does not *pan* mean bread?

Now, if you are thirsty (assuming for purposes of illustration that an American might conceivably cross the border for that reason) there is not a bartender in all old Mexico who does not know what whiskey is, though he may himself call it *wiskli*. As for gin, though there is a perfectly good Spanish word for it, *ginebra*, you will find as far south as Peru that the specific name, Old Tom, has become generic, and *old tom con ginger ale* is an ubiquitous morning pick-me-up. You may ask at the *bar* (this word is as good Mexican as it is French) for your favorite mixture; a *cóquetel*, a *ponche*, a *gin-fiz*, or a *wiski sour*, or even a *tom y gerry* with perfect assurance that its taste will be fully as recognizable as its pronunciation.

Further pursuing the *high life* which you will find illusively disguised under the pronunciation *'igg liffy*, you can dance *el fox* or *el bóston* to the strains of a *jaz-band* or sit in on a game of *póquer*. Should you prefer bridge, you must not translate it into *puente*, but pronounce it *breed-che* (a manifest lingual feat, for my friend, Pat Bridge, long ago gave up trying to persuade the natives to pronounce his name, and assumed perforce the brave title of Don Patricio Puente). Next morning you can play *tenis* and keep score in English terms provided you have learned to give them the correct Spanish accent; and if you watch a game of *béisbol* or *fútbol* or *básket* you virtuously call a foul a *foul*. In the afternoon you may shoot a few rounds of *golfo*, and if you will be very good and call it the *Zhocky Cloob* you may go to *El Jocky Club* for the races.

If you read *El Universal*, the *soi-disant* great daily of Mexico, you will be appraised that at a *mach de box* a gentleman named, as likely as not, Battling Martinez, has received from one Kid Sanchez *un K. O.* as the result of an *upper cut* (pronounced *ooper coot*) or a *left hook* (*'ook* please). As you glance over the politi articles you will read about a *mítin* of *líderes*,—meaning what? The dictionary of no assistance. You will never solve mystery until you pronounce the wo aloud and realize that they are English. your eye wanders to the advertising c umns, you will spy pictures of *sweters* a *blumers* for *un miss* (whose translated se apparently doubtful). And speaking clothing, you must not be surprised if y laundress in her frantic effort to render i Spanish orthography the English pron ciation of a Japanese word lists your ni garb one week as *payamas*, the next *pasyamas*, and finally, in triumph, *pasllamas*.

Varied and complex, then, are the ch acteristic twists that have led the Mexi to pick up and finally to weave into vocabulary so many American words. times his sense of humor leads him to m the funny gringos, though his attitude never bitter, and seldom deriding; m often it is simply the lack of a ready-m term of his own that makes him harrow though in some cases the term exists wi out his being cognizant of it, as when peon helper of any American engineer c a surveying instrument a *transito*, ne having heard of the real Spanish wo *taquímetro*. Again, whole nomenclatures imported along with the customs ab which they center—words of religion fr medieval Latin, words of the mode fr France, and accordingly words of ca playing, prize-fighting, and hard drink from these Protestant United States. nally, it gives a sense of erudition to one's knowledge of another, and, to so extent, more plutocratic tongue, wh closely allied is the universal feeling tha foreign idiom offers euphemisms for phra which in the vernacular are appallin bald. Wherefore, in Mexico the height delicate refinement is reached when t apartment which the American discree conceals under the French word *toilette* with corresponding modesty, placar *W. C.*

THE DICTATOR

BY JAMES ONEAL

When the rustics of the little community of Acra in Greene county, New York, gathered in the village ore on November 15, 1797, word that el and Mary Ells Weed were the parents a baby boy caused no great commotion. rd labor as a farmer and then as a carn conspired with various misfortunes make of Joel a plodding packhorse for ners. His son, the babe named Thurlow, is came without any noble lineage and accord with the American tradition. t as Calvin Coolidge said at the dedican of the monument to the Methodist nt, Bishop Asbury: "Something has ntinued to guide the people. No tumult s been loud enough to prevent their hear the still, small voice. No storm has n violent enough to divert inspired men m constantly carrying the Word of uth." Weed was destined to be a guide, till, small voice, to carry the Word of uth.

n the year of his birth the journalistic rriors, Cobbett, Bache and Freneau, re still waging their fierce political rs through the gazettes that made the ninistration of John Adams notable. ree years were yet to pass before the ops of Jefferson ousted the Federalist adrons from their fortress and sent ams in a sulk back to his cottage in intree. Significant as that accomplishnt of the "godless" Virginian was, the e in the Weed cabin was destined to even greater political command, one t spanned two great eras, the age of rson and the age that gave birth to the y of Coolidge, Mellon and Elder Hays. mployed by a blacksmith at the age of eight at six cents a day, and then as a cabin boy on a river sloop at the age of ten, and then as a laborer at a blast furnace at twelve, Thurlow eventually became a printer's apprentice in the office of the *Lynx* at Onondaga Hollow in 1811. In 1830, at the age of thirty-three, he established the Albany *Evening Journal* with 170 daily and 300 weekly subscribers, but the circulation increased steadily so that by 1840 he claimed for it a larger clientèle than that of any other "political" paper in the State. Thus, in the Coolidge phrase, one had come to "guide the people," one of Napoleonic mold, whose political strategy has been unmatched in American party history.

Our hero had for twenty years vegetated among his kind, thrifty cultivators of the soil and the shiftless casuals of the countryside on the edge of that frontier which was rapidly passing, yet could he have leaped into the boots of a colonial gentleman he would have felt at ease with the gentry. Somewhere in the ancestral strain there must have been one or more noble squires directing thralls in the cultivation of feudal acres, regarding them as little above cattle, yet creatures that must be used and not abused. Weed was to find in New York State the manorial wealth, traditions and prestige which represented a feudal heritage coming down from the days of the Dutch land grants of the Seventeenth Century, and into that old world survival he fitted by temperament, religion, and social, and economic belief. Oozing out of the subterranean social strata into his ideal world of right-thinking gentlefolk, he became the War-

wick who made Governors, legislators, judges, and Congressmen. His cronies marveled at his skill, recognized his power, and addressed him as Dictator.

He was no accident in the New York of the ante-bellum period. The up-State that nursed him to manhood was a region of rural mediocrity, relieved only by the Jeffersonian radicalism that had come to grips with the Federalist commanders of the "wise and good and rich." Writing his memoirs in his old age, Weed mentioned the merchant who, with his clerk, was criticised by the rustics, the former for wearing "shiny shoes with tassels" and the latter for displaying a ruffled shirt. Both "smelt of pomatum." A "stylish" family provoked much indignation by requiring visitors to clean their shoes at the door, "a scraper having been placed there for that purpose." Certain spinsters were horrified when one of their number smashed a rural convention by dressing up in the afternoons of week days.

Reviewing these early recollections, the Dictator gave no hint of sharing the views of his class. They apparently appeared to him as curious aberrations which, in his old age, a gentleman who had enjoyed the companionship of landed magnates and merchant princes might recall with amusement. Yet in the first two decades of the century the prevailing social antagonism extended to politics as well. To be a Federalist or a Democrat was something more than a mere difference of political opinion. It was a matter of economic and social cleavage. Leaders of Federalist clubs were "men of substance and family worth" who gathered to sip Madeira and plan for the rule of "virtue, character and property." Democrats, by the common agreement of gentlemen, were simply those "without principle or property." They usually met in some dismal store in the smaller communities and contented themselves with pine benches and wooden-bottomed chairs, "with the dust and cobwebs of twenty years undisturbed on the shelves." Said Dixon Ryan Fox:

> There were certain banks in New York a Albany where a follower of Jefferson co not be accommodated. When in Trenton Fa a woolen factory was begun in 1812, wh good cloth could fetch $10 a yard, it was pressly stated that no Democrat would permitted to buy stock. In Rhinebeck, Do inie Romeyn refused the name of Thomas J ferson to an infant presented at the font. T dominie was a follower of John Adams, a the helpless parents had to stand by wh their son was christened John.

These social struggles were more or l general in the States. A more significa background in the life of the Dictator w that large segment of feudalism whi survived in the Hudson Valley from A bany almost to the edge of New York Ci with an important extension into Lo Island—a régime which made its impr upon the politics of the colony and t State till it was destroyed by an uprising tenants in the forties. On Long Island, the revolutionary period, the most va able land, embracing 200 square miles, w included in the estates of the Rems Rapalje, Nicoll and Smith families. We chester contained six manors coveri more than half the county, while t Heathcote, Cortlandt and Philipsbur estates in the south included about 4 square miles. The Stuyvesant, Bayard, Peyster, Livingston and Schuyler esta were also important fortresses of the land aristocracy.

These powerful land-owning famil were closely associated with the wealt merchant clans in New York City, su as the Van Dams, Crugers, Waltons, Floy Ludlows and Alsops. Intermarriage uni them in a network of economic relatio and established a solid aristocratic allian Professor Becker notes that at the fune of a De Peyster in 1767 there were relati present who bore the names of Van Co landt, Beekman, Rutgers, Livingston, Lancey, Van Horne, Philipse, Schuyl Stuyvesant, Jay and Roosevelt. How m of the large estates had been obtained i painful subject which need not concern here.

II

hile the Dictator was riding the escalator o this heaven of gentility the rich Fed- list families in New York City were quiring large holdings in the inland unties of the State, seeking the good life a submissive tenantry after the model of British squirearchy, founding the iscopal mode of worship, and yearning the Tory supremacy and prestige which d so well withstood the attrition of old rld Jacobinism. Many of the expectant oles had their coats-of-arms and shared th the more wealthy planters of the uth that ideal of a regnant landocracy ever protected against the ambitions of "lower orders of mankind." Columbia llege was their kept seminary of Fed- lism and Episcopalianism, its charter uiring its president to worship at the iscopal altar. Seeking a president for it 800, Alexander Hamilton declared that is politics must be of the right sort." e New York Federalists all approved sentiment of an old Federalist in the ginia Legislature who said, "Sure I of one thing, that no gentleman would ose any road to heaven but the Epis- al." Gouverneur Morris, at a meeting Federalists in June, 1814, to celebrate overthrow of Napoleon, rejoiced in the oration of the French Bourbons.

Veed's letters as a young man reveal an erest in piety and theology. In his late nties he was much impressed by the gon of the dirty Lorenzo Dow, and in ers to his wife he wrote of his earnest rts to "imitate Jesus." In the forties Irish were becoming important in itics and he wooed the Catholic vote cultivating the friendship of Bishop ghes. Later in life he became interested he revivals of Moody and Sankey and uently attended their frolics in the podrome. Even Jerry McAuley's work escuing burning brands from the broth- and boozing kens of New York was erously supported by the Dictator, and njoyed distributing among his friends copies of a little manual of private prayers by a British parson. Every pious trail had a path branching from the main line to his door, and Greeley used to tell how he emptied his pockets to the last dollar to poor widows soliciting alms. He anticipated the philanthropy of the Tammany chiefs many years before these experts began distributing shoes to Bowery wastrels. Episcopalianism might be the one really rosy path to Heaven, but the Dictator knew that other roads were essential for the herds he led to market.

In a lecture to Boston merchants in 1854 Charles Sumner rejoiced that "in our country, the merchant, more than any other character, stands in the boots of the feudal chief." A full decade before the Sumner lecture the Hudson Valley chiefs joined the New York merchants in ruling the State with the aid of the Dictator. The merchant-banking aristocrats carried into the middle period of his reign the colonial tradition that mercantile capital should be in the hands of cultivated gentlemen. They patronized the theatre, gathered in clubs, enjoyed pinches of Lorillard's snuff, and paid homage to the Whig generals, Webster, Clay and Weed. The most famous of all the havens of the blessed were the Kent Club and the Hone Club, the former named after Chancellor Kent and limited to forty-five members, and the latter named after Philip Hone, the delightful old Whig diarist, and limited to twelve.

Both Weed and Webster were often present at these clubs. The artist, George Healy, was engaged to paint the portrait of Webster for the Hone Club, and it adorned Hone's dining-room till his death in 1851. On April 25, 1846, he made this entry in his diary: "When Louis Philippe comes to New York, Philip Hone will show him as good a picture as any in his American gallery." Alas! when this patron of Whiggery died, the members of the Hone Club threw dice for the Webster portrait and it passed into the possession of Richard M. Blatchford, a merchant-

politician. The Dictator was a foster-child of these Whig merchants and the frank correspondence he exchanged with them regarding his political services shows an affection which rivals that of Damon and Pythias. They never tired of paying compliments to each other, Weed being especially grateful for the "refined hospitalities" he enjoyed at the tables of the merchant princes.

While the Dictator was looking after their affairs at Albany and expressing his admiration for the "estimable character" of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the baronial ruler of a million acres, the old order of his boyhood days in the up-State and interior counties was fading out. A new class was emerging from obscurity, a class which he was to serve in later years. In the baronial paradise of landed magnates manufacturing had been a vulgar occupation foreign to soft hands and gentle natures. It had been a household affair since the colonial period. Men, women, and children participated in making soap, candles, starch, yeast, and other necessary articles, while the spinning wheel, the loom and the dye-pot were employed in making clothing. All this was labor that belonged to the lower classes. Gentlemen did not anticipate that out of that layer of society would issue a class that would push them aside. Household industry was the cocoon out of which came a variety of industries. One by one they left the household and located in small shops, in each of which a nascent manufacturer specialized in making hats, shoes, clothing, and other goods with the aid of a few employés. Soon the shop expanded into a factory employing more hands, usually women and children. A little later the magic of steam-driven machinery was heaving a new and hitherto inferior class upward and carrying with it a new type of respectability.

In short, the industrial capitalist was appearing on the scene, to challenge the baronial-mercantile alliance, with its social distinctions, fine breeding, and conspicuous display. The Federalist-landed-mercha class regarded the emerging mill-own as barbarians swarming up from the neth world. The shop manufacturer of the fi decade of the Nineteenth Century, declar Dixon Ryan Fox, "was not as yet a gent man distinguished by inherited wealt family portraits and a liberal educatio but was still a glorified mechanic, merel who had worked up from the bench The appearance of this new *bourgeois* cl caused the same pained reaction whi the appearance of the trading class h caused in the medieval society of Euro

But by the end of the second decade the century the manufacturers were threa ening to become a menace to the old ord though it seemed to be securely wedged the constitution of the State. In 1821 Ge eral Root, as a delegate to the Constit tional Convention, declared that the Sen must remain a fortress of landed proper to prevent "those whose pursuits are co merce and manufactures" from controlli the judiciary. Chancellor Kent regard with terror any extension of the franch and the Dictator himself expressed fr afar his dread of "cheapening the s frage." Those were anxious days for gent men. Kent led the knights of the old or against the barbarian invasion. He c clared that the Senate and judiciary right belonged to the landed interes These departments of government shou be secured against paupers, immigrants a journeymen manufacturers. "The po man's interest is always in opposition his duty," thundered Kent.

Yet a few years later the increasing pr its of the manufacturers proved a sin lure. The emerging capitalist began to c aside his workman's apron and to dress accord with his increased income. H account at the bank rapidly increased a he rose in social esteem. If he lacked poli he had dollars and they counted heavi in his favor. Manorial gentlemen such Van Rensselaer and Whig merchants su as Philip Hone began to invest in man facturing enterprises. The new *bourge*

ss was becoming respectable. A few ades later this class was to edge the rchant princes aside, the manorial gnates were to see their régime over-own by enraged tenants, and industrial ital was to establish *bourgeois* vulgarity a discipline for all phases of social life. But how real the old manorial system re-ined even into the forties may be seen m the following brief survey of the Van nsselaer estate made by Professor Chey- in his monograph, "The Anti-Rent itation in the State of New York, 9–1846":

n the patroonship, later the manor of Rens-elaerwyck, the proprietor had feudal juris-iction of an extensive kind, including the dministration of justice, the right of ap-ointment of magistrates and ministers of the ospel, and excheats, beside his ownership f the soil. The manor was also represented y a delegate in the General Assembly, ordi-arily either the patroon or his appointee. Iaturally, therefore, the contracts with his enants reflected this character. Almost all ne land of that extensive territory was held pon lease, the leases (with the exception of few which were for sixty years) being per-etual. The number of such leasehold farms n Albany county was found in 1846 to be 397, covering 233,900 acres, and yielding n annual rent of 23,390 bushels of wheat. In ensselaer county, the other half of the anor, there were 1,666 farms aggregating 02,100 acres, charged with 20,210 bushels of heat per year. Residents of Albany still 888] remember seeing the road in the cinity of the manor house blocked up with ng lines of wagons in from the country ith wheat and chickens to pay their rent, with loads of wood, which were generally ccepted in lieu of the "one day's labor" re-uired by the leases.

Vhen the lord of this estate died early 1839 it was discovered that rents ounting to about $400,000, some run-g back many years, remained uncol-ed. It was the effort to collect these ars that provoked riots extending over umber of years, in which a number of ple were killed, a few roughnecks were victed of murder and later pardoned, a number who had received prison ences were also pardoned after serving about two years. A series of legislative acts facilitated the transition to small holdings and it was left to the Southern gentry to carry on the feudal tradition till it was destroyed in the Civil War.

III

Weed found no difficulty in passing over into the service of the new merchant-capitalist order, just as many leading Democrats who had invested in manufacturing enterprises rode their new economic interests like horses into the Whig camp. Quite a number of Democratic editors also began to look at the new manufacturing interest with sympathy, one observer declaring as early as 1839, "You may always doubt a Democratic editor's sincerity when his advertisements begin to increase." The Dictator helped to adapt the old manorial-merchant canons of gentility to the new dollarized social order. The campaign of 1840 signalized the rise of the new class in society, industry, and politics. Webster, Seward and their kind stored their old manners in the garret and played the demagogue. "Some scions of old families," wrote Fox, "came down like commoners to fight their way in the political arena, while others, feeling that they stood no better at the polls than did their servants, withdrew to the serenities of inconspicuous but comfortable houses, filled with old mahogany, old wines, old friends, and memories of ancient power."

Weed was sensitive to the fortunes of all these upper economic groups, serving each in its order of time, and finally closing his career with years of service to the vulgarians who had swarmed out of small shops to become the rulers of legislative halls. But whether he served the lords of great estates, the merchant princes of New York, or the grand dukes of industrial capital, the Dictator carried through life what in the South was accepted as the "mudsill theory." A master of political intrigue, he believed that voters were as useful as chips in a game of poker, but

that the masses should yield homage to their betters. Thus only could they fulfill the feudal ideal of a docile folk whose status is fixed in the social order. The manorial order passed into history, the merchant aristocracy declined to second rank, and industrial capital established its political and social sanctions throughout the Republic, but whatever the change might be the "lower orders" should remain low for all time. With a touch of philanthropy and a heavy gilding of religious piety, this was the substance of the creed of the master craftsman of the Whig and Republican parties.

The Dictator began his political career as one of the leading founders of the Anti-Masonic party, but passed into the camp of the National Republicans, who became Whigs in the early thirties. The transition was easy, for the Anti-Masons sympathised with Clay's views, especially on the tariff and internal improvements. Weed held no elective office except for a term in the Legislature in 1825, but he was appointed State printer in 1840, and Philip Hone declared it to be a "judicious appointment." William H. Seward was elected Governor in 1838, largely due to the skill of Weed. Not in twenty years had any party but the Democrats controlled the Senate: it was carried in 1839 by the Dictator's lavish use of money at Albany. His appointment as printer followed.

The election of 1839 dramatized his political generalship and is worthy of notice as an example of his art. Three State senators were to be chosen in the Albany district and Weed reported to his beloved merchants in New York that the Whig chances were poor. On the Saturday morning before the election certain merchants and bankers appointed a committee to visit him at Albany. A special steamer was chartered and the Dictator was summoned to meet the committee at the Eagle Tavern, where they showed him a roll of banknotes amounting to $8,000. This money was to be "advantageously disbursed," with the assurance that more could be obtained if needed. Certain sums were dispatched four counties, and $1,500 was reserved f Albany. Fearing that the presence of strange steamer would arouse the susp cions of the Democrats, the committ members remained concealed. Writi long after the event, Weed said that assigned G. W. Daly, "an efficient fighti Whig at the polls," to see Abe Vanderze a Democratic pugilist and journeyman the *Argus* office. Daly took the pugilist f a stroll along the docks. The former e pressed surprise when they observed t strange steamer, adding that he would certain its mission. Later on he inform Vanderzee that flour speculators h chartered the boat and were buying flo to hold for a monopoly price. Vanderz was fooled and so was the *Argus*. T steamer dropped down the river for t return to New York.

The election continued for three da Monday to Wednesday evening. Five st warts, wrote Weed, were assigned "organize a physical force sufficient clear a passage to the polls." Anoth group was to look after the boatmen, third to handle the "drift voters," a four to serve as challengers, a fifth to "bring the Whig steamboat and sloop hands fr New York and along shore between N York and Albany." Two picked men w "to swing around the various polls a ascertain where screws were loose or m chinery needed oiling." The Whigs elect their three senators and the Dictator wr in his Memoirs: "Thus a memorable *c d'état*, completely revolutionizing the Sta was effected on the very verge of t election, by the thoughtfulness and lib ality of a few zealous politicians in the C of New York."

It was in this same year that Willi Kent, son of Chancellor Kent, wrote Weed, addressing him as "Mr. Dictato "I take it that some future chronicler, reciting the annals of New York dur this period, in every respect equal those of England in the time of Elizabe will devote his brightest colors to

ebrated Thurlow Weed, *who so long d the office of Governor Seward during his gthened and prosperous administration.*' " ilar letters appear in the tome in which ed recorded his recollections.

he American Legislatures, by special s, were then granting charters and fran-ses to banks, railroads, and turnpike npanies. Efficiency experts told off to k after these jobs appeared at all the te capitals, and Weed was the greatest ster of the new profession. Few believed t Seward was dishonest, but thousands o observed the work of the Dictator ught his methods rather raw. In 1859 ard was in the hands of Weed as a sidential candidate and references to connection with "New York street roads" became common. There were ne men to whom Bryant of the New rk *Evening Post* would not speak and ed was one of them. Writing to his ociate, Bigelow, Bryant declared that ard was damaged by "the project of rlow Weed to give charters for a set ailways, for which those who receive m are to furnish a fund of from four to hundred thousand dollars, to be ex-ded for the Republican cause in the next sidential election."

Next to serving God Weed thought it duty to serve the crowd at the top of social heap. There is a passage in his obiography which for ethico-political secration is the most delightful to be nd in American political literature. Re-ing to his service to New York mer-nts he permitted his readers to share inward sense of grace. "From year to questions affecting the commercial rests of New York were introduced in Legislature," he wrote. "I made it my iness to see that while wholesome laws e enacted, unjust or oppressive ones uld be defeated, and ere long New rk merchants, *who never asked for any-g that was wrong or opposed anything that right*, advised me of their wishes in rence to legislation, giving themselves further trouble about it. Occasionally after the adjournment of a Legislature during whose session New York interests were supposed to have required a good deal of my time and attention, suggestions of compensation were made and declined."

Here one recalls the up-State stripling who desired to "imitate Jesus." The good man did, however, accept a silver set from his merchant cronies on one occasion, accompanied "with the monographs of merchants equally distinguished at home and abroad for their public spirit and private virtues." All this is solemnly recorded by the man who made Governors, Congressmen and judges, and whose signal to a Legislature was like the wand of a magician who summons rabbits from a hat.

The association of the Dictator with the erratic Greeley in the Whig party, divergent as the views of the two men were, is to be explained by the grotesque composition of the party itself. The heir of old powdered-wig Federalism, Whiggery had gathered into its fold every man and faction that Jackson had offended. To add to its motley character, its Northern wing was financed chiefly by New England manufacturers, while the Southern wing was kept by the upper section of the slave-owners. New York, as we have seen, was a changing society. Weed in politics was a gentleman's valet, while Greeley sympathised with the laborers. The Dictator declared that Greeley's friendship for the "toiling millions" and his favorable view of unions were "as formidable as they were mischievous." Greeley's use of the *Tribune* "to unsettle and remodel our social system" appeared to him to be nothing less than heresy.

Since the early forties Greeley had been uncomfortable in the Whig party and late in 1854 he announced the "dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley" because he had not been considered when Seward had "offices to give." The Dictator became directing general of Seward's candidacy for President in 1860 and was confident that he had the nomina-

tion fixed, but Greeley, working behind the scenes, had his revenge. Three days after Lincoln was nominated Greeley wrote to a friend, "If you had seen the Pennsylvania delegation, and known how much money Weed had in hand, you would not have believed we could have done so well as we did.' Greeley added that his troops "had to rain red-hot bolts" on wavering delegates. When it was all over Weed shed tears. The polished Seward had been rejected for a common politician of the Illinois backwoods. No gentleman could avoid showing his grief!

IV

As the Dictator approached old age his private correspondence and interviews with newspapers reveal a mellow old gentleman cherishing the baronial tradition with undiminished ardor. In 1873 he lamented the meetings of "internationals" and "socialists" and "trades unions" in Cooper Institute, and the "unhappy" action of the Legislature in passing an eight-hour law aroused his implacable rancor. "I earnestly hope," he wrote, "that there will be wisdom and firmness enough in the next Legislature to repeal the eight-hour law, and to declare illegal all combinations to limit, restrict, restrain, or embarrass master mechanics from receiving as many apprentices as may be required." Three years later he wrote to Blaine, of Union Pacific and Mulligan letters fame, approving Blaine's presidential aspirations because of the "vital interests" involved in the election. After Hayes became President he wrote a remarkable letter to a merchant friend, again avowing his faith in the old feudal ideal. "Capital, under the protection of just laws," he wrote, "watchful, diligent, and farseeing, will take care of itself; labor, confiding and patient, relying more upon muscle than mind, *requires guardianship and sympathy*." The lord of Rensselaerwyck could not have more aptly defined the social creed of the old ruling class.

One favorite fiction of the new type politicians made no appeal to him. refused to chant hymns to the brotherho of capital and labor. Here again th vanished age where gentlemen were ge tlemen and the *canaille* knew their pla found in him a knight-errant. "There h been, as there ever must be," he declare "between the thousands who labor a the hundreds who enjoy the fruits of su labor, an 'irrepressible conflict.' But," added cautiously, "it is the duty of go ernments to see that the faces of those w labor are not held too closely to the grin stone." Stephen Van Rensselaer must ha paused in strumming his harp and indulg in an approving smile when the Dictat penned that statement.

On one occasion he was asked by a porter what was his opinion of univers suffrage. His answer revealed a more pr found insight than will be found in t studies of most political scientists. He w happy to admit that his fears in the twe ties that the lower classes would hea the upper groups out of power had prov groundless. "The fact of the matter is he said, "regular political parties, manag by talented, educated men, have alwa used these ignorant classes, and for th reason the danger I first had in mind h been averted. . . . The ignorant and po never have united so far as to be able accomplish anything by themselves; th are always in the hands of intelligent me *demagogues and scoundrels, it may be, but s intelligent.*"

The old Dictator never yielded one ic of his views. There was no necessity yielding in his later years, for he was o of politics. The others who glided into t new order to serve the régime of mon bags were more discreet. His frankn must have disturbed them, for they had carry on where he left off. His langua would harvest no votes. The new spa of professionals concealed what they kn and cut capers before the sovereign peop

Weed even carried the feudal conc into his alms-giving. He refused to c

ute to the relief of the families of king freight-handlers, yet he wanted strikers to receive the three cents more hour for which they fought. His action asily understood. He hated any asser- of power on the part of the common ple.

was dangerous; it was in conflict h all the canons of feudal discipline. ertheless, he would willingly grant a uest if it was made in the humility of it that was becoming to underlings. s attitude was exhibited on another asion when he was attending a meeting treet railway directors. There was no ke on the lines, not even a request for ncrease in wages. There was a surplus distribution and it could have been ributed as an extra dividend. But, due Weed's influence and vote, it was applied to raising the wages of drivers and conductors.

Vertigo and rapidly declining strength brought the end in November, 1882, at the age of eighty-five. The Rev. Dr. Booth declared that shortly before he died Weed told him that his reliance was "on the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him he trusted." Weed himself said, "To me, the existence of another world is a necessary supplement of this, to adjust its inequalities and imbue it with moral significance." Only in Heaven would he permit underlings to associate with their "betters."

More than a decade before the impious Greeley had expressed another view. He declared that had Weed "lived in some yet undiscovered country, where legislation is never bought nor sold, his life would have been more blameless, useful and happy."

THE GENEALOGY BUSINESS

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

It would be impossible to say how many practising genealogists there are in this country today. If the ubiquitous amateur is included, twenty thousand would probably be a conservative figure. They range in importance from impecunious gentlewomen who infest the reference rooms of public libraries to suave, scholarly appearing gentlemen who control the destinies of the horde of patriotic and hereditary societies. Included also are three or four formidable associations of genealogists, corporations really, formed for large scale operations.

The impecunious gentlewomen, and their male counterparts, are, of course, in the majority. They peg out meager incomes by piecing together vague family records into genealogies sufficiently impressive for the uncritical. But occasionally even this species runs into a windfall. Once one of them gets the trade of a wealthy and confiding client, her future is assured and she can travel about, on fat expense accounts, in search of dusty court records, reflecting, meanwhile, on how stiff a fee she may venture to demand.

It is the big boys who are most often in on the big money. Usually they are connected with one or another of the multitude of genealogical magazines, and have a considerable dignity in the craft. Railroad and bank presidents are numbered among their patrons. Starting at twenty or thirty dollars for the most trivial of services, their fees soar to heights that would put a fashionable surgeon to shame. Their best stock in trade is often a surname of precious patriotic significance. Their chaste advertisements have of late begun to appear in magazines of general cir lation.

For here, as elsewhere, the individ has come to feel the pressure of large sc production. During the past two deca there has been a markedly increased int est in family in America, and the gen logical corporation, organized to surv family trees in a bigger and better w was obviously inevitable. Probably t most successful of these is the Americ Historical Society, Inc. This organizati formed in 1912, employs a large force of search workers and writers, and its dir tors say that it has carried on inquiries every State in the Union and to a consid able extent in Europe. The results of th labors are privately printed by the soci if the client has the price.

Its publications are fine examples of t art of bookmaking. The most costly bound in full calf, heavily tooled, with t coat-of-arms of the client prominently d played. The color plates, the engravi the printing, are all of the finest; in bri the American Historical Society, In knows its business. Its offices in New Yo are impressive in a correct and reserv fashion; its beautifully engraved stati ery carries the simple legend "Genealogi and Heraldic Research" beneath a co of-arms. The society decries the more mantic forms of investigation into ro and noble lineage and specializes in C lonial ancestry.

But it by no means has the field to its In Chicago also the demand for bigger a better genealogies has been ably m There was formed there in 1928 the Ins tute of American Genealogy. Within

r this organization had "affiliated" 300
ily, patriotic and hereditary societies
was prospering so mightily that it
nched the *Magazine of American Geneal-*
whose editor is Frederick Adams
kus, F. I. A. G. Mr. Virkus thus details
Institute's inception:

[t] was founded in April, 1928, with the
rdinal principle that knowledge of ancestry
a birthright, and that genealogical data
ould be made accessible to all.
It was designed to function as the National
learing-House for Genealogical Information
d as such to affiliate the American Genea-
gical, Hereditary, Historical and Family
ssociations for the purpose of effecting
öperation and coördination in the field of
merican Genealogy.
Its plan is to compile one alphabetical
aster index to include the name and family
ta of the head of every family included in
l the printed genealogies, in manuscripts,
arts, court and cemetery records and private
cords available down to and connecting
ith the Federal Census of 1790. In addition,
e list of Immigrants to America before
50, Soldiers and Sailors in the American
evolution, Derivation of Surnames, Her-
dry, and Genealogical Bibliography are
ing compiled as separate indexes. . . .
In the spirit of patriotic service it was de-
rmined to make these indexes accessible to
e public, and the membership of the In-
tute, individually and collectively, dedi-
tes this work to the use of the American
ople.

the initial issue of the magazine was
following note:

e reason for publishing this magazine is to
ve the widest possible circulation to the
nealogical data it contains. Every member
n be of material aid in this objective by
owing this copy to friends interested in
e subject and by explaining that in due
rse every American surname will be in-
ded. To insure receipt of particular issues,
ey should be ordered in advance of publi-
ion. Price $1.50 per copy.

those who might otherwise be de-
d by the archaic and arbitrary laws of
ldry this encouragement was held out:

ce there is no American law on the subject
l since the English law of primogeniture
es not prevail in America, the right of an
American to the use of a coat-of-arms rests with his proof of descent from the ancestor to whom the coat-of-arms was granted.

In the second issue the editor was able to report a most gratifying response. He and his assistants, indeed, were deluged by a flood of mail so great as to delay reply by many days. In the profession, however, there was not a uniform rejoicing, and the following protest was printed among a number of congratulatory messages:

I have heard about the Institute of American Genealogy and have just seen a copy of your magazine, which I looked over casually. I want to say that I can see very clearly that your object is to be a genealogical trust, to control all the research work, and by so doing you will take the bread and butter out of the mouths of those of us working professionally. I was told that I ought to join but I can see no money in it for me and I certainly will not encourage such a purpose.

Yours very truly

—W.—

To which the editor replied:

Bread and butter has been the diet of too many genealogists and one of the things we should like to do in that direction is to vary the diet by adding some cake and pie to it. The cake and pie will be added by the interest and consequent activity in genealogy engendered by the magazine, where the subject had not heretofore been thought of. America is re-awakening to the importance of the subject and competent genealogists will never suffer for lack of commissions. As a matter of fact the Institute refers requests for research work to its professional members because we believe that the person best qualified to do the work is a resident of the town or county in which the work is required —one familiar with local history and records. . . . We do want you, and every other professional genealogist, as a member. But only if you are as willing to give as to receive.

There was indication of a further slight unpleasantness in the third issue. Therein the editor set forth the Institute's great success in drawing genealogical societies into the fold, but added in sadness:

Only one, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, has actually refused its coöperation. In a letter from the chairman of its executive committee we are requested to make the acknowledgment, which we do

sorrowfully, that "This Society is not and never has been an Institutional Member of the Institute of American Genealogy." . . . It is regrettable that this splendid organization, with sixty years of excellent genealogical work to its credit, should elect to remain outside of this coöperative movement for the common good. Notwithstanding this attitude, for which no reason is stated, the Institute will continue to make a much needed general index of the invaluable data contained in the many volumes of the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, and include this as a part of the Master Index, in order to make the data more widely available to the public.

II

As Editor Virkus so truly says, such little internecine unpleasantnesses are regrettable. For the field is so wide and so rich that surely there should be room for all, working as one big union. For every hereditary society that is even slightly known to the commonalty there are at least ten that reserve their loftier splendors for the anointed. They began to come into being about 1890. The Daughters of the American Revolution was one of the first and, since it has always been noisier than the others, it has been more often in the public eye. As a result its membership of nearly 200,000 far exceeds that of all other similar organizations.

But if the Daughters have the numbers and the noise, other societies have better cultivated the virtue of exclusiveness. There is, for example, the Descendants of the Pioneers of America. "Eligibility to membership," it is stated, "is derived only from one who settled in any part of America prior to the year 1700. This shall include all nationalities." The latter concession, it should be noted, is unusual, for a majority of the societies approve only persons of English or—at the most—of French derivation. Then there is the Society of Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with its highly exclusive membership of 436. And the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, whose requirements for membership are abstruse to say the least. "The orde based," one learns, "not only on desc from an early settler in America, but on descent from an early settler whose scendant retained the vision and ideal of his settler ancestor." Dr. William H ard Taft is numbered among the dis guished members of this order.

The Society of the Cincinnati is quit inflexibly delimited in membership. scent, in this instance, must be fro commissioned officer of the Revoluti Here the social gradations are nicely served. The initiation fee is "one mon pay of the grade in which such ance served." Merely to list some of the o societies is to intimate their grandeur: example, the National Society of Dau ters of Founders and Patriots of Amer the Hereditary Order of Descendants Colonial Governors Prior to 1750, Huguenot Society of America, and Society of *Mayflower* Descendants.

However, the swellest of such or seems crude and raw when put beside th based upon royal lineage. Many Americ remain content with the great distinct implied by membership in the Colo societies, but the more ambitious scale genealogical heights to ever rarer rarer atmospheres. The gleam of a cro inspires them to go beyond the vulgari of rebellion and the crudities of the neer. The badges of these noble orders emblazoned with coronets and fleur-de they dangle from princely ribbons.

An excellent example is the Anci Heraldic and Chivalric Order of Albi instituted in 1643, re-organized in 1883. background is lushly romantic. It was ganized originally for the conversion the twenty-three Indian tribes compri within the grant of New Albion. In 1 it was merged as "a high degree of knig hood" in what was then known as Patriotic Order of the Fathers and Fou ers of the Republic in Pennsylvania New York.

Even nobler is the Aryan Order of George of the Empire in America. "

ɔose of this society," it is explained, to promote social virtues, to reprobate ionable vices and follies, to preserve ealogical records of the families of ıbers and the accounts of their historic tness as means to further the end by vening a feeling of family worth and ɔr with present memorials." Member- is restricted to those descended from ustrious and honorable family, co- al or noble, of the Aryan race."

ıe National Society of Americans of al Descent displays a decided sniffish- toward all things Colonial and Revo- ɔnary. "The society," it is stated, "is posed of both men and women of good ding in American Ancestral Societies r than the Daughters of the American ɔlution and of Royal Descent." The er of the Crown of America, another ıe same sort, was founded in 1898 by Henrietta Lynde de Neville Farns- h of Detroit. "Its purpose is to per- ate the memory, not only of illustrious nial ancestors, but of those belonging ırlier generations who descended line- and legitimately from the royal houses e old world; to keep in mind the efforts e by them toward the furtherance of an progress; to encourage the acquisi- of knowledge relating to the periods hich they lived, and to inspire the est conceptions of American citizen- " "The lineage record," it is stipu- , "must be made out and signed by ɔfessional genealogist."

should not be understood that these ties are all composed of elderly women ng to bask in an anemic glow from past. Many he-men also belong to —for example, to the Baronial Order ınemede. Its membership is composed st entirely of bankers, business men manufacturers. The organization is elaborate. There are two classes of ghthood": first, one made up of the ounders of the Order and, second, one ɔsed of "lineal male descendants of r more of the twenty-five barons who selected to be the sureties for the proper observance of the statutes contained in Magna Charta." Members are entitled to designate their own successors. The Court of Eligibility of the Baronial Order passes upon other applicants, and the Court of the Exchequer of the Baronial Order takes care of the money. On the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of the granting of Magna Charta, in 1915, the society published a volume of 549 pages called "Magna Charta Barons and their Descendants."

There are other bands of noble, or nearly-noble, males of even more tropical magnificence. The Imperial Order of the Yellow Rose supposedly derives from the Imperial Military Order of the Yellow Rose, reputed to have existed far in the past. It was "re-organized" in 1908, and the proviso was then made that "none but those of royal descent shall hereafter be admitted into membership in the order." In the Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America membership is "in right of descent from a man or a woman who enjoyed feudal rights in any of the American Colonies prior to July 4, 1776, as a Proprietary, a Lord of a Manor, a Patroon, a Landgrave, or by whatever designation known, enjoying equal rights and privileges."

The Scions of Colonial Cavaliers set forth this programme:

> The purpose of the formation of the Society of Scions of Colonial Cavaliers is first to set the Colonial Cavalier right in American history, too much importance having been accredited to the Puritan by various of our national historians in treating of the founding and growth of our Commonwealth. Secondly, our object pursuant to the thoughtful study of American history, is to compile records and erect memorials honoring the Colonial Cavaliers and, if occasion offers, to render philanthropic aid to our country in times of war.
>
> The membership of the society is divided into two parts. The First, the Palatines, the descendants of the Cavaliers who settled in America before 1650 and who were sons, grandsons or themselves of the British nobility. The ordinary and sometimes vulgarly heralded descent from kings on the part of Americans, when the king dated back further

than being at least the grandfather of one's pioneer Cavalier ancestor, counts for nothing to bolster up one's claims for membership. The second order, the Landgraves, are members descended from distinguished Cavalier families of British gentry. . . .

Beside having a properly accredited invitation from the society, in addition to the above rigid requirements, the candidate for membership, whether Palatine or Landgrave, must also be a descendant of an ancestor of Cavalier antecedents who was a personage of note in the Eighteenth Century and also from one whose career complies with the same conditions in the Nineteenth Century. A great many Southern families have a "tradition" that their forefathers were Cavaliers, an expression often loosely used to mean gentlemen and ladies. But only the historical fact of one's being a scion of a Cavalier who was a partisan of Charles I against Cromwell, or belonged to a family ranked as Cavaliers by a reliable historian is of any avail for membership. . . .

The American Revolution, with all the good it wrought in the cause of freedom, with Washington and the others of eminent Colonial Cavalier lineage in the thickest of the fray, we do not enter into the discussion of pro or con, leaving that theme to other patriotic societies. Anyone who reads the signs of the times can discern that the dominant trend of thought at the present time is Cavalier rather than Puritanical. The Puritan loved a village—and village gossip; the Cavalier, life on a landed estate where he was monarch of all he surveyed.

III

It is in Boston, a holy city to all right-thinking genealogists, that the Puritan is glorified. Here all worldly objectives are lost sight of and ancestors are hunted down with a somber zeal. It is no light matter; there is no place for frivolous romance or conjecture. In this environment even the devotion of the Chinese to their ancestors seems a little thin.

Boston is the seat of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the grandpa of them all. For the past eighty years the society has been accumulating a library of thousands of volumes, dealing almost exclusively with genealogy. Nearby, at Salem, is the Essex Institute, which is even older. In Boston, too, under the direction of the Massachusetts Society of *Mayfl* Descendants, there is being carried forw that great project, "The *Mayflower* G alogies." It is the ambition of this Soc to include in one vast genealogical w which shall be completed by the year 2 the four hundredth anniversary of the l ing, every descendant of all the passen aboard the *Mayflower*. Unfortunately crass world has not given much suppor this endeavor. But the struggle is g forward and the Society has been abl resume publication of its magazine, *Mayflower Descendant*.

There exists also in Boston that n eminent of all the trade journals of the ealogical world, the *Evening Transcript*. Mondays and Wednesdays, uniquely am American newspapers, it devotes an en page to genealogical material, and page is apparently one of the most pop features of the paper. Correspondents notified that "contributions for the dep ment have accumulated to such an ex that it is impossible to insert commun tions as soon as they are received." It i this page that one learns that the Sh Family Association will hold its an meeting on Wednesday afternoon at o'clock at the New England Historical Genealogical Society's Building at 9 A burton place. Also on Wednesdays *Transcript* devotes a page to chronicling activities of the patriotic and heredi societies. All this is taken very seriousl New England, as the stipulations for m bership in the Society of *Mayflower* scendants indicate:

All preliminary applications must be proved by the Membership Committee, investigate the social and moral standin the applicant. If the decision of the C mittee is favorable they report the nam the applicant to the Board of Assistants subsequent meeting, and upon such re pedigree blanks are issued upon which be set out in detail each generation in des from a *Mayflower* passenger.

Every step in pedigree must be prove reference to published works recognize the Society as authoritative, giving in instance the volume and page quoted c

ling certified copies of town or church ecords, tombstone inscriptions or other npublished evidence. No fact can be ac-epted which is based solely upon family or ocal traditions.

The pedigree blanks must be filled out in uplicate and sworn to before a notary public r other competent officer and sent to the istorian. After examination and approval y him and by the Historian General he will eport to the Board of Assistants, who will ect the applicant a member of the Society nless in the meantime something prejudicial as been learned.

ut even the *Mayflower* descendants, se living repositories of hallowed tra-on, occasionally relax; they, too, have ir gay times. The following is from the ceedings of the Massachusetts Society:

he twenty-seventh annual reception and nner were held at the Hotel Somerset, oston, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Charles A. oolidge, governor of the Society, presided the after dinner exercises, and there were ldresses by the Rev. Alexander Mann, D.D., ctor of Trinity Church, Boston, and Bishop-ect of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and rofessor Woodman Bradbury, D.D., of the ewton (Mass.) Theological Institution.

Professor Bradbury's address, on "The unes of the Pilgrims," was illustrated by a ouble quartette—Miss Priscilla Hawthorne owle, Mrs. Florence Lowther Lee, Miss lizabeth Farr Bradbury, Miss Jennie M. eed, Mr. Egbert Corning Prime, Mr. Evan ohn Shearman, Mr. Bernard David Adams, Ir. Thomas Lionel Brindley. The singers nd the accompanist, Mr. Homer Chenery ryant, were all dressed in Pilgrim costume.

The Compact was read by the secretary, usual, but on this occasion it was read from ie copy presented to the Society at its venty-sixth annual meeting. The Secretary so read, from a photostat copy of the Ten ounter Demaunds, an extract containing the rliest known printed suggestion of a re-oval from Leyden to America.

The arrangements for the reception and nner were in charge of Mrs. Charles A. oolidge, Mrs. Channing H. Cox, Mrs. ederick Foster, Mrs. John Holmes Morison nd Miss Clara Endicott Sears.

ar removed from the chaste confines of ton, in the remote West, is another t seat of genealogical research. Here ealogy has a place in the religious ob-ances of the Latter Day Saints of Utah. Nephi Anderson explained "Genealogy's Place in the Plan of Salvation" in a paper read at the quarterly meeting of the Genealogical Society of Utah at Salt Lake City in October, 1911. "The gospel," he asserted, "*is* preached in the spirit world, —the gospel in its completeness, including baptism in water for the remission of sins. The living on earth may be baptized for the dead; and if the dead exercise faith and repentance, the earthly vicarious work will be credited to them as if they had done it themselves."

Nephi quoted Joseph Smith as saying, "The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead." And again: "The Saints have not too much time to save and redeem their dead and gather together their living relatives before the earth shall be smitten." "This welding together," the speaker observed, "link upon link, of the families of the earth can only be accomplished by getting the names of the individuals composing these families with certain facts regarding them, by which they can be identified—dates of birth, and of death, where they lived, and to whom they were related. With these facts secured, proper records can be made, and the binding together can be accomplished, the work being done in the Temples of the Lord, the living for themselves as well as for the dead."

But this work, he was careful to point out, cannot be carried on by faith alone: "Thousands of individuals have been moved to spend much money and years of time to gather their family records and issue them in printed form. A tidal wave of ancestry searching has swept over the country. . . . In conclusion, let me suggest the future of this work. I see the records of the dead and their histories gathered together from every nation under Heaven to one great central library in Zion—the largest and best equipped for its particular use in the world. Branch libraries may be established in the nations but in Zion will be the records of last resort and final authority. Trained genealogists will find

constant work in all nations having unpublished records, searching among the archives for families and family connections."

This enormous labor has been pushed steadily forward. The Genealogical Society of Utah has gone a long way from the humble days of its founding in 1894. The classes in genealogy organized not long afterward by Sister Susa Young Gates have borne glorious fruit. Some of the most extraordinary pedigrees have come from the Utah school. They go back to Joseph of Arimathea and "Anna (cousin to Mary)," and they include Wecta, King of Saxony; Rurik, founder of Russia; "Lear, King in Britain," Woden, Charlemagne and Alfred the Great. The Society has agents in England and on the Continent. There is still much work to be done. But the library has kept pace, if not with Nephi Anderson's vision, at least with the ever-increasing flow of genealogical literature.

IV

In 1874 scarcely 500 genealogical works had been published in this country. At the present time the annual output forms a not insignificant portion of the entire production of printed books. While for the most part they are the work of obscure genealogists, occasionally an eminent mind labors in the field. For example, Dr. David Starr Jordan is the author, along with Sarah Louise Kimball, of a recent work called "Your Family Tree." Although Dr. Jordan states in a preface that one of his objects is to demonstrate that there is no especial significance in "a boasted 'line of long descent,' " his book is largely given over to genealogical tables which tend to refute this modest contention. For these tables show that almost all of the gaudier present-day heroes of the United States descend from kings or emperors. Dr. Jordan himself is descended, through the same line with Rufus Choate, from David I of Scotland by way of Isabel de Vermandois. Curtis Dwight Wilbur and Ray Lyman Wilbur likewise stem from David I. Calvin Coolidge is traced back to Charlemag although it was only two generations fore Calvin's appearance that the Cooli name was wedded to the kingly line.

The authors were apparently put to so difficulty in connecting the Quaker, H bert Hoover, with kings. This v achieved, although in little more tha footnote, through Mrs. Mildred Cr Brooke Hoover, the wife of Dean Theod Jesse Hoover, his brother. Mrs. Mild Crew Brooke Hoover is descended fr David I, and is also, the authors reco State regent for California of the Daught of the American Revolution. J. Pierp Morgan descends from David I, and Jo D. Rockefeller from Henry I, King France. "Your Family Tree" is thus unlike "Of Sceptred Race," a well-kno work by Annah Robinson Watson, a author of "Some Notable Families America," "A Royal Lineage," "On Field of Honor," "The Champion Maid and "The Victory." "Of Sceptred Rac is largely devoted to naming the Ameri descendants of Charlemagne and Alfred

The future is bright with hope for genealogist. New millionaires and n movie stars, all of whom seem to regar good sound genealogy with much fav are always appearing in sufficient abu dance. On more modest levels there are sons and daughters of founders and pa ots, ever in need of a bit of genealogi substantiation. It is a profession on wh one may embark very easily; apparen little equipment is needed. A case in po is that of an ex-chiropractor who di thriving business in New York as an thority on heraldry. He launched an mirable project for a volume to be cal "Who's Who in Heraldry." There was trifling matter of fees, which ranged fr $50 upward, for mention in the book. U fortunately, the law thrust its snout i this endeavor. There seemed to be a feel that the technique was a little crude. In genealogical world subtlety counts for much; subtlety, and the righteous awa ness of a lofty calling.

SCHOOL DAYS

BY LAWRANCE MAYNARD

When the bell rang and the children all struggled in from the great, dusty recreation yard to the sombre frame building that was the shell in ch dwelt that grim monster, Public ool No. 1, I was always reminded of the in the kitchen of my grandmother's se. Helping her dry the dishes after er, I often watched the rush of soapy er to the drain as she tipped the dish- and spilled its contents into the sink. n the bottom of the sink the waste er would wash small bits of food ard the drain. In the end, there would sudden sucking sound as the last of vater disappeared, leaving only a little of refuse. The children rushing into ol from the yard were like that soapy er and the bits of food. They were be- sucked into a great drain. As they ed the wide door they even made gurgling noises.

ter on, like the waste water from the the water that was washed to the sea ugh sewers and rivers, by cities and lets, touching forests and plains, these ren would escape from the school, to rried by some kind of a current into kind of sea of life, and to do their to hinder or help the progress of the d.

ce inside the building and seated in classrooms we became different per- lities. In the yard, on the streets, in wn homes, we were exuberant chil- carefree and mischievous, full of play gayety, and entirely ingenuous. In the ol we became crafty, conniving little ws, conspiring against the common y—Teacher.

I do not believe that we ever had a teacher who understood us. I am quite sure that we never had one whom we understood. Had we understood our teachers we might have learned more, and had they understood the workings of our developing minds, the divergence of our evolving personalities, they might have taught us to understand them. They treated us as uncomprehending imbeciles rather than as intelligent boys and girls. They insulted our intelligence by ignoring it entirely. We thought that they meant to belittle us, intended to humiliate us. In our eyes they were inimical to our happiness, a restraint on our liberties.

On their side, they were all suspicious of us. They saw overt intentions in our every act, and firmly believed that each one of us had but one aim in life—to put something over on them. Later in life I met policemen who had the same obsession. Perhaps our teachers were right, for certainly we believed that we had to buck them.

The name of our principal was Helen Finder. This name gave birth to a pun which we repeated at every opportunity. It happened one afternoon in the classroom. Miss Keller, the teacher, missed one of the little girls. Looking over the class her eye fell upon the special chum of the missing child.

"Beth," she demanded, "where is Ruth?"

"I don't know," said Beth, giggling a bit.

"I think you do know," said Miss Keller darkly. "If you don't tell me I'll have to go to the principal."

"Oh well," said Beth with an air of

bored indifference, "go to Helen Finder then."

After that the pupils were always conspicuously asking one another about the location of one of the girls or teachers, and always feeling delightfully daring at the reply, "Go to Helen Finder."

Miss Finder's favorite colors were green and brown. Her dresses invariably were of one of these colors—a sickly dark olive-green or a clayey burnt-senna brown that matched her lusterless hair that once had been red. She was forever bustling about the hallways or the yard, listening in on the lunch-hour conversations of the pupils, popping unexpectedly into classrooms to catch the youngsters in an uproar when teacher had stepped out for a moment. When she did this a sudden pall would fall over us and the room would be very quiet while she had her say.

"This is a nice way for me to find you," she would declare scornfully. "Your teacher can't trust you to be alone for even a minute. Have you no honor at all? When I was a girl in school we sat still and studied our lessons when teacher stepped out. We were proud to have her know that she could trust us. Now I don't want to catch you this way again. Will the monitors please write down the names of those who made a disturbance and give them to me?"

The monitors were delighted. Writing down the names of mischief-makers made them feel important. Each room contained two monitors appointed by the teacher to help her with her work. They were eager little spies, and I feel certain that most of them grew up to be members of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Church. At Miss Finder's demand they turned in the names of the delinquent pupils, and that afternoon the culprits would be called to her sanctum. Such a summons was a fearsome thing. It usually meant that a ruler was to be used on bare hands, or that hours were to be spent staying after school.

There was, for example, the episode of the chalk marks on a neighboring sidewalk. Naughty words had been mar
where all might read. This was shocki
and high was the pedagogic indignatio
the office of Miss Finder. Teachers w
summoned and told to question their
pils. Somewhere in that school was a
or girl who had seen the vandal at
sinister work, and who would tell
about it if discovered. The teachers
made little speeches during which sev
of the Ten Commandments were pra
fully mentioned, the Constitution
cited, and the virtue of civic pride was
tolled in an effort to convince the yo
hopefuls that their duty lay in expos
the writer of obscene words on the pu
highways. Sure enough, their efforts w
crowned with success. A girl in the seve
grade confided to her teacher that she
seen the criminal in the act. She told
he was—a boy in the fifth grade. Tri
phantly the teacher bore this star wit
off to Miss Finder's office. Miss Fi
commended her, and then asked questi

The girl did not mind the first questi
Willingly enough she described how
had seen the boy marking on the sidew
with white chalk, and how she had h
him laugh when another boy warned
that he was breaking a law. There wa
doubt about it, she said; Johnny Hall
done the writing. But Miss Finder had
finished. She was always very thorough
her investigations. She must know ev
thing, get to the bottom of cases. What
demanded to know now was, what
the words Johnny Hall had marked on
sidewalk?

The girl blushed. She hesitated, st
mered, did not reply. Miss Finder insis
The girl did not answer. She tried to
her embarrassment, but Miss Finder
not seem to be aware of her torture.

"Answer me," she snapped. "What
he write?"

"Please, Miss Finder, I can't tell yo
the girl pleaded.

"You'll tell me, or you'll stay
school for lying. If you don't tell me
know you didn't see it at all."

The girl hung her head, blushed furi-
sly, then stammered:
'Well—he wrote—he wrote ——"
She blurted out the fatal words fearfully,
en hung her head in shame. Miss Finder
d heard what she wanted to hear, and
did not seem to be shocked. She sent
girl back to her room, where the
cher, who had heard everything, looked
her strangely all day and turned red
enever the girl's eyes met hers.

II

ce a week, on Monday mornings, the
ire school, students and teachers, had
assemble in front of the schoolhouse for
ite called Flag Drill. Miss Finder was
ays there like a band leader, standing
the steps and facing the ranks of pu-
s—girls and boys in alternating lines.
her command one of the boys, he who
been appointed Flag Monitor for the
nth, raised the flag to the top of the
e while the right hand of each child
teacher came to salute and every eye
raised to the colors. When the flag
reached the top of the pole Miss Finder
uld glare sternly over the pupils, as
ugh daring any of them to utter a
nd; then, in a high falsetto voice which
strove to make staccato in a military
nner, she would lead the assembly
ough the little jingle all of us had
ned:

I pledge allegiance to my Flag
And to the Republic for which it stands,
One Nation indivisible
With Liberty and Justice for all.

s we repeated the first line we had to
e our arms and point (presumably with
e) to the waving flag. As the last line
ed the school orchestra, just inside the
ding, played "God Save the King"
everybody sang "My Country 'Tis of
e." This done, Miss Finder would
e brightly at the gaping immigrants
had stopped on the street to wonder
t all the hullabaloo was about, and
would march to our classrooms, where
the teacher either would compliment us or excoriate us, depending on our behavior during the drill.

If I live forever I never will forget one day when Miss Finder flounced into the room two minutes after we had finished the exhibition of patriotism. We knew at once, by the way in which she tossed her head, that she was indignant. Miss Finder never became angry; her strongest emotion was indignation. Her faded red hair seemed to bristle, and we used to discuss the possibility of seeing sparks fly from it if we could catch her in the dark. On this day she had chosen a green dress, and topped by the red hair it was most effective.

"I'm ashamed of you," she snapped. "Big boys and girls like you, in the sixth grade, showing such disrespect for the Flag of our Country! Why, the little children in the first grade would be ashamed to act as you did."

Miss Keller, our teacher, stood aside, behind Miss Finder, leaning weakly against the blackboard. Her face was red, and her lips worked as though she were trying to hold back a sob. I believe that most of the teachers hated Flag Drill as much as we did. They lived in terror of Miss Finder's tongue.

"You didn't salute in unison," the principal charged. "Some of you didn't more than half raise your arms to point at the Flag. Fine citizens you will be, too lazy even to salute your Country's beautiful Flag!"

We sat in abject depression. Our Country, it appeared, was a God, and the Flag was its Messiah; and in that room Miss Finder was their evangelist. George Washington was a prophet, and all the dead Presidents were apostles, saints. To fail to show proper awe and respect for their memories was the unpardonable sin. Miserable sinners that we were, we had taken the name of the Flag in vain. We had not worshipped with sufficient pomp.

"The entire sixth grade will remain after school and practice the salute," Miss Finder decreed. "Miss Keller, you will

take them out in the yard after school and see that they do it perfectly before they go home."

That was all. She swept from the room in the manner of a tragedy queen who has just spoken the big line. Miss Keller just stood and looked at the door a minute, then said:

"You heard her yourself, children. I won't need to repeat it."

After school that afternoon we went to the front yard and lined up. Ten times we raised our arms to the skies and repeated the meaningless lines of the pledge which we had learned to hate. Out on the sidewalk was gathered a small group of children from the other classes. They leaned on the fence and hooted at us. Passing pedestrians halted and smiled and went on about their business. A group of colored laborers looked up from their work and grinned. A Chinese vegetable vender blinked his eyes and looked puzzled; then drove on shaking his head over the peculiar customs of American children. I felt humiliated, degraded, foolish. I felt that I alone of that roomful of saluting pupils was conspicuous. I felt the passing populace laughing at me. I dropped my eyes and tried not to catch the eye of anyone.

That night I dreamed that a band was playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" before a vast crowd, and that I stood up, and that I looked around and saw that out of the vast audience I alone was on my feet, and that thousands of eyes were focused on me, wondering what was wrong with me, and that suddenly thousands of voices rose in derisive laughter because I was standing up while a band played the then popular "Alexander's Rag-Time Band."

I have since learned that most of those children felt just as I felt. The sense of the ridiculousness of their position oppressed them, and every stranger in the street who paused to watch them go through that ritual of the salute made them feel like hiding away some place.

It was thus that we learned respect for the flag.

III

Regardless of the condition of our voi we had to sing if we expected to achiev perfect report-card. Miss Pember was t musical supervisor of the city schoo Once each month she visited our school a performed upon us an operation which s called tests. She carried a tuning-fork wi her, and every time she struck it she e pected one of us to match its metal sound with a note of the voice.

She kept this up until she consider that each of us had satisfactorily echo the ping of the fork. Then she wrung fr us the scales, starting with a *do* th sounded strenuously low and rising wi more or less regularity to a high *do* th wavered and cracked in the middle. One two of the girls managed this with sm perfection, and Miss Pember beamed up them and nodded her head at the rest of while they performed. Most of us hat her.

One day when it came my turn to bl the scales I asked to be excused.

"Come, come," she said, tapping t palm of her hand with the tuning-for "You must sing or I'll have to mark y 'failed' in the test."

"I can't sing," I told her, feeling burning flush spreading up over my fa from my ears to my forehead. I real couldn't sing, and being forced to try b fore that roomful was a torture.

"Did you hear that, Miss Keller?" M Pember demanded of our regular teach "He says he can't sing!"

Her statement seemed to be an indi ment of Miss Keller's efficiency as a teach Just think of it, she seemed to say,—a b in the room who couldn't sing the scal Probably couldn't spell *cat* or recite t list of Presidents either. What was M Keller's defense?

"He sings very well in class," she sa

"Then he shall sing the scales for me said Miss Pembler with portentous finalit

And I sang the scale, and felt so asham of my voice that I dared not look at t

ıer members of the class for the duration the session.

Miss Pember always asked a lot of questns about tonics and diatonics, minors l majors, signatures and staffs. She told that the staff contained five lines and r spaces, and that the letters of the ces spelled FACE and that by memzing a sentence—"Every good boy does e"—we could remember that the names he lines were E, G, B, D and F.

Thus we learned about music. Although ow have a fairly good tenor voice I er sing outside my own room, with the or locked and assurance that nobody is hin hearing distance. When I find t someone has heard me singing I feel amed, and the blush spreads from my s to my forehead just as it did when ss Pember made me sing the scale before class. But I shall never forget that the ces of the staff spell FACE, and that lines assure us that "Every good boy s fine."

IV

learned to read the characters of our chers. We knew which would stand for insolence and which would report least peccadillo to Miss Finder. We w that we could get by with anything h Miss Ackerman, the tall, statuesque nan who taught the seventh grade for hile. Miss Ackerman was neurotic, and en to crying when crossed. Sometimes lost her head and stormed at us, but were not afraid; we knew that in the she would sit at her desk and cry, and meant that we had the best of her. ile she cried we would snicker among elves, the boys would pull the hair of girls, and the older girls would toss s to the older boys.

Ve must have felt a bit of sympathy, in amefaced way, for Miss Ackerman. I k that our mischief during her crying ls was performed more because we ted to prove to each other that we 't care, that we were hardened to the s of hysteric women, than because we really were unsympathetic. At any rate, we seldom made much noise while she wept, and we kept anxious eyes on her even while we teased one another and joined in sly imitations of her tears. But when she scolded us we openly jeered at her.

It was impossible for Miss Ackerman to control us. We simply had no fear of her, and therefore no respect. At home, many of us had seen toil-weary, nerve-wrought mothers crying over the hardships of the household, and we felt then that something terrible was happening, and we were saddened. But not so with Miss Ackerman. We did not owe affection to her, nor were we obliged to feel her sorrow.

Sometimes Miss Ackerman would try to win us by reading stories to us in the afternoon. She read Kipling's animal stories, and parts of "Gulliver's Travels," and "Alice in Wonderland." Another favorite of hers was "The Wizard of Oz." She seemed to revel in these fantastic fairy tales with their satiric trend, but we did not appreciate them.

"Readin' fairy tales to the seventh grade!" we snorted. We thought that these things belonged to infancy, and that we were now beyond them. We could not imagine what Miss Ackerman saw in them, nor did she comprehend that we did not understand. She herself enjoyed them, and so she took it for granted that we understood. Our sneering puzzled her. But what did we know of the subtleties of Swift or the humor of Carroll? They were just fairy tales, like "Cinderella" or "Little Red Riding Hood," or "Jack and the Beanstalk." Stuff for the first grade!

But Miss Ackerman read them to us and seemed to think that we would like her better for doing so. One day, when she realized at last that we were laughing at her and sneering at her books, she simply closed the volume of Kipling she was reading, very gently laid it on the desk, looked at us a moment in silence, sighed a bit convulsively and went out into the cloak-room. A few moments later one of the boys opened the cloak-room door and

peeked in. He closed the door softly and said:

"She's in there cryin'—an' she's got her coat on."

"Let's peek," whispered one of the girls.

Half a dozen of us went to the door and peered through. One of the boys, a twelve-year-old named Walter, poked his head into the cloak-room. As a practical joke the boy behind him gave him a shove into the room and closed the door. We stood by the door and laughed. What a scare Walter must be getting! We expected to hear him pounding on the door. It wouldn't be nice to be in the room alone with the crying Miss Ackerman.

He didn't pound on the door, but we released it and waited. Finally he came back into the school-room, very quiet and red in the face. He didn't say anything.

"Well," said one of the boys, "what did the old cry-baby do to you? What'd she say?"

Walter looked embarrassed a moment, shook his head, would not talk.

"Aw, come on; tell us," we begged.

"Well," he began reluctantly, "when she seen me there she just grabbed me and kissed me and hugged me."

"Tell it to Sweeney!" we scoffed.

"No kiddin', she really did," he insisted. "She hugged me an' kissed me an' she said, 'Oh children, I love you so much!' "

"Was that what she said, honest?"

"Yeah; 'Oh children, I love you so much—an' you don't like me.' She said that, an' then she started cryin' again an' she put on her hat."

While we were puzzling over this strange behavior of Miss Ackerman's we were frozen by the sudden appearance of Miss Finder in the room. Miss Ackerman, she told us, had gone home sick, and we could go home until tomorrow, when a new teacher would be there. Probably Miss Ackerman wouldn't be back for a few days.

Nor was she; we never saw her again. For a few days o ir room was presided over by teachers who could be spared a f minutes from their own rooms, and by M Finder herself. And then came Mrs. Pla

Mrs. Platt was fat. There is no oth word to describe her size. Merely fat. N perhaps, as fat as the fat woman of t circus, but fat enough to cause a ripple excitement in the room when she barg in for the first time, followed by M Finder, who performed the ceremony introduction. We had been instructed tall skinny teachers, by short skin teachers, and by teachers of medium, u remarkable size and weight, but never l fore by a teacher as fat as Mrs. Platt. T appearance of Miss Finder silenced us f the moment, but no sooner had she clos the door behind her departing self th the buzzing started. Whispers:

"Gee whizz, lookut her!"

"Ain't she a ol' elephunt!"

"Like a tub!"

"Oooh! Bet she can't boss us much! T fat to get around fast."

Mrs. Platt removed her hat and co hung them on the back of a chair, pick up a ruler, rapped sharply on the desk wi it, and snapped huskily:

"Shut your traps!"

We were astounded. Slang from a scho teacher! We could not have been mo taken aback had we heard the Bapt preacher from the nearby church usi profane language. Slang from the fat scho teacher, and she sounded very much li she meant it! An incredulous murm arose. She stood up before us and glar from under bushy, masculine brows.

"I said shut up!" she exploded. "Can you brats understand plain English? D up or I'll warm your behinds!"

We shut up. She talked like a man. S did not look as if she was ready to bur into tears if we disobeyed her. She look as if she might take a wallop at us. Meek we turned to our lessons, and meekly v listened that afternoon while she re aloud to us from a volume of—Grimm Fairy Tales!

YANKEE NEAL

BY DANE YORKE

A shopboy at twelve, and an itinerant teacher of penmanship at eighteen, by the time he got to twenty-one blue-eyed, impetuous John Neal felt prodigious hankering not to die a fool; event that inevitably happens to a New glander who dies without having seen ston." Travelling by stagecoach from rtland, Maine, he duly reached Boston the Spring of 1814. His first Sunday re he spent in reconnoissance, and his ef memory afterward was of Lucius nlius Sargent, that literary darling of day, whose "Three Temperance Tales" re to run through 130 editions. It was al's first glimpse of American literature he flesh. And it was a generous glimpse. ll day long, to and fro, with the air of rince," the illustrious Lucius paraded ston Common, . . . "rigged out in cking-net pantaloons and half-boots, playing his handsome legs to the great- possible advantage."

But the glories of Lucius and literature n held no allure for John Neal. His nd was bent on trade. He plunged into dry-goods business, but that soon led, even though he had the inspiration being associated with a pillar of the ous Old South Church. The pillar's pocrisy disgusted him, so he broke away began handling smuggled British goods form of bootlegging then considered te reputable, so strongly did Boston approve of the second war with Eng- d, "Mr. Jefferson's War," still going For a time Neal prospered, but then war ended suddenly, business collapsed, , fighting to avoid bankruptcy, he hur- l to New York, to Philadelphia, and finally to Baltimore, then the third commercial city of the country. There he again met with business success. But before long, unwise credits and the after-the-war depression brought the young Yankee into the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and in 1816, at the age of twenty-three, he found himself a complete bankrupt. He decided he was through with business.

Out of the wreckage he salvaged just one thing: the friendship of John Pierpont, whom he had met in Boston and who had followed him, as a business partner, to Baltimore. Their friendship was strangely complementary. Pierpont, now aged thirty, was a graduate of Yale and of the famous Litchfield Law School; he was widely read, and had a fine literary taste and some fame as a poet through his magazine verse. But he was timid and markedly self-distrustful; while Neal, at twenty-three, though practically uneducated, had a fiery self-confidence that obstacles and contradiction only stimulated. Debating the future, the two bankrupt Yankees saved each other. Neal nerved Pierpont to try an entirely new profession—the ministry—in which he ultimately became one of the most noted figures of his day. And because Pierpont had previously failed in the law and now strongly advised against it, Neal began to study for the Baltimore bar. Tell him a thing was impossible and he promptly set out to do it.

In after years, interpreting to the English what he called "the serious versatility" of the American character, he wrote: "When the spirit of adventure is disturbed in a genuine Yankee he seems to reckon upon miracles as other men do upon

chance." His decision for the law was a case in point. Certainly it seemed mad. The Baltimore bar, in 1816, was the most learned, the most proud, the most exclusive in the country. Its members included such lofty figures as William Pinkney, William Wirt, Luther Martin, William B. Winder, and Roger Taney, later to be Chief Justice of the United States, and author of the Dred Scott decision. The rules of that bar were unusually severe for the time, requiring a rigid four-year student-apprenticeship before admission. And even after admission, supposing Neal could gain it, there would come the further struggle of gathering a practice against the formidable competition of the native talent—a struggle in which Neal would be handicapped by the fact that he was a Yankee, "never much of a reputation in the South and less at Baltimore, perhaps, than almost anywhere else." He lacked education, money, influence; he had no reputation save the one for violent temper, carried over from business, which had already given him the sobriquet of Crazy Neal. Further, his life up to this time had been one impatient jump after another. He had not stuck to any one place or any one pursuit for any such period as the four years that he must pass through before he could even apply for admission to the bar.

But "the spirit of adventure was disturbed" in John Neal. He accomplished the Horatio Alger feat. By 1822 he had been admitted to show himself in the Baltimore courts and within another year had built up such a comfortable practice that, as one indication, his law library and office furniture were inventoried at $3,000, a very respectable sum for that day. And in the process he had found a new ambition, and a new vent for his amazing energy—in literature.

Neal's literary development came about partly from financial necessity, partly through the influence of John Pierpont and the Delphians. Pierpont, of late, had bent himself to completing a book of verse, "The Airs of Palestine," which, appearing late in 1816, brought him in mediate fame. More important still, brought him $100 in cash, and enabled hi to complete his theological studies a enter the ministry. That $100 also mea much to John Neal. It showed him opportunity and a challenge. He need some means of support during his years legal apprenticeship; if Pierpont could ea money by writing, then so could he. he promptly decided that while studyi the law he would live by his pen.

II

It was, on the whole, the maddest of a his mad decisions. No American writ had yet succeeded in living by lette though Charles Brockden Brown had di miserably in trying it. American literatu at that time was strictly an affair of am teurs. Irving, living on his private incom had published nothing since his "Knicke bocker" in 1809; "The Sketch Book" d not appear until 1819, or three years aft Neal's decision. Bryant's "Thanatopsis did not come out in book form, until 182 Cooper's first successful novel, "The Spy not until 1821. Abroad, Keats, Shelle Byron and Scott, were all in active produ tion and the American market was flood with pirated English books. It was cheap for an American publisher to pirate the than to print the free manuscript of a native writer. Not only that, but he su fered loss of caste by being too close identified with American books. The lea ing American literary magazine filled pages with English apings and reviews English works. Magazine contributio were almost invariably gratuitous. Of t editors only two or three were known be paid for their work, and one of the was literally supported by the subsidy his friends.

Furthermore, when Neal made that d cision he had written practically nothin He had tried his hand at a few short poe and prose sketches for the entertainme of a little circle of "handsome, clever a

y pleasant young women,"—and two
er poems had been written at Pierpont's
tigation and published (unpaid),
ough Pierpont's friendly help, in the
tico, a literary and quasi-philosophical
gazine of the day. The same *Portico* had
ried (also unpaid) an exhaustive review
Neal of Lord Byron's verse. But that
s all.

The last named composition had sprung
n the stimulus of the Delphians, a little
up of men, self-limited to nine ("we
ng the male muses of our day!") which
sprung up in Baltimore around Dr.
ias Watkins, Assistant Surgeon-Gen-
of the Army, and editor of the *Portico*.
y met each Saturday night, rotating
ween the offices and rooms of the mem-
s, "to partake of bread and cheese—
h an occasional pot of beer—and settle
affairs of the universe." It was a group
trikingly diverse characters, who could
n as readily to strongly reasoned argu-
nt as to mad frolic. Through it Neal was
ught into contact with practically every
ent of American life, art, and letters.
vas the most profoundly stimulating in-
nce in his whole career.

Watkins was the president, a tall, strik-
y handsome, vigorous man, who was
fond of paradox and contradiction
t sooner than agree with anybody he
uld say anything, and say it so earnestly
o satisfy most people that he meant
nt he said." One of his famous Delphian
s was a wager that he could swallow
iven number of dry biscuits, without
help of a drink, in five minutes—an
eriment in which he went down to de-
, with much agonized dry swallowing,
half a biscuit. Pierpont (who intro-
ed Neal into the circle) was vice-
ident. Tall, lean and austere—but an
eterate punster—he was the literary
le of the group. A fun-loving German
sician was secretary; while the other
nbers comprised such varied figures as
ry M. Breckinridge, a lawyer, author
noted travel book of the day, who was
r, like Pierpont, to turn minister; Wil-
liam Gwynne, also a lawyer, the editor of the Baltimore *Federal Gazette*, and "wonderfully apt with epigrams and puzzles and newspaper squibbs"; and General William H. Winder, a nervous, excitable, brilliant man, who had commanded the American militia at the unfortunate battle of Bladensburg, whereby the British were enabled to capture and burn Washington.

Winder was now a leader of the Baltimore bar and the last years of Neal's apprenticeship were spent in his law-office. The remaining member of importance was Paul Allen, whose friends established the *Journal of the Times*, which he edited for a livelihood. Allen had been once declared by Thomas Jefferson to be America's leading prose writer. He was small and dark, with, as Neal later wrote, "the gravest way of saying the silliest things, . . . and a character of sluggishness, slovenly inaptitude and moroseness all about him. Yet there is not a better natured fellow on the earth—nor a man that will write more, with less substantial information, on any subject in the same time."

In the atmosphere of the group Neal expanded rapidly. He was noticeably the youngest, the others being in their mid-thirties and forties, while he was barely twenty-three. They nicknamed him Jehu O'Cataract because "of my impetuosity, fiery temper and Irish name," and their frank, friendly, give-and-take of contradiction spurred him on continually. His Byron review was an illustration. In 1816 the third canto of "Childe Harold" had just appeared and was discussed one night by the Delphians. Watkins asked Pierpont to review the work for the *Portico*, but Pierpont declined: he had never written a review and felt that he never could. Whereupon Neal confidently offered his own services—to be so stung by the ensuing banter that he went home, read through everything Byron had published up to that time, and wrote a massive treatise, all within the space of four days.

It was his first review, his first piece of formal prose. So ignorant was he of the

bare mechanics of authorship that he thought he had prepared merely enough for one issue. Actually, however, his article was so long that it occupied fifty-five printed octavo pages and Watkins was compelled to spread it over six issues of the *Portico*. The performance amazed the Delphians. From that time on they seem never to have doubted their junior member. When, a bit later, Paul Allen completed a poem, "Noah," he brought it to Neal for criticism, and when Neal promptly cut it from twenty-five cantos to five, he gratefully accepted the cut and published the poem so revised. It was to Neal, also, that Watkins turned when Allen was found, through sheer indolence, to have not prepared a line of a long over-due subscription work for which he had contracted; Neal and Watkins together wrote the two volume "History of the American Revolution" which finally appeared under Allen's name.

Neal's strength and energy were amazing. When he decided to support himself by his pen he was already spending from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in study: not merely of the law (in which his reading was at the rate of 200 pages a day) but also of "metaphysics, languages [self-taught, he was finally able to speak and write with ease French, Spanish, Italian and German] political economy, literature and history, in both French and English." Contact with the older, better-trained minds of the Delphians had made him desperate to remedy his lack of formal education. His writing was additional to all his study; for the most part it was sheer relief. "I shall write," he said once, "as other men drink—for exhilaration."

He followed his Byron review by other (unpaid) *Portico* articles. He also began to write voluminously for the Baltimore *Telegraph*, chiefly on legal subjects. In the Summer of 1816 he tried his hand at a novel, tossing off a two volume work called "Keep Cool: a Novel Written in Hot Weather," which was mainly a spirited attack on the duelling code then in vogue. The following year, while still engaged with his studies and with t hack-work of indexing twelve volun of a weekly register of current events (t index when completed, in four month occupied 232 closely printed page and brought him in $200), he wrote tw long dramatic poems, "Goldau," a "The Battle of Niagara." Both subjec were suggested by Pierpont and both poer were thrown off at such a rate ("Goldau was drafted in forty-eight hours) th Pierpont, in dismay at such facilit vowed never to write another line his own slowly wrought, meticulous polished verse—a vow which he kept f twenty years.

The American subject of "The Battle Niagara" was a distinct novelty, and i heaven-storming, tumultuous verse was key with the Byronic passion of the da When published in 1818, it brought Ne instant recognition, $100 (paid in la books), and the encouragement of a secor edition the following year. In 1819 wrote 600 pages for Allen's "History the American Revolution," and also five act poetic drama, "Otho," whi brought him another $100. Then, in th six months between October, 1821, an March, 1822, he wrote "eight large du decimos"; in other words, four two volun novels, to wit, "Logan," an Indian tal written in six or eight weeks; "Randolph which critically surveyed every promine figure in American politics, art and letter written in thirty-six days; "Errata," semi-autobiography, done in thirty-ni days; and "Seventy-Six," inspired Cooper's "The Spy" and an outgrowth Neal's work on the "American Revol tion," written in twenty-seven days. Son idea of the concentration with which worked is given by an incident occurri during the writing of "Niagara":

> Mine was a hickory fire and I kept it up nig and day; sitting close to it and wearing, f pantaloons, a thick double-milled cassime . . . My left leg and thigh, which happen to be nearest the fire as I wrote, were slow charred without my realization, so that t

lesh came off at last in large flakes, very much
is if I had been slowly barbecued in my sleep.

Meanwhile, his articles in the Baltimore
legraph had been attracting wide atten-
on among lawyers and one of them
ought him the proposal that he represent
e United States Bank in a case before the
preme Court, of which John Marshall
s still the Chief Justice. Neal's status of
here student-at-law, however, prevented
rrying out this plan. But his work for
e *Telegraph* was so challenging, so bril-
nt, so sound, that it soon brought him
e position of assistant editor, with a
ary of $500 a year and board and lodging
the home of the proprietor, Colonel
es. Thus, long before he had gained his
mission to the bar, his earnings from
pen had solved his financial problem.

III

en came another of his mad decisions.
1823 he happened to be dining one night
th an English friend when the talk
ned upon American literature. The
end, quoting Sidney Smith, asked smil-
ly: "Who reads an American book?"
n inquiry which Neal met, before the
ning ended, with the fiery declaration
t he himself would go to England and be
d. He at once closed his law-office,
red his library, and, setting sail by the
t available vessel, landed in London in
uary of 1824.

Neal had brought with him copies of
his published books and a manuscript
el which he had written in the inter-
s free from sea-sickness on the voyage
r. But although "Logan" and "Sev-
y-Six" had been already pirated in
gland, he found none of the English
lishers willing to pay for more of his
rk. When he tried the newspapers he
nd them strongly hostile to anything
erican. It was the fashion just then to
reciate America, and many English
ters seriously maintained that the Amer-
n people were inferior even in physique
the European stocks from which they
had sprung. Next, surveying the magazine field, Neal was attracted to *Blackwood's*, which, under the editorship of John Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," was then the most original of the English periodicals, and, in Neal's words, "the cleverest, the sauciest, and the most unprincipled of all our calumniators." At *Blackwood's*, therefore, he aimed. "If I could get possession of that blazing rocket-battery and turn its fire upon the swarming whipper-snappers who were always lying about our institutions and habits and prospects . . . it seemed to me that I might be able to carry the war into Africa with a vengeance."

The English were at the time acutely interested in American policy by reason of Monroe's recent announcement of the Monroe Doctrine. Seizing upon this, Neal wrote an article illustrating how American policy strongly reflected the personal characteristics of each President, and then sketched the five candidates (Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Clay, Calhoun and Crawford) seeking office in the campaign of 1824, just beginning. It was timely, accurate, and illuminating. *Blackwood's* promptly accepted it, sent Neal five guineas—the best pay he had ever had—, and the article was printed in the May, 1824, issue. It was widely quoted, and republished entire in the famous *New European*, a magazine said to appear simultaneously in two or three languages on the Continent.

With that as a beginning Neal had an article in every issue of *Blackwood's* from July, 1824, to February, 1826. All but one dealt strictly with American affairs. In addition he also gained admission to such leaders of British opinion as the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly*, the *Old Monthly*, the *Oriental Herald* and the *Westminster Review*. He was the first American writer to ever "make" an English magazine and his work was valuable in checking and correcting the constant depreciation and misrepresentation of America which had been going on so long.

He reached his highest point with an

article appearing in *Blackwood's* for December, 1824, over which he labored so hard that he fell unconscious during the writing. This article, a review and exposure of a shallow book of travels, was prefaced by "Christopher North" with the comment that it was the longest article *Blackwood's* had ever printed—but worth the space, since "this review contains more new facts, more new reasonings, more new speculations of and concerning the United States of America, than have as yet appeared in any ten books upon the subject." Neal had conquered *Blackwood's* most handsomely.

His fainting fit led him to take more interest in his physical condition. He boxed with a famous pugilist, Richmond the Black; he studied broadsword and small arms at a famous London *salle*, where he displayed unusual aptitude and skill; and he worked with Volker, the celebrated gymnast, later persuading Volker to come to America to introduce here the Swedish system of gymnastics. Neal's vigorous personality drew attention and he was invited to join the London Debating Society, a haunt of the London intellectuals. This in turn brought an invitation to dine with Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher of utilitarianism—"the greatest happiness for the greatest number"—, who so profoundly influenced both Europe and America. Bentham, then past seventy, took an instant liking to the thirty-two year old Neal and invited him to live at the famous hermitage in Queens Square Place, where Bentham, in the heart of London, lived so aloofly as to make him more of a legend than an actual personage in the life of the time. Going there to live, Neal soon made a place for himself in the Bentham circle. He was one of the very few who had the courage to contradict the old man to his face and the only one from whom Bentham would accept contradiction. Their constant debates sometimes took an amusing turn, and Neal noted that "more than once we succeeded in convincing each other; so that we ended the discussion by changing sides." Both men were intellectually honest to the last degree.

At Bentham's house Neal met the best minds of London and mixed with the possessors as an equal. Among them were Rowland Hill, the father of penny postage, the Romillys; George Grote, the historian of Greece; and James Mill and his more famous son, John Stuart Mill, the latter then (in Neal's words) "a boy of eighteen or nineteen, with a girlish face and a womanly voice, . . . yet a formidable antagonist with his pen." Bentham himself had been declared by Talleyrand to be "the only great genius he had ever known" and other opinion ranked him as the most influential practical philosopher since Aristotle. He had a curious vampire-like effect upon the young men he drew around him. Their strength and abilities he diverted to his own uses, mainly to give form, system and diffusion to his own writings. He characteristically induced Neal to set aside his own work and to undertake the translation into English of Bentham's most famous book, "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation" which Dumont, paradoxically, had written in French from Bentham's hieroglyphic English notes.

William Blackwood had published for Neal a new novel, a three volume story of American life entitled "Brother Jonathan." For this and his other books Bentham professed great admiration, requiring his secretary to read from them each night until he (Bentham) fell asleep. But Neal's pleasure in this answer to the question "When reads an American book?" was somewhat tempered by the secretary's waspish announcement that frequently he read the same page over and over without Bentham's ever noticing the repetition. Later Neal left this vivid pen-picture of the old philosopher:

> [He is] such a figure as no mortal ever saw before outside a madhouse. I can see him now: it is June 14, thermometer 76. There he goes with a pair of thick leather gloves on, woollen stockings rolled up over his knees outside

is coat tail shaved away like a sailor's
undabout, and stooping with his reverend
mp pushed out like that of a young chicken.

ohn Neal's life and career were swayed
two influences: his spirit of contradic-
and his strong sense of friendship.
tradiction had set him on the law; the
ndship of Pierpont and the Delphians
turned him to literature. Contradiction
him to England; the friendship of Ben-
n there turned him back from literature
he law. If, on his return to America in
7, he had found another circle of such
ds as he had now mixed with for ten
rs—the Delphians in Baltimore, the
thamese circle in London—his career
ıld have ended very differently. But
ead he encountered the intellectual
gnation of Portland, Maine, and the
erest persecution any literary man of
erica has ever had to endure.

IV

his return he had intended to re-
blish himself in Baltimore but "the
timore and Ohio Railroad had crippled
emasculated" that fair city, so he
ed to New York, where the noted
lisher, Major Mordecai Noah, had
red him the editorship of a new Sunday
er just being started. But first he went
e to Portland for a brief visit with his
owed mother, . . . only to find the
hbors weeping over her, not in grati-
at the wanderer's return but in com-
eration of the misfortune. "They bid
mother be comforted, and put her
t in God!" When the neighbors went
ner and told the old lady that if her
attempted to stay in Portland he
ld be either driven or starved out, Neal
nptly settled down. He remained there
the remaining forty years of his life.
Portland showed him its canine teeth.
his early novel, "Errata," he had
nced to touch off several town char-
rs, among them a pompous old school-
ter whom he had written down as "a
ious jackass." More damning still, he had drawn to the life the petty, pursed-up pride-of-place of one of the town's first families—that of his earliest employer. He had penetrated other hides among the Portland elect. So the remarkable achievements of this former shopboy brought no glow of pride to the town. The old schoolmaster apoplectically threatened "to hire a nigger to thrash him"; the offended first family crushingly sent word that on no occasion must he presume to speak to them; the rabble was encouraged to shout after him in the street—and did so until he thrashed the ringleaders; while a half-witted Negro was paid to dog his steps, an espionage which Neal contemptuously permitted when he learned that the Negro received cash for it. He knew his Portland—and how deep the sting must be when it opened its pocketbooks. As the crowning touch a handbill was printed and posted on gates and fenceposts throughout the town, even following Neal to nearby Brunswick when he went to address the students of the college there from which Hawthorne and Longfellow had recently graduated. The handbill thus paid tribute to the returned native son:

> *Bulletin Extra:*—Arrived at Portland, . . . the infamous author of "Keep Cool," "Randolph," "Errata," etc., . . . who has basely traduced his native town and country for hire; a renegade who, unable to obtain an honest living at home, and driven from his native country by the scorn and contempt of honest indignation, picked up a scanty living in Edinburgh and London by being a pander for scandal against the country that nourished him. . . . He has long been laboring under symptoms of insanity, and since his arrival in this native town has been recommended to put himself under the care of Stephen Jones M.D. [the half-wit Negro], . . . who recommends his immediate removal to Baltimore or some more southern climate for his complete restoration.

Meanwhile, a similar persecution was raging in the American literary press. In "Randolph," and a series of sketches done for *Blackwood's*, Neal had given a critical estimate of every writer then before the American public. At the time (1824–1826)

American literature was a thing of second, third, and fourth-rate talents. Neal saw it clearly, and wrote about it truthfully—and unsparingly. Boston hated him. He had spoken of its pride, the *North American Review*, as the organ of a group of "rich young blockheads, sons of rich old blockheads," sedulously following Everett in the aping of things English. Philadelphia, pluming itself on the title of the Athens of America (later usurped by Boston), peevishly protested at his phrase, "the mutton-headed Athenians," when he truthfully reproached its intellectuals for having allowed their one great writer, Charles Brockden Brown, to die neglected among them. When it came to individual books, authors and editors, Neal had criticised his own writings just as severely and just as publicly as he had those of the others, but that made no difference. The irate editors and minor authors, in that era of personal journalism, shot tons of ink at him, with the manner, and the grace, and the rage of pole-cats. Neal, they roared, was a renegade, a traitor, a scandal-monger; he had "fled from Baltimore to escape the punishment of a felon," he had been horsewhipped, even run out of London as obnoxious to the nostrils of the English whom he pandered to. There was no lie so base, so improbable (and none of the above had any foundation whatever), that it could not find vent in some public print.

But Neal whipped Portland into submission, forced his admission into its provincial bar, and gradually compelled the reluctant tolerance—even the grudging admiration—of his townsmen. But only for his fighting qualities. They understood nothing else. Moreover, through the unique literary journal, the *Yankee*, which he promptly established and edited, he carried on the war with the American press till one by one his enemies and detractors crawled away to lick their wounds and keep silent thereafter. But it was all done at the cost of John Neal's artistic growth. In his own fine phrase, whatever he did, he did "with all my heart," and the strength of his prime went into that fut battle against lies and detraction instead into the development of his powers. H fiery physical energy he kept until eight at which age he kicked down a steep flig of stairs an Irishman who had offend him. But his possibilities as a writer h died long before.

He never grew beyond his first stage improvisator. He was probably the mo superb example of the genus America h had. His poems, "Goldau" and "The Ba tle of Niagara"—long the battle-horses impassioned declamation—were really i provised chants. His novels were impro isations in prose, of which "Randolph is still valuable to the social historia

He was an innovator before his tin and this quality makes the pages of h paper, the *Yankee*, stimulating reading ev yet. They reflect not only the remarkal personality of the man; they are full, to of notes that we now call modern. He continually fought for the native Americ writer, continually insisted upon the val of indigenous American themes, and co stantly preached the use and strength of co loquial speech.

He was the first editor to give pub recognition to Poe; he encouraged Wh tier by publication when Whittier w about to abandon verse in discouragemen Hawthorne, at college, irritated his frie Cilley by "relishing highly" the novels Neal, which Cilley considered "damn ranting stuff." Even as late as 1876 (t year of his death) Longfellow thoug enough of his "Seventy-Six" to try to terest a publisher in bringing out a ne edition for the Centennial. Finally, Po in his "Marginalia," wrote that he w "inclined to rank John Neal first, or at events second, among our men of ind putable genius." But Lowell, includi Neal among the bare twenty writers n ticed in the "Fable for Critics," wrote h true epitaph:

> There swaggers John Neal, who has was in Maine
> The sinews and chords of his pugilist brai

THE EARLIER LIFE

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

HE child must have dozed, for she awoke with a start when the conductor grumbled the name of her . She straightened herself in her seat ok at him, and she saw that he was ng to a man with a pepper-green hat dirty black shoes that seemed too for him. She called to the conductor ne couldn't have heard her, for he on talking with the man in the pepreen hat about a rabbit that had had er of eleven female rabbits. The conr didn't answer her and so she tugged s slippery blue suit, and asked, "Is vhere I get off?"

e conductor turned around and said, . You get off now. Hurry up or you t make it. You're a big girlie to make ong trip all by yourself."

wanted to tell him that she didn't it at all, that she had gone all alone arding-school just the way she was g back, and she really didn't mind ll, because it was nice sitting alone hinking of the things she would see she got home, whether Aunt Edna's was pretty or not, and whether all aves had fallen from the elm tree in ont yard, and that she had a red cat ne that was alive. But the conductor ready turned back to the man sprawln the red plush seat and was telling bout the time Jack Dempsey rode on ain and had sat in that very same

she felt her arms uneasily into the s of her new cloth coat, and she gathner suitcase and her half-emptied rjack box and the pale green vase d bought in the city into her arms, and stood up so that she'd be ready to get off when the train stopped. The train slowed down and then went faster again and the motion made her lose her balance, so that she bumped into the conductor. She turned around and said "Pardon me," but the conductor couldn't have noticed it at all because he went right on talking with the man in the pepper-green hat. She glanced at the man and noticed him wiggle his toes as if his shoes were too tight.

Then the train slowed down again, and the brakeman pushed past her. She followed him quickly to the door, and bent her head a little to look out of the windows. At first she saw nothing but the red brick station with the leaves fallen on the roof, and she got a funny feeling inside of herself, as if she were all alone in a swamp and night was coming. But a moment later she saw her mother standing there, with her aunt, the one who everyone said was crazy because she read poems instead of doing her housework, and one Christmas Eve she had even taken Cousin Martha's baby in her arms and wept and said she was the Holy Mother.

As the child stepped out of the train she felt disappointed in herself because she had planned that when she first saw her mother she would get all catchy in her throat and cry "Mama!" but instead she found herself thinking that if she had stayed in the city and not come home for just this one day, she could be in the theatre where they had vaudeville, or she could be strolling in the lingerie department of the department store as if she were used to strolling there. She had even thought, while riding on the train, that she would descend very grandly

from the steps and say, "Why, Mother, it's so nice to see you again!" But she just stood there. She didn't even call "Mama!" Nor did she notice that the train had pulled away from behind her.

II

Her mother came rushing over to her, and kissed her all over her face, and her kisses were hot and slobbery so that when she got through the child's face was wet on the lips and chin. "Eugenie! My baby Eugenie!" she cried. "Did you come back to see your mama again? I made you cabbage salad for lunch today because you like it so!" The maiden aunt came and patted the child on the head.

On the drive home in their neighbor's Buick, she gave her mother the pale green vase, and her mother unwrapped it and murmured, "My, what a pretty vase." That was all she said.

Then the child wanted to cry, because she had saved for three weeks to buy it, and the lady in the store had said she had excellent taste, and she had cherished it and fondled it all the way home, holding it close to her for fear it might get broken. All that her mother had said was "My, what a pretty vase." She hadn't even noticed the queer shade of green it was.

And all of the way home her maiden aunt sat silently beside her, holding her hand out of the motor-car window, to let the wind push against it, and trying to catch the leaves that dropped.

When they got to the house, they thanked the neighbor and got out from the car. The mother dropped the vase on the sidewalk. It broke. Then Eugenia got tears in her eyes, but her mother put her arm around her and said, "It broke. Such a pretty vase! Don't cry, though, Eugenie, I can get one just like it down town." And the maiden aunt laughed and so the child laughed too.

Suddenly Eugenia rushed forward into the house. She was laughing gayly now, and pushed the door open with a careless poke. She ran through all of the room the house, calling "Tomcat! Tomcat!" then rushed out of the house again to mother and aunt. She called "Hello!" the man who was raking leaves in the and then cried, "Mother! Where's T cat? I can't find him."

"Tomcat's dead. We killed him," mother said, and then the three of t walked into the house.

That noon there were just the three lunch. Three of them there were, ea lunch in the brown dining-room that n Eugenia feel pushed together because t were too many crooked unlit yel candles on the sideboard, and because shadows of the dropping leaves fell on shadow across from her on the wall.

"Do you like boarding-school?" mother asked.

"There's lots of pretty girls there; t all got money."

"Eugenie! And here I've been saving my money to send you to a swell scho

The maiden aunt swallowed a slic pear and looked at the child as if wanted to tell her something but di know how to say it. "Don't scold child, Anna," she said to the mother.

Then the mother began to weep, said, "Here my baby comes all the home from school to see me, and th scold her. You're mother's girl, ar you?"

Eugenia felt cold on her back from windows behind her, and shuddered. did not answer her mother. She tu around to look out of the window, saw the man raking leaves in a pile, the man with long fingers raking le in a pile and lighting them with a ma She shuddered again and turned back. glanced at the stuffed owl sitting on sideboard between the crooked yel candles and shuddered for the third t Then she stared straight ahead of watching the shadow leaves fall on shadow. One by one they fell, grey cold, except once when three dro down.

Aren't you my girl?" her mother re-
ed.
Yes; I had a red fur cat at school," she
ibled. "It wasn't a live one, though."
ien her aunt sighed, and said, "It looks
snow."
He won't get the leaves raked up in
," said the mother. "The snow will
e them wet and they won't burn."
Tomcat and I used to play in the leaves
Fall," the child said.
ie maiden aunt swallowed another
of pear. "I think it will snow soon
."
ien the three were silent, until the
ier saw Eugenia biting her nails, and
, "Eugenie! What ails you, child?"
You shouldn't have killed my cat."
s that all? The cat was old. We had to
im."
ie maiden aunt sighed again and said,
onder if it will snow soon. I knew a
i once—

"The snow came down,
and it wasn't snow—"

"I hope he gets the leaves raked in," said the mother.

Eugenia pressed her spoon on the cabbage salad. "I can hear them burning now."

Suddenly she shuddered again and fell forward on her plate, and the maiden aunt put her hand on her head and said,

"The snow came down
and it wasn't snow—"

but Eugenia only sobbed and opened her hand and closed it again, as if she were reaching for something.

"You shouldn't have killed the cat," she cried. "You shouldn't have killed my cat."

Her mother stood up, looked out of the window, and saw it begin to rain.

"Stop crying now, Eugenie," she said. "You've got to go back to school."

MUSIC

WHAT IS WRONG WITH MODERN MUSIC?

By Otto Ortmann

In the variety and change characteristic of modern music, two basic trends are noticeable, one backward toward greater simplicity, the other forward toward greater complexity. They may be appropriately labelled sensorial and intellectual. Here, perhaps, I shall be accused of dressing up, in evening clothes, the familiar low-brow, high-brow classification. There is this difference, however, that whereas formerly the two were mutually exclusive, today good writers are engaged in a serious attempt to dignify trashy music, and poor writers are vainly attempting the so-called high-brow forms. True, even a first-rate musician can write trash. Schubert, and Beethoven, not to mention old Father Sebastian himself, did so at times. But a trashy musician (I mean musically trashy, not morally) has never yet written good music.

The sensorial school is a back-to-nature movement, as are all the purely impressionistic schools. Its material is the raw sensory data produced by the purely physical qualities of light and sound. With tones, these are the two attributes of pitch and intensity, which, translated into sensations, become height and loudness. Not ineffective media, by any means, but effective because they are primitive, not because they are artistic. For a similar reason the howling of the wind, the clap of thunder, the solar spectrum, and the play of light and shade are effective. Only the most rudimentary discrimination is involved in their appreciation.

In music which is based upon these elemental attributes of sound, the skip from one tone to another, characteristic o scale systems, is replaced by a glide w touches all pitch-points between the t The siren does this splendidly, so do violinists, cabaret-singers, jazz-players ral choirs, the natives of Celebes, and d

Perhaps the most conspicuous exa of sensorial music is jazz. Wherever turn for its origin, whether to the hon tonks of the early Western mining to the African tribal dances, or the N bands of New Orleans, we find the s primitive atmosphere. And primitive, are the main elements of jazz: a slidin tonation, a preponderance of noise in tonal qualities, and a monotonous rh mic ground-bass. How, then, does account for its widespread and vivid peal? By remembering that the ave human being has been scarcely touche culture, and reverts to a primitive lev soon as a recreational activity per mental relaxation. His artistic appr tion consists in kicking his feet and s ing his *gluteus maximus*; in some cas progresses to an appreciation of " Rosary" or "The Dying Poet."

The effects of the sensorial type of m are obvious. Variations in pitch can duce effects of rise and fall; in inten they can create impressions of comin going. The motion, in the last analysi an illusion, but its effects are just as re those of the visual motion character of electric signs whose bulbs light cessively. Thus we speak, appropria of a motion of sound.

But motion is about all. To encom an art solely with these elements—as tone-clusterers, sonorists, and atonali would have us do—means little else t to demand a return to a primitive level, level at which neither culture nor int

ce is needed. We merely play with
nd as the Clavilux plays with light, as
nitive man howls and whines, or as a
d toys with a box of Montessori colored
ol. These physiological effects of sound
color have their place in the kinder-
en (the age of sensory reaction) and
aps in the psychiatric clinic, but they
ot, in their native garb, belong in the
cert hall.

ot content with such raw materials,
sensorialists turned sensationalists and
n a great hurrah raised their banner in
ort of noise as a means of creating ar-
c music. They pointed out the superb
ety of noises right at hand: that of
ory machinery, the screeching of
es, the rumbling of subways, the whirr
notors, the snort of locomotives, the
of asses. Is this an exaggeration? Then
oint to the theme for taxihorns in
hwin's "American in Paris," to El-
's "Bicycle" sonata, to Carpenter's
y-scrapers," to the wild scene in Mil-
d's "Choephorus," and to Opus 1 of
bruitistes, the joint painter-composer
unciamento of Russolo-Pratella.

curious inversion of perspective ac-
nts for this noise doctrine. Noise has
ays been present in music—as a neces-
evil: the thud of hammer against
g, the scrape of the violin bow, the
of air against the mouthpiece; but
ufacturer and artist, after much labor
practice, have reduced it to a mini-
n. Moreover, the grotesque effects ob-
ed when tone-quality is sacrificed have
been a familiar stunt of orchestral
ers during moments of buffoonery. But
we are asked to take these things seri-
y. How can we really do so? When
es are loud they are distinctly offen-
not only to the ear, but also, through
any reasonably sensitive mind. When
are soft, they may be quite charming,
he ripple of Stony run will never make
Vohin," nor will the leaves of even
nwarzwald, make a "Waldweben."
e may be used, judiciously, in making
c, but alone it never makes music.

Nor can a combination of the sensorial tone and noise give us artistic music. Both have always played their proper subordinate rôles in the art, and examples can be quoted by the dozen to show how they contribute to and enhance the atmosphere of a composition. But they have been used with taste and discrimination, as supporting elements of the more important factors of melody, harmony, and form. Mix the raw sense material as we will, we continue to get only shifting colors. (A similar limitation of the whole-tone scale doomed it to an early death.) That is why the efforts of Pratella, Thérémin, Givelet and others never got beyond their beginning. In a sensory art the beginning is also the end.

The intellectual school, or as I should like to call it, the conglomerate school, is faced with problems of an opposite nature. Nevertheless, it too, has been unfortunate in regard to an adequate appreciation of its products. Its members, instead of working with the raw material of sound *en masse*, as do the sensorialists, add, divide, and multiply tones in geometric ratio, gathering them into an intricate conglomeration that can be auditively comprehended only with an annotated score, a descriptive text, and a dozen Henrici Analysers. A Schönberg enthusiast, for example, points with pride to the point where the composer uses thirteen themes simultaneously. Alas, an unlucky number, for they can't all be heard until one *sees* them in the score.

A similar error in gauging tonal effects is made when the modern composer seeks to justify his insolent dissonances by pointing out that they are merely the 7, 9, 11, 13, and 15 harmonics in the harmonic series, hence they have always been present in "nature's chord." But what about the intensity? As harmonics they are infinitely softer than in a trumpet *fortissimo*, and being softer, they set up an entirely different tone-pattern in the ear, resulting in an entirely different æsthetic response. Intensity can change the sound of a chord almost as much as the addition or subtraction of tones. The ear, on account of

its structure and function, necessarily modifies and adapts the physical stimulus, so that all intensity changes involve quality changes as well.

In these differences between the printed score and the sound, we find at least one cause of the listener's difficulty in getting at what the modern composer wants. The latter inverts a theme, changes its rhythm, omits a few notes, adds a few others, and yet still conceives the process as thematic development. But the ear will never hear it as such. Or he changes the metre of each measure and then further complicates it by using non-measure phrases. On paper it looks very ingenious and intricate, but I recall seeing at least one score where the result was a simple four-four metre. The following nicely contrasting rhythms (without pitch-change) may be given to three instruments of any one group:

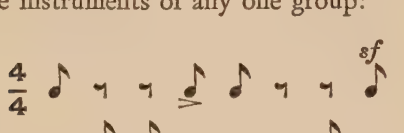


Figure 1

but the ear will get a measure of simple three-quarter metre:

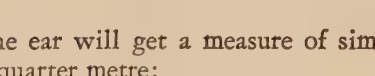


Figure 2

To some extent this difference between the appearance of the score and the sound of the music may be found in works written before the modern era. The opening of the B-flat minor sonata of Chopin, the typical Schumann syncopation (seen by the score-reader, imaged by the player, but not heard by the listener), or the incorrect placing of bars throughout the E-flat nocturne of Chopin are examples. Perhaps the most familiar illustration is the opening of the last movement of Tchaikowsky's B minor symphony. Here the composer writes for his violins as follows:

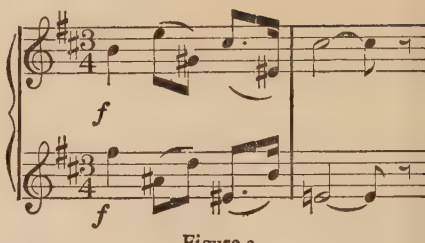


Figure 3

whereas the auditor hears:

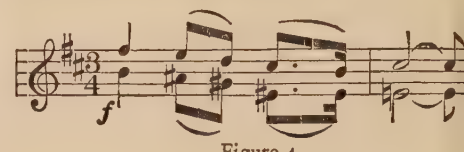



Figure 4

In some modern scores this discrepa between score and sound has reached la proportions and what to the eye is an telligible and ingenious arrangement parts, often of excellent detail, form, balance, remains to the ear a mere c glomeration of sound. For thematic velopment can be carried only to a cert point. Beyond it the ear no longer ceives the relationship. So long, of cou as the music can stand without this ception, little, if anything, is lost. overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" d not depend for its effect upon the kno edge that, hidden somewhere in its st ture is the tune of "Three Blind Mic But the polytonalitists seem to forget t what is complexity for the writer only often becomes perplexity for the heare

Nor can we dispense with form in opus of considerable proportions. With it there can be no unification of parts i a whole. The need for form and balanc not limited to music; it is common to forms of perception. It has even a biolo need: it enables an organism to inter the stimulus in relation to its environme Formlessness always creates an impress of vagueness or doubt, with a tinge of plexity. Hence, basically, it is necessa unpleasant, an unpleasantness that can only partly replaced by other imaginat factors. This explains why poetry with balance and rhyme ceases really to

ry; at least it loses two of its choicest
ibutes: the anticipation of metric and
netic balance.

Then, therefore, the modern composer,
ddition to working with melodic and
nonic material that is already beyond
aural comprehension of the listener,
gives up set forms in which to cast his
s, he merely adds confusion to per-
ity. Not only is the pleasure lost of
gnizing the return of themes, the re-
ement of material—and this pleasure
reater than is generally believed—; in
tion, the perception of the material
f is thereby made more difficult. I do
hold that rigid adherence to estab-
ed rules of structure is necessary, but
that, under the *modus operandi* of the
ern composer, it is often psychologi-
impossible for the auditor to appre-
e the composition.

meone will say that it has always been
, that, in art, the incomprehensible of
generation becomes the comprehensible
he next. To a certain extent that is
; but not entirely, because modern
ic presents an aspect not found in
er periods of the art. This difference
the speed. To go from the earliest
nth-chords in Monteverde's "Strac-
i pur il core" to the ninth–and eleventh-
ds of Wagner required almost three
lred years. To go from the whole-tone
of Debussy, past the chord of Scria-
, to the all-tone combinations of Huré,
only thirty years—one-tenth the time
o ten times the distance. What is the
t? It is an impossibility for man to
t his hearing organism to the new
uli. Nature has not speeded up the rate
s physiologic response. He may accept
y harmonies that a decade ago he re-
as dissonances, but he will not, un-
ne is crazy, make such a transition in
y or week.

oreover, the intervening stages cannot
ipped. The development of taste—and
is what it amounts to—is an evolution
revolution. Taste evolves; it erupts
in nausea. The modern attempt to force appreciation by overthrowing all the accepted standards is thus futile. The craze for novelty has resulted in a heterogeneous and rapid skipping from one thing to another, a mental procedure characteristic of childhood and insanity. Appreciation of music cannot be developed that way. It is necessarily a slow growth, demanding material carefully selected with respect to its place in the scale of comprehension, and it requires manifold repetitions of the same stimulus. It demands what all appreciation demands: knowledge of the material and prolonged attention to it.

The popular belief that a trained musician, after all, does not appreciate music better than the layman is merely one of many popular fallacies. A knowledge of chords, of structure, of form, of melody, *does* enhance the appreciation of a composition. But today adults play at the mental level of children, picking up one artistic toy to leave it for the next. Philosophy, religion, art, and medicine are all written as fairy-tales; they are popularized, which is to say, they require no thinking on the part of the reader. Concurrent with this mental let-down, the intellectual school of music gives us works that more than ever demand a superior intellectual response. Is it any wonder, then, that such works are not appreciated?

Calling pieces fancy names does not solve the problem, nor does explaining them as imitations of life. This realistic or programme phase of modern music makes the typical mistake of confusing art with life. The one may be symbolic of the other, but it cannot be a replica of it. In fact the apparent thrill which many people get from a modern tone-poem is not an auditory reaction at all. It is a transfer into the visual field, where imagination then weaves its thrilling pictures. How different would be the results without the title or the programme notes? When, as was actually the case, a single period of sixteen measures produced over two hundred different titles, ranging from a "Mosquito March" to "The Fall of Rome," the impossibility is

seen of music projecting a definite picture. However beautiful the picture becomes, it remains visual imagery and not auditory appreciation, and we rightfully ask whether compositions depending upon such sensory transfer are artistic music. I do not plead here for the abstract simplicity of a Haydn *adagio*, although I can still enjoy one; but I can see no *raison d'être* for an art the sole function of which is to imitate, and that inferiorly, the actual episodes of the life about us. And what episodes are selected!

Not everything in modern music is wrong, however. Two tendencies have developed that have enriched the art. One is the musical pastelle or fragment, the other, a return to a chamber music style. Debussy, Ravel, and Scriabine, for example, have given us miniatures that are veritable gems. The pieces being short, we do not miss the thematic development that longer works demand; and they are soft, so that the ugliness of their discords is masked by a charming coloring of tone. In fact, it is because such combinations are performed *pianissimo* that they are beautiful. They do not make us think of sombre forests, with sturdy oaks, rugged mountains, and majestic vistas, but rather of little sunlit gardens, with their perfumes, their humming birds and butterflies.

The return to structural simplicity is characteristic of many modern works, such, for example, as the chamber music of Schönberg. Here, the reduction of mass enables the details, many of them quite artistic, to come through, instead of being obscured by too many other details. But the order should have been reversed. The transition from the late romanticists to the moderns should have been made by way of these miniatures and this lucid orchestral style, instead of by way of huge orchestral masses, hurling climaxes of the greatest intensity at the sensitive ear. Who, for example, can repress a smile when nowadays, in a *tutti*, the rear line orchestral battery goes into action with its terrifying array of noise-making appliances?

The current inversion of logical seque is the result of seeking novelty merely novelty's sake. In the case of the sens ialists, pseudo-originality is gained returning to the sensory reactions of a pri tive organism. The hyper-intellectual base their originality upon quantity rat than quality. One is doomed by the limi tion set by any retrogression, especia one that takes us so far back in artis development. The other suffers from substitution of intellectual effort for au tory perception. The composer may wo out his details with the most painstak care, and the conductor who has stud the score may even read them into music, but the listener will not be able hear them.

Much modern music demands for its preciation a serious and thorough musi training, a detailed study and analy before a performance, and, if the wo can stand it, oft-repeated hearing. T very fact that the public is unwilling hear, several times over, the good m ern works, is proof that it is unp pared for the appreciation of them. At be most modern scores cannot be evaluated wholes. (The works of the impressioni and the miniature fragments are exclud of course.) Instead, certain details singled out by one listener, and other tails by another.

Are the enormous efforts put into writing such a score, and the equal amou of work expended on rehearsing it—for modern composer is relentless in his te nical demands on the player—worth whi Considering the fact that the audien through no fault of its own, is incapable understanding or appreciating the effo much seems to be wasted.

So long as such works are with us, a more are constantly being written, only hope of making possible a reas ably adequate appreciation lies in composers' willingness to write in si pler, æsthetically more agreeable for or in the public's willingness to submit a serious training.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SIC DRAMA: "*Tristan und Isolde.*"
The Bayreuth Festival Company
Richard Wagner. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
19 double discs; 12-inch *New York*

This masterpiece of the music drama was corded during the Bayreuth Festival of 928 under the supervision of the composer's on, Siegfried, and is now issued with his pproval. The conductor of the Festival or- estra was Karl Elmendorff; the cast com- ised Nanny Larsen-Todsen as Isolde, Anny elm as Brangäne, Gunnar Graarud as Tristan, udolf Bockelmann as Kurwenal, Gustaf odin as the Young Sailor, Ivar Andresen King Marke, Joachim Sattler as Melot, and ans Beer as the Shepherd. The work is No. 1 of the Columbia Masterworks Sets, and kes up two albums. With them goes a pro- amme book containing the words of the era in German and English, together with notations by Ernest Newman. Even more portant than the quality of the performance self, which though uneven is high, is the ct that the venture should have been under- ken at all. For this, both the company and e public are to be congratulated. The pro- amme notes include not only musical ex- rpts but marginal hints indicating what watch for in the way of thematic develop- ent and orchestral commentary. Whether r simple enjoyment or for the purposes of udy, the general presentation is thoroughly mirable.

ND OPERA: "*Aïda.*"
The Milan Symphony Orchestra
iuseppe Verdi. *The Columbia Phonograph Company*
18 double discs; 12-inch *New York*

This is No. 3 in the Columbia Operatic ries, and is sung in Italian. It was produced der the direction of Cav. Lorenzo Molajoli, th the Milan Symphony Orchestra and the orus of La Scala. The principals: Giannina angi-Lombardi (Aïda), Maria Capuana mneris), Aroldo Lindi (Radamès), Ar- ndo Borgioli (Amonasro), Tancredo Pasero amfis), Salvatore Baccaloni (The King) d Guiseppe Nessi (The Messenger). A pro- amme book, containing the Italian and Eng- h text, goes with the set. "Aïda," as may ll be imagined, lends itself brilliantly to cording. Its pageantry impresses by mere lume of sound; its melodies, in the various ditional forms of Italian opera, are easily sped, and do not tend to overlap from ord to record as do the much longer lodic lines of music drama. It requires no % patriot to aver that some of our own erpretations of the standard operas by no means sink below the foreign performances, if they are to be judged by phonographic reproductions. The too-well-known condescension of foreigners is matched only—in music, at any rate—by our own equally too-well-known fawning upon them. These records should enable us, in part, after due appreciation of their excellencies, to recover a truer appreciation of our own status.

SECOND CONCERTO. *Op. 18: Piano & Orchestra.*
The Philadelphia Orchestra
By Serge Rachmaninoff.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
New York
$12.50 Album of 10 double discs; 12-inch

With Stokowski on the podium and Rachmaninoff himself at the piano, the melodious, dynamic concerto, so frequently heard in symphony halls, provides a most enjoyable half hour. The orchestral background is skilfully subordinated to the composer's glowing, spirited interpretation. There are moments, in fact, when the thrill of the concert-hall is distinctly communicated. The concerto is, of course, chiefly a show piece, but it has a sweep that draws the listener willingly in.

QUARTETTE *in E Minor: "From My Life."*
The Flonzaley Quartette
By Friederich Smetana.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
New York
$6.50 Album of 3 double-faced records; 12-inch

Now that the famous Flonzaley Quartette is disbanded, its recordings acquire an added value. Smetana's work is not highly original; not a little of this quartette, for example, recalls Schubert. It is, on the other hand, so distinctly and uninterruptedly melodious that it provides an excellent introduction to the literature of the string quartette. The recording, moreover, is surprisingly true to the flavor of the group, as those may readily testify who have heard the Flonzaleys through many years. Even the charming uncertainty of Mr. Betti's intonation (first violin) is not absent to complete the illusion.

SUITE: "*Alcina.*" *The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra*
By George Frederick Handel.
The Victor Talking Machine Company
$3 2 double-faced records; 10-inch *New York*

The suite, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg, comprises an overture, minuet, musette, gavotte, sarabande and tamburino. This "ancient" music carries its age well. It is sweet, often jaunty, and is able—through all the jazz competition of the day—to make one's feet tap in response to the lively, accentuated rhythms.

PIANO RECORDINGS

OVERTURE TO "TANNHÄUSER."
Played by Benno Moiseiwitsch
By Richard Wagner (Concert Paraphrase by Franz Liszt). *The American Piano Company*
$4 No. 100285 *New York*

This is an old war-horse of the concert pianists, which has been shot under many of them, and over which many of them should have been shot. As might have been expected, Mr. Moiseiwitsch plays it sensitively, with special interest in the more brilliant portions of the famous Lisztian paraphrase. It is difficult, without the aid of orchestral coloring, to convey the slow-paced majesty of the too-familiar opening. Those of us who have heard it times without number, and who even, in the old days, pumped it by foot through the first automatic pianolas, can easily wish that it were shorter. One feels that way at the opera, too. Familiarity breeds impatience. Yet it is, after all is said and played, a noble proclamation, embodying the unending struggle of Wagner's own life between asceticism and libidinous passion. The roll is technically interesting as being one of the first long recordings made by the Ampico Company. It runs for some twenty minutes, without need of being changed. It calls for a deeper drawer than the Ampico pianos have been equipped with up to now. Thus another step has been taken toward uninterrupted enjoyment of the mechanical reproduction of music. It is an improvement for which the phonograph cries loudly and insistently.

SCHLUMMERLIED (*Slumber Song*). *Op. 124, No. 16.*
Played by Mischa Levitzki
By Robert Schumann. *The American Piano Company*
$2 No. 70371 *New York*

A poetic performance of an undying little lullaby. The recording aptly conveys the qualities of the young master's playing, which here subordinates every other aspect to the dominant mood of the piece. The roll is excellently adapted to the purposes of study.

BOOKS

THE AMBITIOUS LISTENER.
By Leo Rich Lewis. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
60 cents 4¾ x 7; 96 pp. *Boston*

MASTERPIECES OF MUSIC.
By Leo Rich Lewis. *The Oliver Ditson Company*
60 cents 4¾ x 7; 95 pp. *Boston*

The second of these books contains, in miniature reproduction, the various musical pieces around which the introduction to musical appreciation is built. The combination is meant to be used in connection wi the radio and phonograph and player-pian as well as in the concert-hall. Lewis is th anomaly, a professor with a sense of hum and no doubt does much to make music p atable to his students at Tufts College. H is fond of puns—he speaks of providing Bach-ground to music!—and of alliteratio However well this goes in the class-roo and often it goes very well, it may eas appear obtrusive in print. Professor Lew gets off to a good start, but it cannot be sa that he provides, for the unattended read a definite feeling for the musical forms.

MANUEL DE FALLA & SPANISH MUSIC.
By J. B. Trend. *Alfred A. Kn*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 184 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Trend has always written engaging and with authority upon the letters and t music of Spain. He has gone into out-of-th way corners and brought back rare disco eries. Fortunately, his acquaintance wi music is more than superficial; hence, in h pages, no dilettantism. He is a fellow definite views, and speaks right out in me ing. As the Spaniards say of such an o spoken gentleman, he has no hair on h tongue. It is not necessary, for the appreci tion of these qualities, to agree with all Mr. Trend's *obiter dicta*. His solitary referen to Chopin, for example, is an aside that h piano music "ought long ago to have be buried in peace." However, we can take c Chopin and Mr. Trend's Falla, too. The is a chatty analysis of the Spaniard's musi personality and production, with especi reference to the true Spanish idiom in mus to the influence of Pedrell upon Falla, to t inner growth that is almost a law of Falla being, to his directness, his independen and his response to contemporary influen outside of Spain.

AN HOUR WITH AMERICAN MUSIC.
By Paul Rosenfeld. *The J. B. Lippincott Comp*
$1 7¾ x 4½ *Philadelp*

This is easily one of the best, and one the most difficult, of the series to which belongs. Mr. Rosenfeld may be labelled highbrow—it is not always a term that c ries reproach or scorn—; one may carp at frequently involved and seemingly capricio sentences; often, too, his attitude is irritati and snobbish, suggesting the existence o literary chapel, of an esoteric clique. names names that few people in the coun have ever heard of. He says things ab their music that many who have taken trouble to study it cannot discover in intricate pages. And yet there is no ga

ying the sincerity, the knowledge, the
nportance of the man. There is a sense of
rain, a feeling of tension here. And, at the
ry outset, a suggestion of confused values.
American music is not jazz. Jazz is not
usic." An austere, tightly-packed little
ook, of indubitable importance in the his-
ry of our national criticism, as is more than
ne previous book by Rosenfeld. A rarefied at-
osphere. A gentleman not to be overlooked.
ut one, nonetheless, who overestimates his
vorites and who underestimates his an-
pathies.

ANINI OF GENOA.
illian Day. *The Macaulay Company*
) 8⅝ x 5⅝; 318 pp. *New York*

Miss Day clears off many of the preposter-
is fables that have hung about the ghost of
ganini, but enough that is strange remains
make a very interesting narrative. She de-
ribes at length his early life in Italy, his
nsational success in Germany, and his fail-
e in England. Not a little space is devoted
his love affairs, most of them more or less
mic. "Paganini," she says, "remained sex-
lly adolescent until he became sexually
nile." The book is well illustrated, and at
e end there are four appendices (including
e which discusses Paganini's so-called
ecret" and one giving a list of his com-
sitions), a bibliography, and an index.

PHYSIOLOGICAL MECHANICS OF PIANO
HNIQUE.
to Ortmann. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
) 8⅝ x 5⅝; 395 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ortmann is director of the Peabody
nservatory at Baltimore, and well known
his studies in the physics of music. In a
evious work he discussed the physical
sis of piano touch and tone; here he deals
th the skeletal and muscular movements of
e performer; in a final volume he will take
the psychological phases of the problem.
s work is extraordinarily painstaking and
orough. By direct experiment he disposes
many of the prevailing ideas about the
oduction of piano tone, and substitutes
ict observations. He presents graphs show-
g precisely what happens when various
varieties of tone are evoked—the bell-like, the velvety, the crisp, the singing, and so on. He advocates a return toward the older, or Reinecke, method in playing. "In the last decade," he says, "finger-stroke has not received adequate consideration in piano pedagogy, and undue stress on relaxation has seriously restricted velocity and technical brilliance." The book is copiously illustrated.

FOLK MUSIC

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.
By Frank Shay. *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 8¼ x 6¼; 186 pp. *New York*

Mr. Shay has printed two collections of popular drinking songs in the past, and his supply of materials seems to be running out. At all events, he is here forced to fall back upon such archaic ditties as "Simon the Cellerer" and "O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." His more modern offerings include the Kiwanis favorites, "There Ain't a-Gonna Be No Whiskey" and "Another Little Drink Won't Do No Harm." The book is made gorgeous by a series of capital illustrations in imitation of wood-cuts by John Held, Jr. The songs are accompanied by the tunes, sometimes in four-part harmony but always without accompaniment. At the end there are sixty-five recipes for old-time drinks, beginning with the Snag-Tooth Nell and ending with the Cape Cod Rainbow.

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME.
Edited by John J. Niles, Douglass Moore & A. A. Wallgren. *The Macaulay Company*
$2.50 9 x 6¾; 227 pp. *New York*

The editors here face formidable difficulties. Their problem is to print such ballads of the A. E. F. as "Mad'moiselle From Armentières" and "Christopher Columbus" and yet avoid the jails of the country the A. E. F. bled and died to save. They do the best they can, but sometimes their bowdlerizations are rather startling. The music, of course, is safe. It is admirably arranged, with piano accompaniments, by Mr. Moore. The commentary on the songs is by Mr. Niles and the very amusing drawings are by Mr. Wallgren.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Anatomy of Philistinism

ART IN INDUSTRY, by Charles R. Richards. $2.50. 9⅛ x 5¾; 499 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THIS is a new edition, brought down to date, of a work first published in 1922. It is a detailed survey, made under the auspices of the National Society for Vocational Education and the Department of Education of New York State, of the conditions under which such things as furniture, silverware, jewelry, wall-paper, lighting fixtures, cloaks and suits, and the more familiar textiles are designed and manufactured in the United States, and it throws a great deal of light upon the origins of their general badness. In many fields, it appears, design is largely a matter of chance. There is no adequate training for designers, and so the manufacturers are thrown into the arms of free lances, mainly quite incompetent. The result is the ghastly array of horrors that one sees in the department-stores. "In one firm [of wall-paper manufacturers] the style is evolved by the sales manager in conjunction with the general force." In a mid-Western furniture town "most of the designers are developed locally from carvers or from men with shop experience." Among the makers of cheap jewelry, who commonly depend upon free lances, the pay for a design runs from 50 cents to $5.

The most enlightened manufacturers seem to be those who make women's clothes and hats, and the most backward those who print wall-paper. The latter market their goods mainly through jobbers, and depend upon them for æsthetic advice. The jobber "informs the manufacturer at the end of the season which of the papers were the best sellers, and these designs are generally repeated for the next season." All the retailer and his custome the ultimate consumer, ever see is a samp book, "generally eighteen by eighte inches in size." Naturally enough, it impossible in such a book to display effe tively any but papers with small patter This difficulty is so serious that "ma manufacturers develop their designs, n on the basis of their effect upon the wa but on how they are going to look in t sample-book." And a bad condition is no being made worse by the mail-order house which are sending out sample-books on a sixth as large—six inches by nine! Wh can the customer make of the samples them? Nothing, answers Mr. Richar sadly, save the color.

In all this one thing is to be noted: th no complaints seem to be coming in fro the public. It is apparently quite conte with the horrible wall-papers which no dominate the American market, and less with the appalling furniture. A doz years ago, at the time the Mission cra died down, there were signs of an improv ment in the design of American furnitur Excellent cheap reproductions of Georgi models began to appear in the departmen store windows, and woods began to be fi ished with some respect for their natu But that movement, whatever its origi plainly met with no public response, f soon the Georgian models began to take fancy excrescences, and presently they we no more. Today the common run American furniture is almost unbelievab hideous. I often linger in front of a sto window, feasting my eyes upon it. It sho all the naïve vulgarity of a set of gold teet Every kind of veneer is lavished upon and the wood of which it is fashioned treated as if it were not wood at all, b a kind of linoleum. The turner adds h

uch, and it is done. This garbage sells piously, and the people who buy it e it.

The common view is that what they fer from is a lack of competent guidance. better stuff were set before them, so it is gued, they would buy it, and, having ught it, they would get used to it and me to like it. This I presume to doubt. nat ails the consumers of such rubbish is t a mere indifference to beauty, but an ive preference for its opposite. They rsue, in other words, a cult of ugliness, l the evidence seems to show that they just as much pleasure out of it as the re conventional variety of æsthetes get of the cult of beauty. That all this is e must be plain to anyone who has fol- ved the recent history of design in any the more familiar fields. Fifteen or enty years ago American domestic archi- ture began to show a vast improvement, l all the new suburbs took on dignity l charm. But now the California in- nce is at large, and every pleasant ghborhood glares and bristles with nething that is half Hollywood movie ace and half filling-station. Even the -scraper responds to this demand. In the t days of the set-back style it promised e magnificent, but already realtors and k directors are forcing architects to ke it hideous. New York already has ne sad examples. More are being ched.

may be, for all I know, that ugliness nore in accord with the genius of the erican people than beauty. Their æs- ic masterpieces, so far, are the movie edral, the filling-station, the cement walk and the model T Ford. These gs are all revolting, but it would cer- ly be going too far to call them American. The Americano, properly ged, can be made to tolerate beauty, he seldom, if ever, turns to it naturally. him alone, and he will build a house assaults the eye like a wart, and plas- it with wall-paper designed (I quote Richards) by "a former styler in the woolen industry," and fill it with radio cabinets and furniture that cry to heaven for the ax. That is what he likes, and he doesn't give a damn who knows it. It is a taste like any other.

The Life of the Poor

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY, by Michael Gold. $2.50. 7¾ x 5⅜; 352 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright.*

Mr. Gold is the editor of the *New Masses* and leans toward what members of the D. A. R., the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan and other such organizations call Bolshevism in politics. That is to say, he believes that even the humblest man, if he is willing to work, should be paid enough to house, clothe and feed him, and that even the most friendless, if he behaves himself, should be treated with common decency. These poisonously subversive doctrines run through his book, but they are never stated plainly, nor even referred to directly, until his last paragraph. He is content to let his story inculcate them. It is one of the most eloquent stories that the American press has disgorged in many a moon.

Here is a mordant picture of the life of poor folk, living always under the menace of starvation and worse; yet what one gathers from it chiefly is a sense of their fineness. I can imagine no more astonishing transvaluation of all the common values. One holds one's nose—and lingers to admire. It is almost as if the bench of bishops should turn out, suddenly and unaccountably, to be Christians.

Mr. Gold's chief character is his mother, and what he does with her is comparable to what Dreiser did in a like case in "A Hoosier Holiday." She not only takes on complete reality; she becomes, in the end, a figure in tragic drama—heroic, noble, almost majestic. Write off all you will for filial partiality: the fact remains that she must have been a magnificent woman, else she could not have made even a son see her as she stands here. There is no hint of textbook prissiness in her. She goes about barefooted; she knows how to call things by

their most shocking names; she never preaches and never postures. But in her calm facing of abominable fortune there is a dignity that a queen might envy, and in her maternal passion there is something almost goddess-like. This woman, so vast in her simple goodness, so exhilarating as a person, inhabited a foul flat on the East Side, with harlots above it and brutes below.

Her life was an endless war upon cockroaches, rats, lice. With a Ghetto romantic for a husband, she spent year after year on the bitter edge of poverty; when youth was behind her a crisis confronted her, and she had to hunt for a job. Thus she brought up three children—fed them, guarded them from the corruptions that surrounded them, taught them the uses of beauty, gave them something of her own good humor and unshakable serenity. Put this life, so simple, so solid, so profoundly excellent, beside the careers that commonly make talk in the world: the comparison becomes grotesque and indecent.

Mr. Gold describes it with great skill. His manner of writing is bare, but very effective. In some ways it reminds one of the method of Jim Tully, but there are important differences. The strained, *staccato* style of the *New Masses* is not in it. Some time ago, if my memory serves, Gold was denouncing an old colleague, Max Eastman, for abandoning the ranting of the Revolution for the more urbane manners of the well-fed. Now he seems to be going the same way himself. Certainly there is no soap-boxing in his book. He keeps off politics altogether until the end, and then what he has to say is said very politely.

That fact, it seems to me, makes the work a far more eloquent document than it would have been otherwise. It preaches nothing directly—but by indirection it is overwhelming. Parts of it, during the past few months, have appeared as sketches in The American Mercury. I am sure that those who read those sketches will now want to read the whole.

The Lady From Georgia

FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS, edited by H. sell Baugh. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 372 pp. New Yo *Horace Liveright.*

In this collection Mr. Baugh has done excellent job of editing. It was not eas in dealing with the letters of a writer pawkily malicious as Frances Newman, avoid outraging tender susceptibilities, b he has managed to do it admirably, a without leaving out anything of any i portance. His selections are judicious, a his comments and explanations all sho good sense. Not many authors are so fo tunate in their *post-mortem* editors, as t the sad case of Stuart P. Sherman was b lately recalling. The dull pedagogues wh stuffed his remains would have made sorry spectacle, I daresay, of so vivid a unconventional a person as Miss Newma But Baugh preserves her essence, and so does a valuable service to her memory.

She was a woman of diverse and unusu talents. Her first novel, "The Hard-Boil Virgin," though it broke most of t ancient rules of its genus—there was, f example, not a line of dialogue in it—was so penetrating in its psychology a so charming in its style that it overcam even the handicap of its own instant *su cès de scandale*. Her first and only sho story, "Rachel and Her Children" (pu lished in The American Mercury for Ma 1924), made a success almost as great: got into all the anthologies at once, a brought her so many orders for more li it that she might have settled down steady and profitable work in that fiel As for her criticism, it was extraordinari pungent, unhackneyed and stimulatin No one else could have written "The Sho Story's Mutations." The soul that the adventured among masterpieces was qui unlike any other soul. For to the end of h days, though she became increasingly l erary, Miss Newman retained the fres ness and piquancy of the strange girl wh astonished Atlanta, back in 1915 or ther abouts, by printing immensely learned a brilliant reviews in the local *Journal.*

is prentice work was plainly the uct of an extraordinary personality, it took Frances six or eight years to y learn her trade. Her first reviews, ll their brilliancy, were more or less ing and chaotic. She had so much to so vast a stream of mere information our out of the vast reservoir of her ng, that she slapped down sentences out giving much care to their se- ce. The result was an uneven and diffi- style—highly artificial one minute, artless and naïve the next. It is to her t as a practical critic that she became ly conscious of its defects, and set t resolutely to remedy them. The re- was a complete change in her manner iting, first visible in "Rachel and Her dren." Abandoning her dark allusive- and her heavy snarls of phrase, she n to write simply and clearly. Sen- began to follow sentence in a limpid charming procession. This transforma- despite its difficulties in psychology, very happily achieved, and toward the of her life Miss Newman wrote with st crystalline clarity. There is, in- many a lesson in writing in "The -Boiled Virgin," and there would been more in the works that were to followed it.

other transformation, I believe, was r way at the time of her premature and to be lamented death. She was getting her somewhat too keen delight in king the stupid, born of her early life in the South. There would have been no more such atrocities as the title of "The Hard-Boiled Virgin." That title was put on the book against the unanimous advice of the author's elders, and it served only to stick a label on her that she certainly did not deserve. The enterprises she had in mind in her last days were quite free from any such factitious naughtiness. She had begun to take her business very seriously, and there is not the slightest doubt that she would have made her mark in it. She showed a curious combination of qualities, most of them good. There was in her a feline cleverness that was completely feminine, but beside it ran a shrewd and tolerant humor that was almost masculine. She was very intelligent and immensely industrious. She realized her own deficiencies, and was determined to put them down. The combination would have taken her, given ten more years, much further than she ever actually went.

As a person she was singularly attractive, mainly because of her uncommon courage. It took a lot of it, I suspect, to break through her Southern inhibitions; it took even more to face the resulting uproars in the capital of Ku Kluxia. In the end, facing what seemed to be incurable illness and the collapse of her work, she chose to slip from life quietly, serene to the last. She will be remembered beyond her generation. And Mr. Baugh has given her a dignified memorial, full of understanding.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Louis Adamic *was born in what is now Jugoslavia, and during the World War served in the United States Army.*

Marquis W. Childs *is on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

Margaret Cobb (Mrs. W. C. Cobb) *was formerly on the staff of the Baltimore* Sun.

Ralph Adams Cram *is the well-known architect. His reputation is international. Among his most celebrated designs are those of the Graduate Tower, Princeton University; the Williams College buildings; St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit; St. Thomas's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York; St. Albans Cathedral, Toronto; and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. He is supervising architect for Princeton, Bryn Mawr and Wellesley. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Black Spirits and White," "Church Building," "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," "Excalibur," "The Substance of Gothic," "The Nemesis of Mediocrity," "The Sins of the Fathers," and "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh."*

Mitchell Dawson *has practised law for the past sixteen years in Chicago, where he was born, and where members of his family have been lawyers since 1840. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and the University of Chicago Law School. He was associated with the* Little Review *group, and has contributed poetry and prose to various magazines.*

W. A. S. Douglas *is an old newspaper man. He is now the Chicago correspondent for the Baltimore* Sun.

Duff Gilfond *was graduated from Cornell, and is now a Washington newspaper woman. She is at work on a biography of Calvin Coolidge.*

Edward Harris Heth *was born in M waukee in 1908. He received all of his early f mal education in the public schools there, a for a time also studied at the Art Institute. is now a junior at the University of Wiscons He is at work on a novel.*

Lawrance Maynard *was born in L Angeles in 1900, and has been a press-agent a a sailor. His first book, a novel, is to be pu lished this Spring.*

H. E. McKinstry *was born in West Ches Pa., and was graduated from Haverford Coll in 1917, later doing graduate work in geology the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a at Harvard. Between times and since he has g in search of silver to the Andes of Peru and o the Mexican Sierra. He is now engaged as geologist in an Ontario gold mine.*

James Oneal *is editor of the* New Lead *a leading Socialist paper of New York. He the author of numerous historical books.*

James Oppenheim *was born in St. Pa Minn., and educated at Columbia. He ente the Hudson Guild Settlement as a worker 1901 and afterward became a teacher. He printed four or five books of poems and seve works in prose. In 1916–17 he was editor of* Seven Arts. *He is now living in New York*

Otto Ortmann *is director of the Peab Conservatory of Music, Baltimore. He is author of various musical monographs a books. His most recent book is "The Phys logical Mechanics of Piano Technique."*

Oland D. Russell *is the subject of Editorial Note in this issue.*

Dane Yorke *lives in Maine, where he devoting most of his time to writing a lecturing.*

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY SEARCHES THE WORLD FOR MATERIALS, AND FASHIONS THEM INTO THE EQUIPMENT OF A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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research, methods and manufacture. Each has the services of the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is continually developing improvements in telephone operation. Each has the advantage of the specialized production of the Western Electric Company. This production embodies the results achieved by the scientific staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, one of the great industrial research institutions of the world.

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...where one's sophistication comes of age

Salon Mixte of the "Ile de France" at tea hour

THE gypsy world of society, art and letters is never bored on land or sea. ∞∞ The *"Ile de France"* with its glittering modernistic salons, is the gathering place of the wits and the gourmets, the stage on which one sees the smartest frocks in smartest settings...afternoon tea and evenings in the Salon Mixte are always gay and beautifully chic. ∞∞ Breton sailors, trained in a long and splendid tradition...stewards who anticipate every wish...de luxe suites that couldn't be more luxurious...all outside rooms with private baths. ∞∞ No wonder the sophisticates take it for granted and cross the "longest gangplank in the world"...from the heart of Manhattan to Havre the port of Paris.

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March 28
April 18

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"France"
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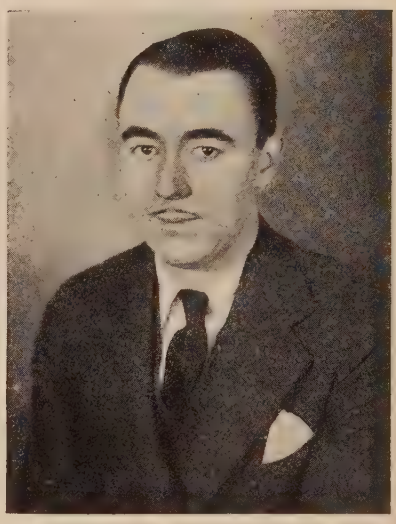
Editorial NOTES



Oland D. Russell

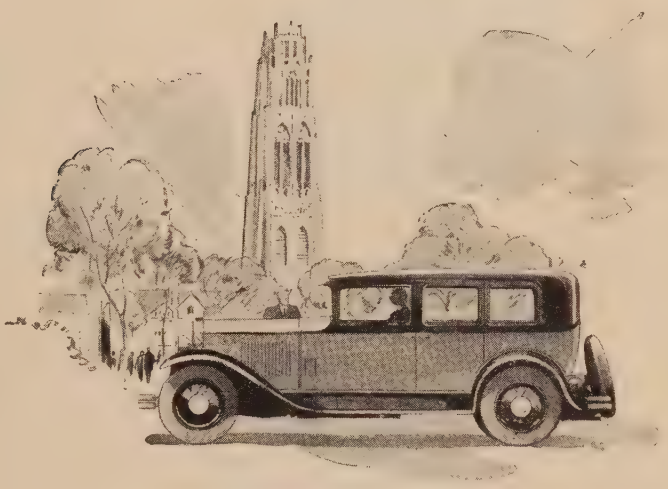
Mr. Oland D. Russell, author of "So Americans in Japan" in this issue, sa this of himself:

> I was born in Hemple, Mo., on March 2, 1900. At the age of eleven I was baptized into the Baptist church and two years later sprinkled into the Presbyterian one. This doctrinal transfer was in no wise due to any exceptional perspicacity on my part but solely to the fact that I owned the only typewriter in town, and when the Presbyterian divine arrived to organize a new congregation, he found my services useful. In return I was permitted to get in on the ground floor—with only a slight administration of water rites—and my name still stands at the head of the membership roster of the Hemple Presbyterian Church. During my investiture as a Baptist I won a fund-raising contest for Baptist foreign missions. The prize was a $2 box of chocolates which had been on display at a general merchandise store for several years. I raised about $4 by personal solicitation to win the contest.

Continued on page xxxvi

or transportation of higher quality than could otherwise be enjoyed—

good used cars



ou checked up motor rs wherever profession- d business men con- te it would not be sing to find that quite mber were used cars purchased.

why should this not be or consider the excep- —in fact unique—ad- ges the good used car

ted that the trans- is with an established ant with a reputation nserve, the buyer can upon good trans- ion for many thou- of miles.

ransportation is of a quality than the would enjoy if he the same amount of for a new car. In instances, he could uy any new car for ice he pays.

ct that he is driving a used car in no way detracts from the impressive character of his higher-quality transportation.

There remains a word of caution for anyone contemplating the purchase of a used car.

Give careful consideration to the man from whom the used car is bought. Pick a reliable dealer who conducts an established business, sells a standard line of new cars, and has the good will of his community because he has earned it.

Men to whom Cadillac-La Salle franchises have been entrusted are dealers of this character. They are wholeheartedly recommended. Their used car stocks are varied and reasonably priced. Before you make a decision, regarding a used car, see what the nearest Cadillac-La Salle dealer has to offer.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

Good Teeth aren't accidental

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

YOUR TEETH are constantly being attacked by germ acids — because each minute food particle left in the mouth ferments and forms acids and enables germs to breed.

Regular brushing does much to prevent decay. But there are many tiny crevices which your tooth-brush can't reach — especially along The Danger Line, that thin, vital edge where gums join teeth. All along this line is a minute crevice . . . that catches fermenting food particles.

Does *your* dentifrice guard The Danger Line? That point is all-important. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia —more than enough to seep into crevices, to neutralize acids and protect the teeth and gums.

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SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

the safe and efficacious antacid dentifrice

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

At sixteen I became a reporter on the St Joseph, Mo., *Gazette*, hallowed to the memories of Eugene Field and Walter Hines Page. I was graduated from Central High-school in St Joseph in 1918, and I left the University of Missouri in my third year to become city editor of the aforementioned *Gazette*. I have been in newspaper work ever since, with the exception of a short service with a traveling French *cirque* in Southern France during 1924. I have worked on newspapers in New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Va., and a number of Middle-Western cities. I spent three and a half years in Japan as correspondent of the New York *World* and news editor of the *Japan Advertiser*. On my return to America in 1929 I joined the *World* city staff, and am now assistant telegraph editor. I am the author of "Achi Kochi," a collection of sketches of foreign life in Japan published in Tokyo in 1928, with the record of having sold faster and in larger quantities than any other foreign language book ever printed in Japan.

In "Americana" for January, credited to the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*, appears the following:

> The Rev. Glenn V. Tingley, Birmingham radio evangelist who has been conducting a revival south of the Capitol for the last week, asserted last night that the story of Jonah and the whale as told in the Bible not only is true, but that approximately 300 similar cases have been proved by scientists. Mr. Tingley . . . scored persons who do not believe the story of Jonah, and added that the majority of outstanding scientists of the world today are opposed to the evolution theory, inclining, instead, to the Biblical story of creation.

The Rev. Mr. Tingley sends in the following correction:

> It has just been called to my attention that you honored me with the reprint of an article from the Montgomery *Advertiser* in the January issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. . . . Such article did appear in the Montgomery *Advertiser* but there was a mistake in the number of similar cases. Through some error I am supposed to have said that there were 300 similar cases; instead I said three. This was corrected with the Montgomery *Advertiser* and I would appreciate your note on this matter, otherwise the article should stand substantially as quoted.

Look for and insist upon the famous RCA *trade-mark*

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Only a SUPER-HETERODYNE *can give you this superb* TONE REALISM

When you first hear a radio program on the Radiola Super-Heterodyne you are amazed at the complete illusion of realism.

There's no cutting out of the low tones and high-pitched notes—no sacrifice of tone fidelity—no false values to impair the perfection of reproduction.

And with this superb quality of tone realism the Super-Heterodyne gives you the extreme sensitivity and high selectivity that are essential to radio reception in congested broadcast areas.

Great artists choose the Super-Heterodyne because it is a musical instrument that faithfully reproduces music just as it goes out from the broadcasting studio. Engineers choose it because of its unrivalled technical perfection.

Earlier models of the Super-Heterodyne were costly to build, but RCA has brought the cost down so that every home can now afford to own this great achievement of the radio art. And purchase can be made on the easy RCA Time Payment Plan.

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TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N.B.C.

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THE INVESTOR

THE FRAUDULENT SECURITIES RACKET

By Rudolph L. Weissman

There is one industry which never requires the coöperation of industrial conferences, never suffers from unemployment, and is not seasonal in character. It performs the noble public service of supplying the people with fraudulent engraved certificates. Estimates of the annual losses in these securities all run beyond $500,000,000. In reading of the adventures formed during the period of the South Sea bubble for the discovery of perpetual motion, or "for an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is," there is no cause for laughter.

The legal text-books give as a reason for their reluctance to define fraud the help that a definition would be in evading the law. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive of a definition that would cover the activities of the modern Wallingfords. If there is a real estate boom in Florida, they take to selling land; an oil boom brings a shift in their activities; high prices for rubber immediately lead to the capitalizing of inventions for substitutes. Following Lindbergh's feat, the promotion of aviation securities became a major industry. Millions of dollars were sunk into German and Polish currencies and internal obligations. The simple methods, consisting of the sale of mining and oil securities with properties close by or adjoining those of successful enterprises, the promises of fabulous returns and the endless chain schemes of Ponzi and his forerunners, like "200 Per Cent" Miller have fallen into disrepute. Present-day schemes do not seek, as a rule, the $100 of the scrub woman, but find it much more profitable to offer their bait in the large cities, or at least to make th headquarters at Wall Street or LaSa Street addresses.

The Better Business Bureaux found fr a survey made for them by the Bureau Business Research of New York Univers that the average sum put into purcha of fraudulent securities is not $100 or $2 but is over $1,000. The 585 purchasers terviewed bought principally in the h of extraordinary gains, and because of salesman's persuasion. Recently the tips sheet has been used with great succe Ostensibly, a brokerage house is form and issues a market letter which comme on standard, listed securities. In its da remarks, there is invariably a reference t security which the operators are peddli but the casual reader is thrown off guard by the general tenor of the letter. a declining market, stockholders' lists obtained, and stockholders who have l patience, are urged to make exchanges i the stock of which the broker is interes in disposing.

The bucket shop has been almost entir eliminated through the efforts of the N York Stock Exchange, the State and F eral authorities, and the Better Busin Bureaux. Operators have therefore turn to the partial-payment device. With a f exceptions among New York Stock E change firms especially equipped for t handling of the business, reputable brok and investment dealers frown on the p tial-payment plan because of the overhe which does not cover the commissions. has been discovered that this field has b invaded by firms who use the funds ceived, charge interest on the non-existe debit balance, and endeavor to switch t buyer into their own fraudulent prom

Continued on page xl

"—I went to the Canned Goods Fair,
The prunes and the tunes were there—"

e you, too, heard the Cannery racket--the little tin-clad "Sound" ras and jazz numbers, so affably welcomed here by the delicatessen set.

some theatre interests this is a heart-varming clamor. It means economy for hem, hence greater profits.

persons of sound musical taste, it is ous and impudent—an affront to the intel-e and taste of the theatre-going public. see in the talkies no excuse for resort to ed Music.

you, dear reader, are one of those who nize that machine-made sound cannot take lace of living orchestras and organists in the theatre . . . if you deplore corruption of musical appreciation and discouragement of musical talent . . . if you see no reason why you should forego the pleasure of real music in the theatre to enable an economy whose benefits you do not share, TREAT YOURSELF TO A SIGH OF RELIEF. SIGN THE COUPON BELOW. Then mail it!

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

tions before the stock is fully paid. The commission on ten shares of stock selling between $100 and $200 a share is only $2.50. Therefore, importuning letters, telegrams and telephone calls are to be received with suspicion.

The experience of the Better Business Bureaux in dealing with fraudulent financial schemes has led them to adopt the sensible slogan, "Before You Invest, Investigate." As a first step, it is suggested that salesman be asked the following questions:

1. What are the names and principal address of your employers and how long have they been in business?
2. With what bank does your firm do business and what are its other references?
3. What were the assets (real worth) of the company, in which stock is being sold, at the date of its organization, and what are the assets now?
4. What are the company's liabilities?
5. What are its earnings?
6. How many times has interest or dividends on this security issue been earned in the past five years?
7. Who are the officers of the company and what is their record of business activity during the past five years?
8. What experience have these officers had in the business in which the company is engaged?
9. Is this security accepted as collateral for loans at banks?
10. What is the market for this security in the event I want to dispose of it?

Continued on page xlii

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The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor

and CHARLES DICKENS Alights

The Old MONT HOUSE *Dickens stayed*

"THE indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea . . . can hardly be exaggerated . . . On Saturday, the twenty-second of January, an American pilot-boat came ngside, and soon afterwards the Britannia, am-packet from Liverpool, was telegraphed Boston,"—so wrote the immortal Dickens is visit to America in 1842.

Concerning the good ship Britannia herself, kens had this to say! "There she is! all s are turned to where she lies . . . every er is pointed in the same direction, and rmurs of interest and admiration as 'How utiful she looks!' 'How trim she is!'—are rd on every side." And he spoke of her cers, "smartly dressed," and of her "huge funnel, smoking bravely."

amuel Cunard had made history. It was a Gannett, man of vision and leader in the rejoicing, who bestowed upon Cunard the sobriquet—"Builder of America."And Gannett flung wide the doors of the old Federal Street Meeting House and to the assembled Bostonians addressed these burning words:

"No event since the commencement of the present century involves more important consequences to this nation than the coming of Mr. Cunard's *steam* ship Britannia. It means that our wealth will be augmented, our activities quickened, and means of employment created. How great is its value in spreading civilization over the world!"

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Cunard's "huge red funnels" throughout the world are testimonials to Samuel Cunard's far-sightedness. The 1,000 ton Britannia evolutes into the regally sized, royally appareled Berengaria, Aquitania, Mauretania—Cunard's famous express service. What a history is this of Cunard accomplishment!

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A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

40 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930

THE INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

Three ways are available to reduce the losses and to thwart fraud. Beginning with the blue sky laws enacted in Kansas in 1911, forty-three States have adopted similar statutes. Security dealers and brokers and/or specific issues are required to be licensed. By registering dealers some idea of the personnel of the firm is gained. New issues for the sale of which permission is sought are scrutinized according to the accepted investment tests. The laws have established a basis for effective regulation, and in time will be improved. It has occurred to me that the sale of securities is as much affected with a public interest as insurance or real estate. The requirement of a license, to be granted only after the successful passing of an examination, seems to be reasonable. At least a rudimentary knowledge of finance and economics should be demanded of salesmen.

Finally, it is not an accident that the most nefarious swindlers have found it to their advantage to attack Wall Street, and to pose as the protectors of the small investor. One glaring débacle in "legitimate" finance may affect thousands, who, because of their disgust, become a prey to fraudulent security vendors. Of the consolidations and mergers formed during 1927-1929, many securities have fallen to a small fraction of the original offering price, with no prospect of ultimate recovery. When finance is divorced from its

Continued on page xliv

The Finest Speed Boats Money Can Buy Are HACKER Boats

Plan on motor boating. No other sport offers its equivalent in health, spirited thrills and real safety. No other sport offers every member of the family an equal opportunity to revel in the delights of the out-of-doors afloat. And you will find no other boat offering so much in hand-wrought beauty . . . in enduring design . . . in speed . . . staunchness . . . trim comforts . . . or maneuverability as a genuine Honduras mahogany Hackercraft! Compare thirty-six years' designing and building experience—an illustrious background of world famous racing triumphs—speed records in stock boat design without a parallel—a tangible superiority of performance. Hackercraft ownership is sought out by sportsmen and yachtsmen who know the advantages of paying slightly more for a very much better product.

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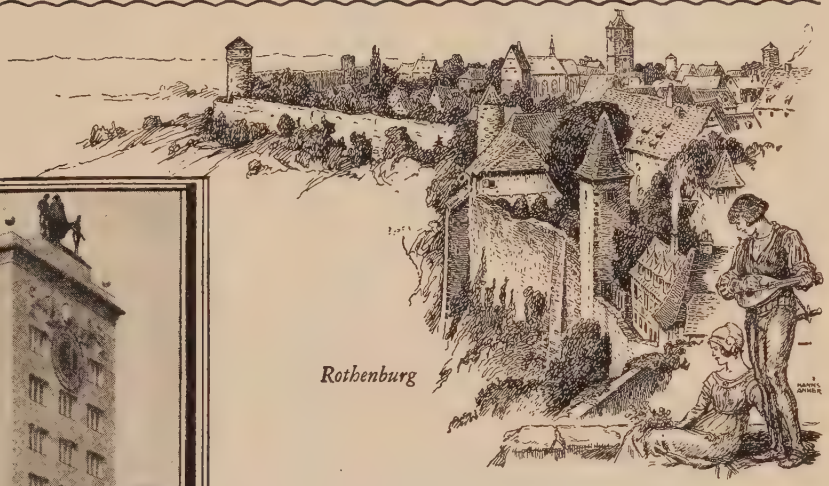

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

functions, and becomes stock jobbing, what is legitimate and what fraudulent? The number of corporations that furnish stockholders with reports that really inform them is still pitifully small. Sources of income are not separated, gross sales are not reported and depreciation charges are juggled.

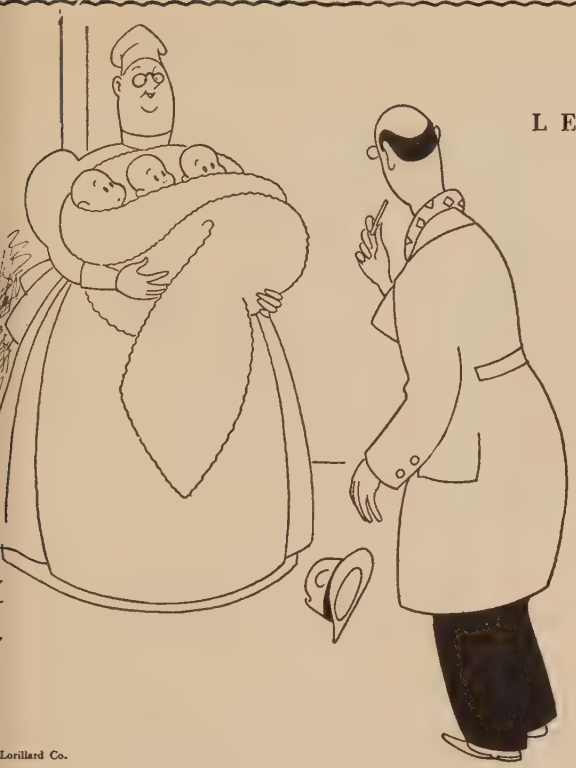
New Financial Books

INVESTMENTS OF UNITED STATES CAPITAL IN LATIN AMERICA.
By Max Winkler. *The World Peace Foundation*
$2 8 x 5½; 297 pp. *Boston*

The bulk of this book is made up of a detailed study of the resources, trade position and public finance of each South American country. There is an interesting general survey of investments in Latin America, of the economic life there, and of the economic and political implications of American investments. There is a lot of excellent statistical data, including a year-by-year listing of Latin American securities offered in the United States, and of American corporate investments. Dr. Winkler is a recognized authority on foreign securities.

CORPORATION PROFITS.
By Laurence H. Sloan. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8¼ x 5½; 365 pp. *New York*

The financial statements for 1926 and 1927 of some 550 leading American industrial concerns were examined with the idea that such a study would provide units of comparison and establish averages which could be used in practical and financial work. The composite income account and balance sheet are broken up into their constituent elements. A bewildering mass of data yielded surprising results. The lack of uniformity in handling so important an item as depreciation is properly deplored, and the contention that the average corporation's report is "woefully inadequate" is thoroughly in accord with the facts. An interesting summary contains a list of the corporations which, according to the tests applied, were the largest, wealthiest, earned the greatest net profits, and made the largest payments to their security-holders. Mr. Sloan, who is managing editor of the Standard Statistics Company, advances the thesis that, owing to lack of control, raw materials are chronically over-developed to the advantage of manufacturers. Hence the latter can reduce prices without injuring profits.



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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section page xxx

ANTHOLOGIES

CIRCUMFERENCE. *Varieties of Metaphysical Verse 1456–1928.*
Edited by Genevieve Taggard. *Covici-Friede*
$6 9¾ x 6⅛; 237 pp. *New York*

Miss Taggard has done a good job of editing. Her anthology is probably the best of its kind in print. The book itself is a superb example of tasteful printing and binding. It was designed by Mr. A. S. Jacobs. The present edition consists of 1050 copies, of which 1000 are for subscribers; the remaining fifty are not for sale.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM: *An Anthology of Liberty*
Edited by Henry W. Nevinson. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2. 7⅝ x 5⅛; 304 pp. *New York*

All of the selections here are from English writers, ranging from King Ethelbert in the Sixth Century to Professor Harold J. Laski, who now holds the chair of political economy at the University of London. Among the others represented are John Ball, Thomas More, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, John Milton, Samuel Johnson, David Hume, William Blake, Robert Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Bertrand Russell. There is a fine historical introduction by Mr. Nevinson. A good book to have around the house, especially in America, where whole bodies of liberties are put to death almost daily.

FICTION

SINCERITY.
By John Erskine. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 356 pp. *Indianapolis*

Isabel Beauvel, a well-known novelist and wife to Winthrop Beauvel, writes a piece on the narrowing effects of happy marriage which is published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under a pseudonym—"Nora Helmer." Winthrop reads it, writes to "Nora" for a lunch date, and Isabel, in a fluster, persuades her friend Mary Allerton to go. Winthrop, of course, confides that he isn't as happy as he might be, and Mary loses no time in telling Isabel. The outcome of it all is that Isabel traipses off to Europe, and Mary and Winthrop move to another town, where they settle down to housekeeping as Mr. and Mrs. Beauvel. For ten years everything goes smoothly. Mary and Winthrop become eminent citizens, sit on the school and library boards, and even give a swimming pool to their school. Yet, at times, Mary is bothered by the idea that she and Winthrop are leading, after all, very narrow lives, and so she is relieved when Isabel, disappointed in her emotional adventures abroad, returns to claim her husband. A somewhat naïve and unconvincing story.

Continued on page xlviii

THE DEPENDABLE STATLERS

Seasoned travelers, men and women who are always roaming the highways of the world, are great friends of the Statlers.

Statler Hotels, they'll tell you, are dependable. You know what to expect of them; they're the trade-marked, full-measure, known quality of hotel merchandise. Their rates are posted in their rooms — rates which do not change with the flow of business. And what's more (travelers will tell you), Statler values are away out in front —"values" meaning the relation of *what you get* to *what you pay*.

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life is free and luxurious and timed to the gaiety of speed.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlvi

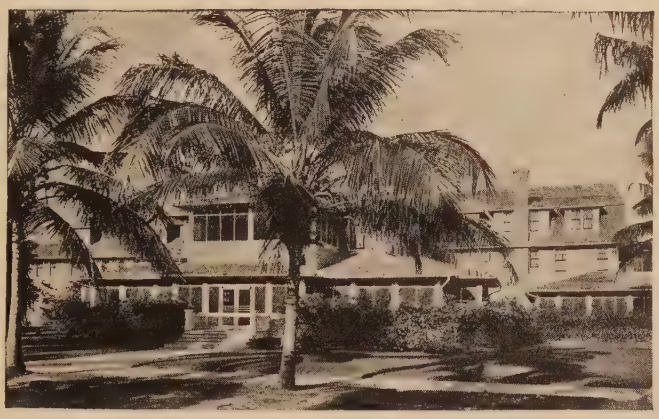
THE WINGS OF THE EAGLE.
By Gilbert Seldes. *Little, Brown & Compa*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 312 pp. *Bost*

Mr. Seldes here raises the question whether ma can live in perfect brotherhood, and answers no. H story tells of the martyrdom of Stephen Lodor, a Pol who sets up an ideal village which he calls Unit in which people can live outside the greed of the cit Inevitably he is misunderstood by his brethren whe he opposes the bringing of a factory to the communit and again when he takes Anne Gordon, wife of th practical Arthur Gordon, to live with him. In th end he dies for killing the assailant of a girl wh cries out to him for help. "I wanted to know Justi all my life," he tells Anne just before his executio "and now I shall know it." . . . "If the girl came t testify, you would be saved. Stephen, my dear hear tell me who it was." . . . "Forget that there was girl. Let me forget it too. Let my last action hav some purity." A tedious tale, and full of half-bake philosophizing.

SPIDER WEB.
By Marjorie Muir Worthington.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smi
$2.50 7½ x 5; 263 pp. *New Yo*

The widowed Hedwig Mendelsohn is an enormou old lady with fingers like pork sausages, small piggis eyes, a slightly hooked nose "embedded between tw pillowy cheeks that quivers like that of an anim who has caught a scent . . ., and a wide mouth, wit a slightly pendulous lower lip, that moves as sh thinks, stirring the double row of chins beneath. She dominates her children and the millinery busines which is the source of the Mendelsohn wealth, wit an appalling energy, employing her sons at niggardl salaries and marrying off her daughters according t her own dictates. Her daughter Dora is a pale, u attractive, household drudge, but the mother captur Max Bickof, a weak, poetical young man who ha failed to pass his medical examinations, for her. Do and Max are forced to live in the ornate brownsto house fronting Mount Morris Park with her, whi Dora runs her house and Max tries to sell her flowe and feathers to the trade. The couple are beginnin timidly to hope for an escape when old Hedwig stricken with a "heart condition" and condemned t her bed. She lingers on, for twenty years, rolling u mountains of flesh and cursing so loudly that th family in the next brownstone house has to close i windows. When Harry, her favorite son, wrecks th business, Dora and Max continue to care for her their smaller establishment but she merely glares h hate at them. She taunts Max when he goes into bus

Continued on page l



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ASPARILLA INN has an unusually advantageous location—on a utiful, long, narrow, tropical island, n the broad blue Gulf of Mexico one side, and the tranquil waters Charlotte Harbor on the other. ng the Gulf stretch miles of beau- l, white sand beaches, which make ritable paradise for those who en- surf bathing and all the activities dental thereto. Within a few min- of the hotel is a beautiful 18-hole course.

tarpon are beginning to run. At south end of Gasparilla Island, is famous Boca Grande Pass, through ch these giant fish swarm to the f as the warm weather approaches. fishing here is unsurpassed by of any spot on the west coast. Boca Grande is just an overnight run from Jacksonville, directly west of Palm Beach, and far, far away from the blustering weather of the north.

For reservations write to Arthur Jellis, Manager, Gasparilla Inn, Boca Grande, Lee County, Florida.

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No DRINK has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it because they fear it will keep them awake.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—*with the caffeine removed.* And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost! How much better than cheerless substitutes!

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. Now the blend has been wonderfully improved.

Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's—in the new vacuum tins.

Or send us 10c *for a sample.* . . . Test it at *night* and see how well you'll sleep.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlviii

ness for himself, and goads Dora into nagging h for money. She shames her granddaughter Victo for being as unattractive as her mother, and teases daughter Fanny when she asks her for her marq ring. On her death-bed she is indomitable still, mo ing Dora and Fanny with the fact that the rin paste when they squabble over it, ordering her Harry to get out of her sight, and finally calling M to her and giving him the deeds to some property has secreted away. "Fool," she tells him, "take and do what you want with it, . . . only don't sho to them . . . d'you hear? Not my children . . . one cent. . . . Maybe you could spend some of it a tombstone for me. . . . You could put on it 'Hedwig Mendelsohn and Sons' . . . like it was o the Store." A brilliant piece of characterization.

"—— & COMPANY."
By Jean-Richard Bloch. *Simon & Schu*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 401 pp. *New Y*

The Simlers are forced out of their native Alsa after 1870, and settle in Vendeuvre, a French manu turing town, where they build their little cloth fact into an important industry and consolidate themsel into a powerful Jewish clan commanding both resp and a kind of equality. Yet, as Simler & Comp becomes successful it wholly destroys them as in viduals. Joseph Simler, falling in love with beautiful *shiksa* Hélène Le Pleynier, must ma instead, the "thoroughly gelatinous" Elisa St of the wealthy "Stern clique." The Simlers, in br for all their powerful defensive mechanism aga their alien environment, are even more hopele obliterated in —— & Company. A distinguis novel, rich in characterization and philosophical s stance. The translation is the work of C. K. Sc Moncrieff. Romain Rolland contributes a somew rhapsodical introduction.

MONSIEUR VÉNUS.
By Rachilde. *Covici-Fr*
$12.50 9½ x 6¼; 217 pp. *New Y*

Mlle. Raoule de Vénérande, a fascinating, sensi girl of aristocratic birth, discovers Jacques Silver young workman of extraordinary beauty—but wh "wide hands, grumbling voice, and straight, l growing hair, are the only indications of his sex and makes him her slave. She humors him, loves h scratches him, marries him, betrays him, and in end worships his image, without ever yielding to desires. "I shall love Jacques as a man hopelessly lo his dead fiancée," she declares, in explanation of perversion; which, in essence, is the theme of book. "Such perversions of the instincts," a

Continued on page lii

No matter when you go to Florida . . .

Hotel Floridan, Tampa

Hotel Tampa Terrace, Tampa

Hotel Sarasota Terrace, Sarasota

Hotel Royal Worth, West Palm Beach

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HOTEL GRAMATAN
BRONXVILLE
NEW YORK

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

Maurice Barrès in his instructive preface, "adorat for a wretched creature who is as pretty as a chi plump and weak as a woman, but of the male s frequently occurs through the ages. . . . Raoule Vénérande, that pale, thin-lipped, mad woman, w bathes the ambiguous body of Jacques Silvert, reca despite all the differences of climate, civilization, epoch, the Phrygian vertigo, when the women mented Attis, the small, pink, too-fat male." curious and brilliant work. Madeleine Boyd has m the excellent translation, and Ernest Boyd has c tributed a brief critical introduction. The book, wh is beautifully turned out, has been designed by Rob S. Josephy and illustrated by Majeska. The editi includes thirteen copies on Van Gelder paper, e containing an original drawing and signed by artist; and 1,237 copies on Aurelian Laid Antiq

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.
By Patrick Hamilton. *Little, Brown & Comp*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 307 pp. *New Y*

Bob is a waiter in the saloon bar of the Midnig Bell, in London. He has clear, clean skin; clear, cl teeth; firm clean-shaven features; and he speaks w a Cockney accent, though he is of American and Ir parentage. His father had been, he proudly boas an American cop. He had never seen him, and mother had died when he was sixteen and at sea. is twenty-five now—a reticent, lovable young m with a secret hankering to become a writer, thou he works hard at his job and saves his money. He saved, in fact, the round sum of £80, a realization whi gives him infinite pleasure; for Bob knows he i dreamer. Those £80 not only fortify him, they reass him in his dream "to become eminent amongst me Then he meets Jennie Maple, a complete little pro tute, in the saloon bar. He knows she is degrad for she is frankly, passively so, and she doesn't tempt by so much as the flicker of an eyelash to f him; but she is blue-eyed and beautiful, and she pressed for money to pay her landlady. Bob gives the ten shillings out of pity and a sharp sense of elati at his generosity. He falls into feverish pursuit of h while as often as not she fails to keep her engageme with him. Her difficulties with her landlady contin and his small gifts of money increase. He loves distractedly, and proposes to marry her, to help get a job; but she tells him she has a husband, and t job promised her falls through. Finally, he draws last £25 out of the bank for a holiday with her, a hurries to meet her at the railway station. Jennie d not come. He finds that she has disappeared from lodgings, so after a terrific drunk, during which loses the remainder of his money, he walks down the docks and goes back to sea. A charming sto

Continued on page liv

E. W. HOWE
(Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Soon there will be only THE AMERICAN MERCURY and its imitators, says E. W. Howe, Sage of Potato Hill.

Ed Howe Enjoys a Copy of the Mercury

Ed Howe, the Sage of Potato Hill and one of the most widely known of America's provincial philosophers, picked up a copy of the American Mercury the other night and after reading it sat down and wrote a prediction that in the near future the only magazines in America will be the Mercury and its imitators. Old Ed Howe writes of the Mercury in his monthly magazine in the following terms:

> "The other night I was paying the penalty for foolish eating, and leaving my bed, picked up The American Mercury. Soon I was laughing as at a show. Old Man Mencken himself writing about presidents, senators and governors. I found a satisfaction in it a man finds when a friendly hand scratches an itching spot on his back that he can not himself reach; it was a new, an amazing and interesting performance, even at 2 o'clock in the morning . . . I wish to make a prediction. We shall finally have no monthly magazines except those in the form of The Mercury; evidence of the change are quite apparent now."

—Galveston *News*

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Review of Reviews	6.80

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Continued from page lii

marred only by Mr. Hamilton's brief moralizin upon Bob's career at the end.

CORONET.
By Manuel Komroff. *Coward-McCa*
$3 8 x 5½; 677 pp. *New Yo*

A golden coronet and a silver whip are the symbo of this muddled novel—both symbols of aristocra that Mr. Komroff conceives to be inherently evil, matter if it be of the blood, of wealth, of milita power, or of the intellect. The story begins in the da of the Renaissance when the coronet first takes sha in the hands of Cappini, the master jeweler of Flo ence. It is to enhance the dignity of the Count Senlis, but at his death he is so convinced of its ev that he orders it to be buried with him. And so it goe Years later, it is stolen by a scavenger who sells it f a franc, and from then until the Twentieth Centur when it is displayed at the wedding of a Chica heiress to the retrograde descendant of its first own its history is calamitous, sinful and unregenerate. T chapters dealing with Napoleon's invasion of Russ are well done, but the book as a whole is very egr gious stuff.

MISCELLANEOUS

OUR GOVERNMENT.
By James M. Cain. *Alfred A. Kno*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 241 pp. *New Yo*

Herein Mr. Cain has collected all of his supe grotesqueries of the American form of governme that have delighted the readers of THE AMERICA MERCURY during the past five years, changing the somewhat and adding a lot of new material. T sketches, in the new arrangement, make even bett reading than they did in magazine form. They follo one another logically, and their humor and insig take on a cumulative effect as one goes on. Nothi like them has ever been done before. There is far mo understanding in them of the real workings of Ame can democracy than one can find in a dozen tomes political science. A fine book to have around the hou and to reread every now and then, especially national holidays.

MORROW'S ALMANACK & EVERY-DAY-BOO FOR 1930.
Edited by Thayer Hobson. *William Morrow & Compa*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5; 268 pp. *New Yo*

With this, the third issue of Morrow's Almanac Burton Rascoe retires as editor and is succeeded Thayer Hobson. But he continues as a contributo and is, in fact, the most industrious contributor them all, with an article for every month. The othe include James Branch Cabell, Eddie Cantor, Mi

Continued on page lvi

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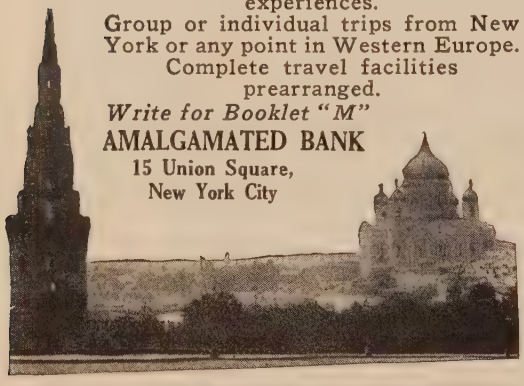

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Gross, Rupert Hughes, Achmed Abdullah, Lo Untermeyer, Gilbert Seldes, Don Marquis, Alfi Kreymborg, George M. Cohan, Logan Clendeni Richard Aldington and Walter Winchell. Among t artists are Lewis G. Adams, Ilse Bischoff, Marga Freeman and Carroll Snell. The Almanack still la an index.

BEHIND YOUR FRONT.
By James Oppenheim. *Harper & Broth*
$2 8½ x 5⅜; 187 pp. *New Y*

In this ingenious book, by the aid of graphs a questionnaires, Mr. Oppenheim shows the reader h to classify his mind according to the system of Carl Jung of Zurich, the second in command of the psychoanalysts. He may find that he belongs the extraverted feeling type, like Mary Pickford, to the normal feeling with sensation type, like M Murray, or to the introverted feeling type with tuition, like Greta Garbo, or to the same type wi sensation, like Gilda Gray. But what good it does h to discover all this is not very clearly explained. the end of his book Mr. Oppenheim presents a wh who of the eminent movie stars, politicians, phil ophers and other immortals whose minds he analyz and portraits of some of them. His discourse is am ing, but mainly bosh.

THE WET FLANDERS PLAIN.
By Henry Williamson. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$2 7¾ x 5; 122 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Williamson, who fought in Flanders throu the successive campaigns of the late war, here scribes a nine days' visit to the country around Ypr in the company of a fellow veteran. "Ypres," he sa "is unrecognizable. Wipers exists in the memory on The city today is clean and new and hybrid-Englis The rectangular ruined fragment of the Cloth Hall contained in its scaffold box. Grasses and wild flow on the tops of the walls make the ruin beautiful. the Spring the jackdaws feed their young in the ne within the masonry gaps on high. . . . After sunset walked on the ramparts with another man—t wraith of my old (or very young) self. . . . The bric work, upholding a deep bank of earth, is cracked a fallen in places . . . ; below lay the still water of t moat, with its deep bed of iron and lead. Fish w rising, swallows and swifts taking their last eveni sips as they flew. . . . I saw these things, and t wraith with me wondered, for I heard in my mind t marching of the feet of men in sweat and fear, t clatter of wheels, and the hoofs of animals not kno ing why they were there in the roar and flash a appalling terror of bursting shells." A powerful p trait of the waste of war.

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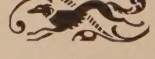

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